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SMALL SIZE, 24-inches long,
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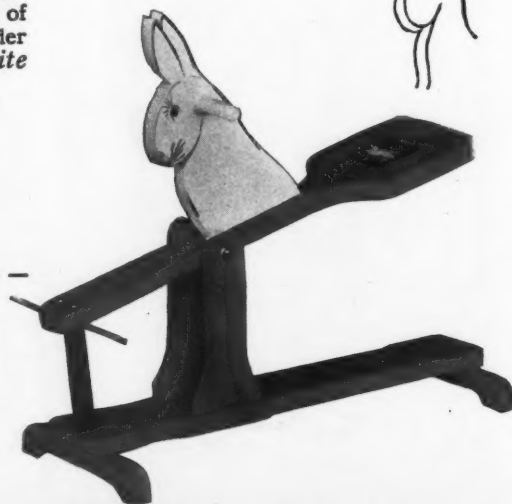
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Simply fill in and send the order slip below, or write a letter. The cabinet will be sent you by express. You pay on delivery, plus a slight shipping charge. Your money refunded if you are not completely satisfied.

If there is any little girl you want to make happy beyond all measure—send for a Playroom Kitchen Cabinet. Order now to be sure of early delivery.

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1812 Tribune Tower Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS

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- ☐ Enclosed find \$12 which please ship Playroom Kitchen Cabinet
☐ Please ship Playroom Kitchen Cabinet, C. O. D. \$12
 Color Choice—White ☐ Green ☐ Ivory ☐
 (If color is not specified, white will be shipped)

Name

Address

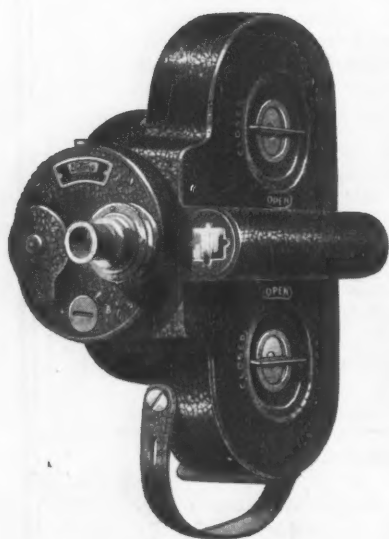
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"What you see, you get"

See

what Christmas can bring to your home!



BELL & HOWELL
Filmo
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 HOME MOVIES

MOTHER, this Christmas can be made memorable always as the one that brought Filmo movies to your home. In them is everything to delight the heart of a child... and yours. Play days are captured alive... and brought to a wall or screen at home to re-view in long winter evenings. Bedtime stories are here... that equal tales of Arabian Nights. Touch a magic button and action scenes of the wide world and adventure spring into view.

The movies of your children you take yourself, with Filmo camera. Easier than taking snapshots. Only two simple operations. Look through the spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. What you see, you get—in movies. They will be clear and sparkling, like movies shown at best theatres. For most theatre movies are also made

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Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.), in the yellow box, used in Filmo camera, is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost includes developing and return postage to your door. Then Filmo Projector brings your movies back, as you see in the picture above.

Films ready-made to show with Filmo Projector may be purchased or rented at low cost from your Filmo dealer. They are the Filmo Library films, including movies of birds, animals, flowers, travels, adventure, juveniles, comics and everything to delight the heart of a child... and yours—a completely selective home entertainment.

Write us for your dealer's name and NEW descriptive booklet, "Filmo—Home Movies of the Better Kind," just off the press.

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY, 1819 Larchmont Ave., CHICAGO
Established 1907
 NEW YORK, HOLLYWOOD, LONDON (B. & H. Co. Ltd.)



How the Noonday Gun Saved the Pirates

Let your children finish this story

"Give her another turn," snapped the captain of the Hawk. . .
"Twist until he tells" . . .

And the taut ropes bit deeper into Long Tom's flesh as the torture wheel turned round once more.

Luckless Long Tom! without a word to his pirate chief, he had slipped away at dawn on a holiday of his own. But an evil fortune had brought him alongside of the Hawk. Captured! Long Tom gritted his teeth as the rack tortured his body. Betray his chief? Never!

"Another turn!" chirped the vengeful little captain, grimly. With the click-click of the ratchet came a muffled scream. "I'll tell!" moaned Long Tom, brokenly. "Stop it—I'll tell!" A moment later the Hawk was speeding towards the unsuspecting pirate stronghold . . . flying like a bird of prey to avenge the looted galleon.

"If I could only warn them," muttered the heartbroken captive, as the clatter overhead told of decks being cleared for action. Two hours slipped past. The sun was almost due overhead. The lookouts were straining aching eyes for the pirate's shore. The little captain was rubbing his hands in gleeful anticipation of an overwhelming surprise, when—
Boom-m-m!

The roar of a cannon tore across the water from the direction of Dead Man's Cay. The Hawk's captain went white with chagrin. Discovered!

Quickly the Hawk turned and fled, retreating from a phantom danger . . . while Long Tom chuckled to himself.

For the boom of the cannon was merely the automatic firing of the Noon-day gun . . . a ceremonial rite, the pirates daily observed. This is only part of one of the 27 thrilling stories which Roy Rutherford Bailey narrates in his "Romance and History of Time."



Who else wants a copy —of the 27 thrilling tales that sketch the story of time through the ages

Here is a joyful treat for your children . . . 27 enthralling stories of daring, action, heroism and romance . . . stories that are as instructive as they are fascinating . . . stories which you will delight in reading to your children.

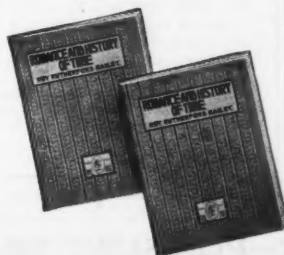
These 27 tales written by Roy Rutherford Bailey depict the march of time through the ages. Like a thrilling moving picture they present for you and your children a dramatic account of the evolution of the modern time-piece. They are bound in two volumes and are lavishly illustrated with full-page colored illustrations.

If these sets were printed in a limited edition like other fine books, they would command a fancy price. But we

printed a large quantity, and thus brought down the cost to retail at about fifty cents a set.

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For the sake of your children and for your own whole-hearted enjoyment, mail the coupon today.



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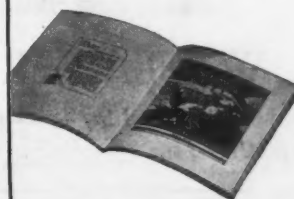
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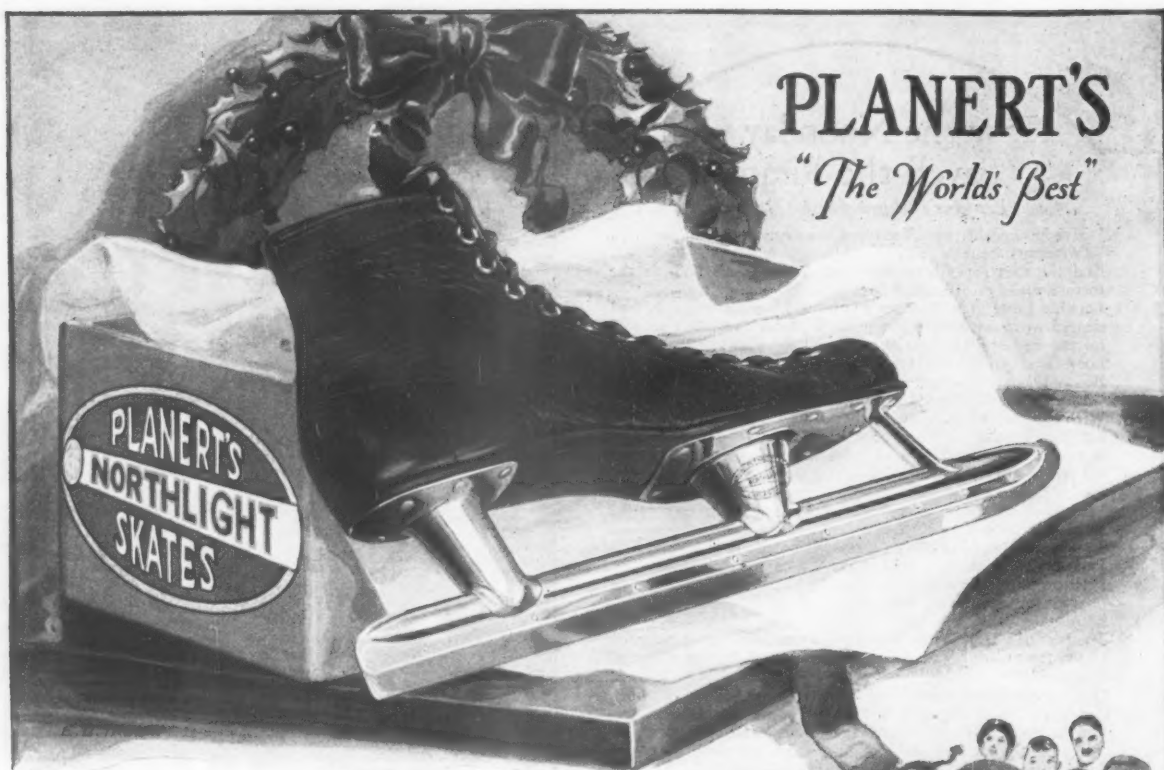
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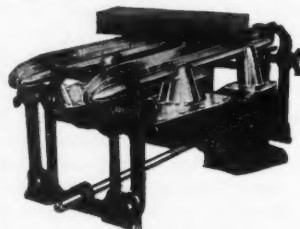
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Volume VI
Number XII

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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ESTABLISHED 1921—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1921, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor; F. L. McNALLY, Managing Editor and Business Manager; MARJORIE BARROWS, Associate Editor; E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Advertising Manager; ANTHONY R. GOULD, Circulation Manager.
TERMS: To the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; single copies 35 cents. Other foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.
Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address.
Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
536 S. Clark Street
CHICAGO

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270 Madison Avenue
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559 Mission Street
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WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS CHRISTMAS TREE?

IT LOOKS all right. The ornaments are there; the candles; the toys—and way up on the top is a shining “Star of Bethlehem.”

But there *is* something wrong with the picture! Who ever heard of a black and white Christmas Tree? Christmas Trees are green, and ducks’ bills are orange, and elephants are gray—and Christmas ornaments are every color of the rainbow!

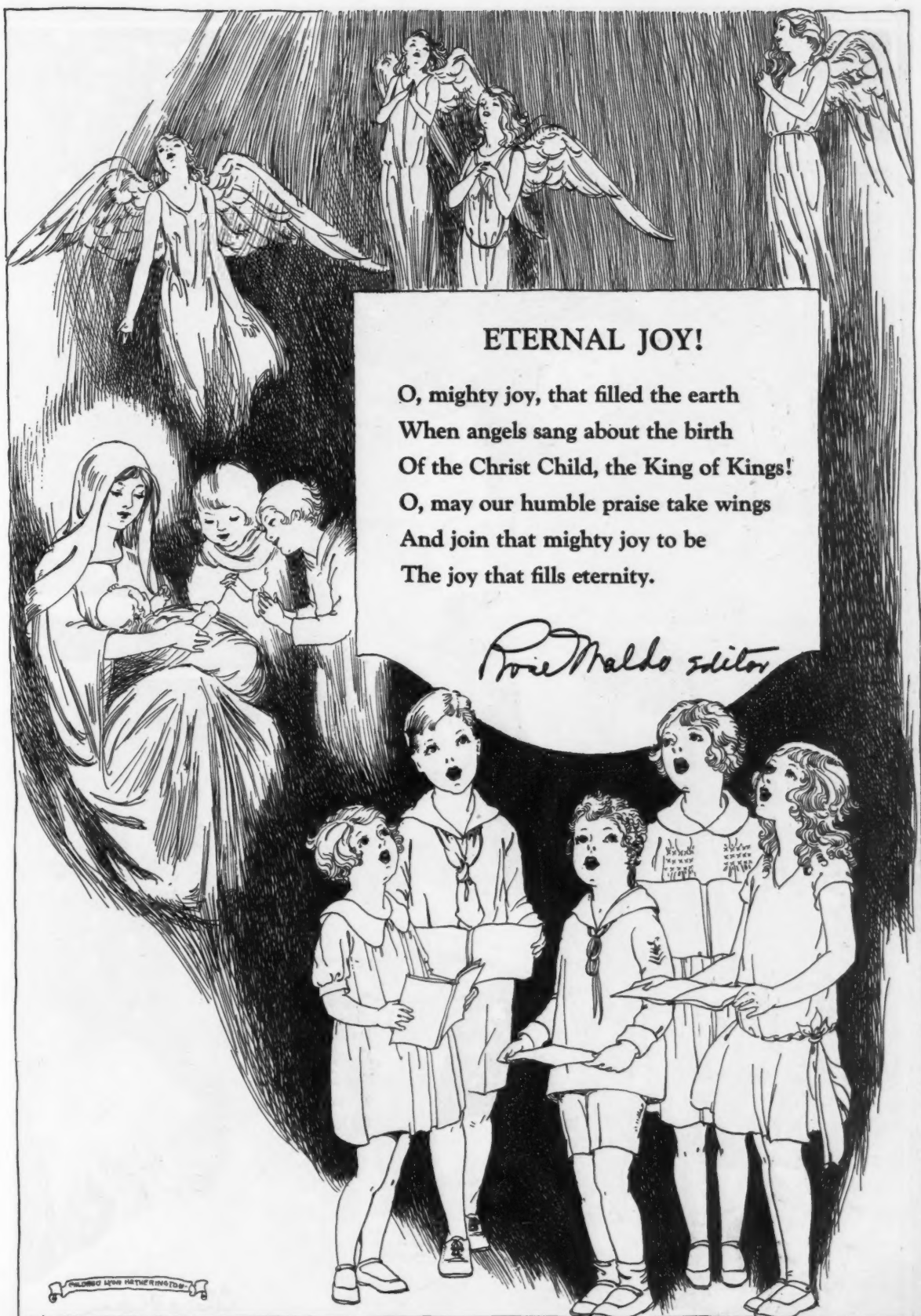
All that the Christmas Tree needs is a touch here and there with CRAYOLA Crayon. See if you

can make it look real Christmasy. First, color the tree a rich green. Be careful not to get the green on the candle lights. The flame of the candles should be red, and the candle lights yellow. Now, go on and finish the picture. There are plenty of chances for nice effects. If you have special drawing ability, first *copy* the Christmas Tree, outline it with black CRAYOLA; then do the color work.



WHENEVER you go to the store for CRAYOLA ask for: “CRAYOLA wax crayon in the yellow and green box.” Be sure it says “CRAYOLA” on the box.

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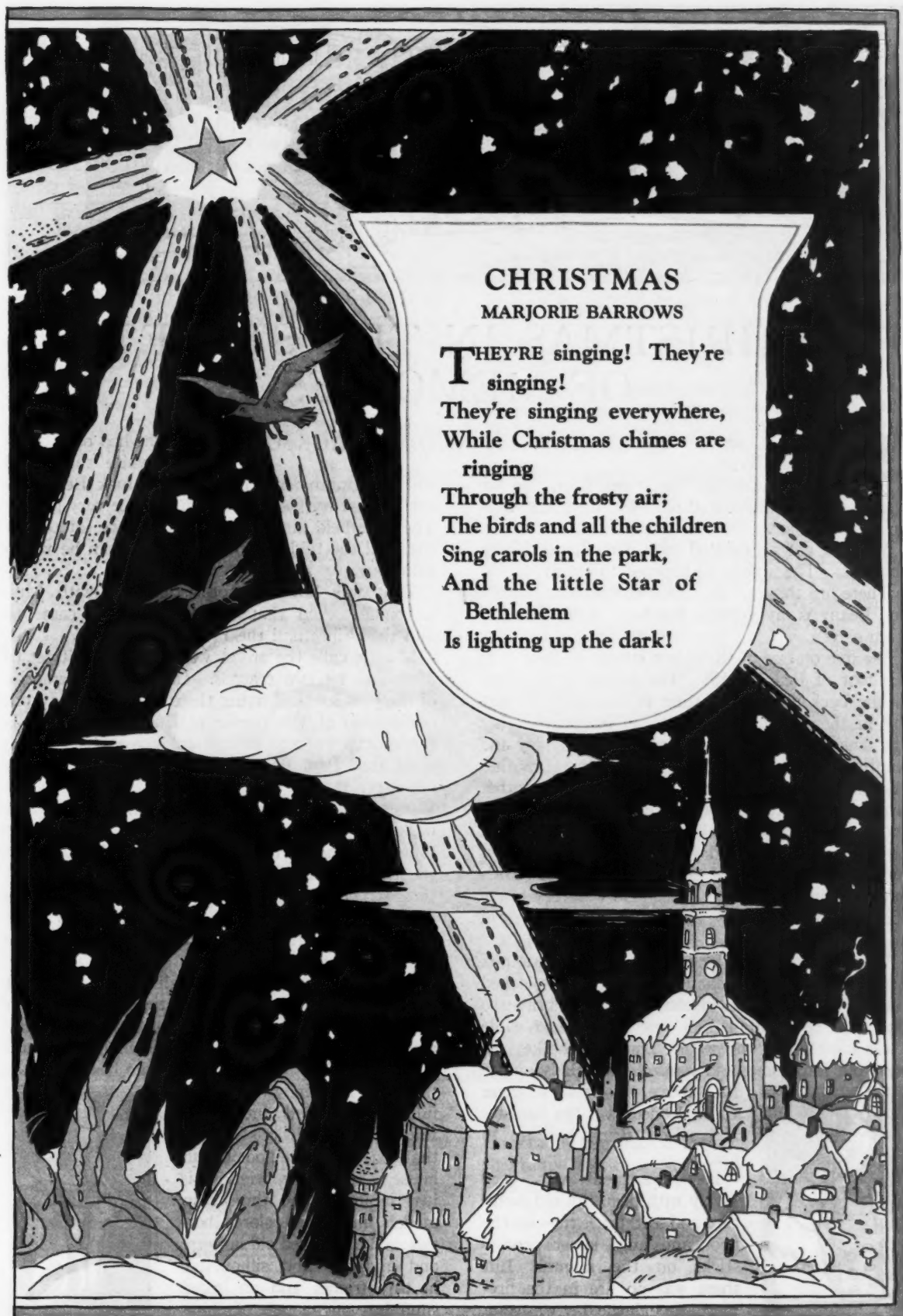


ETERNAL JOY!

O, mighty joy, that filled the earth
When angels sang about the birth
Of the Christ Child, the King of Kings!
O, may our humble praise take wings
And join that mighty joy to be
The joy that fills eternity.

Rose Maldo editor





CHRISTMAS

MARJORIE BARROWS

THEY'RE singing! They're
singing!

They're singing everywhere,
While Christmas chimes are
ringing

Through the frosty air;
The birds and all the children
Sing carols in the park,
And the little Star of
Bethlehem

Is lighting up the dark!



CHRISTMAS IN THE STREET OF MEMORIES

THE Prince and Princess lived

By ELIZABETH RHODES JACKSON

and she had on a beautiful white silk shawl

with Mr. Lifsky on the street floor, and we live on the next floor, and old Mrs. Lavendar lives on the top floor.

We first got acquainted with Mrs. Lavendar by accident. The accident happened to Beany.

There are three of us. Jack is my older brother and Beany is my younger brother. I am Dee and I am eleven.

We live on one of the oldest streets in Boston at the foot of Beacon Hill. The houses have alleys at the back or through their cellars, and we play tag in them. The alleys all run into each other and make a sort of maze. You run up an alley and climb over a couple of fences and down another alley and through a gate and there you are in another street. We were all playing one day after school, and Beany went to climb a fence and fell, right on his face. Beany would, you know. He's always the one of us that has the falls. He bruised his forehead and skinned his nose. He was very brave about it and didn't cry, although the tears were in his eyes.

We took him home, Jack and I, but when we took Beany upstairs to our landing, the door was locked and Mother was out. Beany had been brave so long that he couldn't wait any longer, and while I was fumbling in the regular place for the key, he burst out into a long, sad wail. Then a lady on the floor above, who was a stranger to us, leaned over the banister and said, "Bring him up to me."



Her apartment was very lovely with beautiful old furniture and soft, thick rugs on the floor and huge silver candlesticks on the mantel. But there was no fire in the fireplace, though the day was cold,

with an embroidered border. She took Beany on her lap and washed the dirt off his face very gently. Then she held him in her arms and we sat on the rug, and she told us about her son when he was a little boy.

That was how we got acquainted with Mrs. Lavendar. And that was the way we came to find the Prince and the Princess.

Mother calls the street we live on the Street of Memories for two reasons. One is that memories of the past are still living there. Two blocks from our house, at the corner of Boston Common, is the spot where the British soldiers embarked the night that Paul Revere got ahead of them on his famous ride. Two blocks the other way Oliver Wendell Holmes used to live. And Miss Alcott walked on our street many and many a time. I love to walk up the hill to see the little brick house where she and her sister kept house—Jo and Amy—in their struggling days, and on the way home I pass the stately mansion (Dr. Holmes said that in "The Chambered Nautilus"), where she lived when she was successful and famous.

The other reason Mother calls it the Street of Memories is because of the antique shops all up and down the street. Some of them are very artistic, with nothing but two colonial chairs and a table in the window. But we like best the ones that have the windows crowded full of new and interesting things. Mr. Lifsky's is like that, on the street floor of our house. His show window is just jammed with three ship models and some colored bottles, and a battered old lantern, and andirons and silhouettes in tiny frames and an inlaid snuff box and a pair of china



dogs and a luster tea set, and hanging up are old engravings and faded samplers.

We were all three looking into Mr. Lifsky's window one day when Mrs. Lavendar came out and saw us there. We knew her very well by that time.

"Mrs. Lavendar, do see this ship's model," said Jack.

"It looks like all sorts of adventures," she said, and then she caught her breath a little.

"How long have those been here?" she said. "I haven't seen them before."

She was pointing to a pair of china figures, a lady and gentleman in elaborate old-fashioned dress. The lady had wide skirts and high powdered hair and flowers on her breast, and the gentleman had a ruffled shirt and knee breeches and buckled shoes. They were tiny but very perfect and delicate, and the faces were exquisitely beautiful.

"I'm sure those are mine," said Mrs. Lavendar very low. Then she walked into Mr. Lifsky's shop.

"She's going in to buy them," we said, but presently she came out without them.

We told Mother about it. "Why do you think she didn't buy them?" asked Jack.

"Probably Mr. Lifsky's price was too high," said Mother.

"Oh, but Mrs. Lavendar is rich," said Beany. "You ought to see her apartment."

"I'm afraid not," said Mother. "She used to have a great deal of money, but now she is old, and poor and alone. Her son gave his life in the war, you know."

"I wonder if that is why she doesn't have a fire in the fireplace," I said, for we often went up to see her now, and her apartment was usually cold. Of course, the house is supposed to be heated from the cellar, but we always have two log fires going in winter to help out. Our house is a beautiful old residence that has been made over into apartments, so the plumbing and heating are old-fashioned and often cause us trouble.

A week later we had cold weather. Cold weather

in Boston is *very* cold. I don't believe even the North Pole is any colder than the Street of Memories in winter!

"I was going to suggest your going up to see Mrs. Lavendar," said Mother, when we came home from school, "but it is so cold, perhaps you'd better take a fire with you."

I followed her up the stairs and heard her saying, "Mrs. Lavendar, would it bother you if the children made a little call?"

"I'd love to have them," said Mrs. Lavendar, "only I'm afraid the room is rather cold. I can't seem to get enough heat."

"It's a frightful heating system, isn't it?" said Mother. "We've had to have a hearthfire to-day. Jack will bring up some wood, if you don't mind the litter."

So soon we were on the way up, Jack with a basket of logs and Beany carrying the paper bag of kindling and I with the hearth brush.

Beany, poor child, tripped over the rug and dropped the bag, which split open, but Mrs. Lavendar was very nice about it, and I swept up the debris and it was all right. Jack made a glorious fire and we were very cozy. Knowing Mother, I suspect she planned the whole thing just to get Mrs. Lavendar warm.

While we were all sitting there as happy as could be, Beany suddenly spoke up. Beany too frequently says things he shouldn't, and what he said this time was, "Mrs. Lavendar, how did your china figures come to be in Mr. Lifsky's antique shop?"

We tried to hush him, but Mrs. Lavendar said, "I sold all the furnishings of my house some years ago, except what I have here, and the little Prince and Princess went with the rest."

"Are they a Prince and Princess?" I asked.

"That was the name my boy had for them when he was little." And somehow, from the way she said it, I knew that she missed the little china figures.

Then Beany piped up again. "Why did you have



to sell your furniture, Mrs. Lavendar, when you have so much money?"

We couldn't hush him at all, but Mrs. Lavendar understood and she only smiled and said, "I haven't much money, dear. I had some, but it was taken from me. So I had to sell the furniture to get money to live on."

"How was it taken?" said Beany, all interest.

"It isn't a very pleasant story," said Mrs. Lavendar. "My investments were in a business that could not go on until the war was over."

Beany nodded, though he didn't understand. We did partly.

"My son's salary was enough for us till he went to war. Then we planned to sell our house and invest the money to take care of me till he came back."

"I see," said Beany.

"My son came in with the money from the sale one afternoon. He wouldn't take a check because sometimes checks can't be collected. He went to the bank with the man who bought the house, and the man drew the money in bills and gave it to him—forty thousand dollars. It was too late to take the money to my bank for deposit that day, so he brought it home to me, and it was taken that same day."

"Who took it?" we said together.

"I never knew," said Mrs. Lavendar. "Not the servants. They had been with me for years. Someone must have come in—but I don't know how. It has always been a mystery."

"Where was it?" we asked.

"In the Governor Winthrop desk," said old Mrs. Lavendar. "That very desk there against the wall. My son said, 'I'll put it in here, Mother.' I saw him with his hand on the open leaf of the desk. I said, 'Yes, that's a perfectly safe place.' I went out to see my son off then, and I was so confused and troubled over parting with him, that I forgot to lock it. And when I went to get the money next day to take it to the bank, it was not there."

"This very desk!" said Jack. We were all very much excited, for we knew that some of those old desks have secret drawers and false backs to the pigeonholes. It seemed perfectly clear to us that

there were forty thousand dollars somewhere inside that solid square old piece of mahogany, and if we could find it, Mrs. Lavendar would be rich again. We told her so very excitedly, but she shook her head.

"I've known this desk all my life, dear," she said. "It was my great-grandfather's. I know every nook and corner of it. It has no secrets."

"May we look through it?" we said.

Of course, Mrs. Lavendar let us, and we took out all the papers and the drawers, and measured and tapped and pushed to find secret springs. But we had to give it up at last. If the money was still there, hidden in some secret place, it was too successfully hidden for us to find.

I noticed that the beautiful silver candlesticks were not on the mantel, and Mrs. Lavendar was wearing a little black sweater instead of the embroidered shawl. I was afraid Beany would notice and ask if she had to sell them, too, but he was too interested in the desk to ask questions about anything else.

For several days we talked about the money and then we forgot all about it for a while, because of Christmas. We were busy as could be, writing our Christmas wants and making things and counting our savings and going shopping for presents after school. We all painted cards for Mrs. Lavendar, of course, and it was while we were doing this, one snowy day, that I said, "Oh, dear, I wish we could buy the Prince and Princess and give them to Mrs. Lavendar for Christmas!"

"That's just like you, Dee," said Jack. "One of those brilliant ideas that there's no way of carrying out!"

I knew he didn't mean that to sound unpleasant. It was just that he wanted so much to do it, and

didn't see how we could.

"Let's ask Mr. Lifsky how much they are, anyway!" said Beany.

Beany is always so hopeful. Jack and I knew it was useless, because we had already spent all our money for Christmas. But Beany went down to ask Mr. Lifsky and came back soon to tell us.

"Seven dollars and fifty cents." He said it just as cheerfully as if we had seven dollars and fifty cents right there.



And then something very unexpected happened. We were playing tag in the back alley a few days later and by mistake we tipped over an ash barrel. When we went to pick up the junk we had spilled, we found some old bundles of letters tied with faded ribbon and photographs and some good camera films. Someone had just moved out of the house, and there was no one there but a cleaning woman. We showed her the films and asked if we could have them, and she said, yes, we could have anything we found in the back yard, but we must clean up any rubbish we spilled. There were four or five barrels in the yard and we dumped them all out, one after another, and found a number of very worth while articles. But the really important thing was two filled books of trading stamps, and when we saw those, we knew, after all, that there was hope of our buying the Prince and Princess.

We took the stamps home to Mother and she said they were worth two dollars for each book and that it would be all right for Jack to go and get the money for them, as otherwise they would be burned for rubbish. So while Jack hurried off across the Common to the department stores, Beany and I went back to dig again for buried treasure. We didn't find anything else in the barrels, but Beany spied a row of store milk bottles, and we gathered those up and took them back to the chain store. There were twenty-one of them, and that gave us a dollar and five cents, so when Jack came back with the trading stamp money, we had five dollars and five cents altogether.

"Perhaps Mr. Lifsky would come down," said Jack. "People always do bargain for antiques, you know."

So we took the five one-dollar bills and the nickel and showed them to Mr. Lifsky. We told him that was all the money we had and asked if he would sell us the pair of china figures.

"For five tollars and five cents you ask it!" said Mr. Lifsky indignantly. "Ten times ofer could I sell them little fickures for fife tollars and fife cents! Seven-fifty ist mine brice, und not one cent less than fife-fifty."

"We haven't got five-fifty," said Jack.

"Fife-fifty!" Mr. Lifsky said again, so we went out to talk it over.

"We almost have it," said Jack. "Only forty-five cents. Let's all think hard."

So we all thought hard. But it was Beany who thought of asking Mother to advance forty-five cents of our pocket money. There was a great shout of joy from us all when he came back with it. We

went right in to Mr. Lifsky's and bought the Prince and Princess. They were a little bit dusty, and Jack thought we ought to put them into the bathtub and wash them. But Mother thought not, because we might chip them or wash off the color, and Mrs. Lavendar would know best how to clean them. Then we started to wrap them in Christmas paper, but we were afraid that Mrs. Lavendar might break them in opening them. Besides it would be more fun to have her see them right away, the minute she opened the door.

Jack wanted to be the one to carry the Prince and I wanted to carry the Princess, and Beany felt very bad about it.

"It's just because I'm the youngest," he said. "I have to take turns with you filling the wood-basket and going to the store, but no one ever takes turns with me being the youngest. I thought how to get the last forty-five cents, anyway. And Mrs. Lavendar was my friend first."

So we told him he could be the one to say, "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Lavendar; we've brought you a present." So it was settled that way.

Christmas Eve is very beautiful on Beacon Hill. All the houses are lighted with candles in every window, and the curtains are drawn back so that everyone can see the inside. The houses are all very beautiful to see, too, because most of them were built in early days and have winding staircases and paneled walls, and many of them have beautiful tapestries and paintings. A great crowd comes from all over Boston, so that you can hardly move through the streets, but everyone is quiet and reverent. It is almost like church outdoors, especially after the carols begin. Mother always takes us out for a little while, after we have lighted the candles in our own windows.

This Christmas Eve we asked Mrs. Lavendar to go out with us, but she thought she might get too tired. So when we came back, we three sang carols

just for her—"Silent Night, Holy Night," and "The First Noel"—looking up at the candles in her windows from the Street of Memories.

It is such an exciting feeling to wake on Christmas morning and see the stockings all humpy and a candy cane sticking out of the top. But this Christmas morning I had a special feeling that something very joyous was going to happen, and then I remembered we were going to take the Prince and Princess up to Mrs. Lavendar.

Right after breakfast we went upstairs, Jack carrying the Prince and I carrying the Princess, just as we had planned. But halfway upstairs I caught



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WHEN SANTA CLAUS FORGOT



By META H. KENAN



PLUSH, the black cat, sat on top of the chimney. She made her eyes shine like yellow lights so Santa Claus would be sure to see Miss Primrose's little house. It was to-night he was coming by with the wee gold locket she wanted.

Shag stayed inside and kept the hearth swept up with his brushy tail so Santa Claus would have a clean place to stand. To-night he was coming by to hang on Miss Primrose's Christmas tree the wee gold locket she wanted.

"Lady Lilt, what are you going to do for Miss Primrose this Christmas?" he asked the mocking bird who sat in a cage.

"I'm going to open her eyes with a song," answered the little gray bird.

"You do that every morning," said Shag.

"But this is a new song," chirped Lady Lilt eagerly. "It's what the tinsel says when it's put on the Christmas Tree."

"Woof!" jeered the dog. "Whoever heard tinsel talk? That's just your imagination. Besides, songs don't count. Plush and I do real things. If it wasn't for Plush, Santa Claus would probably never see Miss Primrose's little house, and if I didn't keep the hearth swept clean he wouldn't put a foot down the chimney. Then our dear Miss Primrose would have to do without her wee gold locket."

"I wish I could do something real for Miss Primrose," twittered Lady Lilt sadly. "But a-bird-in-a-cage can only sing. Don't you really think songs count, Shag?"

"No," answered Shag in his blunt way, "and neither does tinsel talk."

"Oh, but it does—when it's on a Christmas tree," insisted Lady Lilt. "The tinkliest kind of talk you ever heard! All I have to do is to put a tune to it."

Shag sniffed, "Fancy anybody thinking that tinsel talks!"

"If you don't believe it I'll sing the very words:

"O, hark
To the spark
Of my tinsel-thorn!
Threaded-thist—"

"Don't sing that nonsense to me," broke in the dog rudely. "I'm going to snatch a bit of a nap before Santa Claus comes, so please hush!"

The mocking bird hushed and all was still in the room. One by one the red-rose coals in the fireplace withered to ashes. The only light left came from the drippy-eyed candle on the mantel.

Then the little bird caught the sound of a jolly creak up on the roof. Shag awoke just in time to hear someone stick a head in the chimney and say, "Yes, the hearth looks tidy enough to step on." And the very next moment Santa Claus bounced down with Plush on his shoulder!

After patting Shag and twinkling his eyes at Lady Lilt he pulled up his fur sleeve and looked at some writing on his cuff.

"Let me see what's on Miss Primrose's list," he said. "Now don't listen, for most of it is about you!"

"For my walking doll
Shoes one, two,
For my Teddy Bear
A cap of blue.
Some sparks for Plush's
Jet black fur,
And the catnip ball
To make her purr.
For old Shaggy's tail
A bunch of wags
To start it going
When it lags.
For my bird—and me
Put in your pocket
A brand new tune and
A——"

Santa Claus squinted more closely at his cuff. "A—Now what was it Miss Primrose asked for her own little self? A—a—"

"A wee gold locket," cried Shag and Plush and Lady Lilt in one bark, and one meow, and one trill.

"Of course," answered Santa Claus, "I made it last night and put it—"

He felt first in his round pockets, then in his square pockets, and last of all in his upside-down



pocket. It wasn't in there, nor there, nor there.

"Don't tell me," said Santa Claus in a scared voice, "don't tell me I forgot it!"

Plush and Shag and Lady Lilt looked at each other in dismay. Their dear Miss Primrose had been wanting a wee gold locket all year! It was the only thing she had asked for her little self.

"I *couldn't* have left it home!" cried Santa Claus, and again dug through the round, the square, and the upside-down pockets. But it was in none of them. Neither was it in the tail of his cap nor the toe of his boot.

"O, reindeers! O, salt tears!" he moaned. "I remember now! I hung the wee gold locket on the longest thorn of the tinsel vine that grows over my doorstep. I left it there to get shiny, then came off and forgot it!"

"What shall we do?" wailed Shag and Plush.

Santa Claus doubled up his fists and knocked on his head dolefully. "If I went back for it I wouldn't have time to visit another child to-night."

"Do you suppose the doll could go after it?" asked Shag. "She's an awfully good walker."

But Santa Claus shook his head. "She couldn't ever walk that far."

"What about Teddy Bear?" Shag suggested next.

"Not that tattly-tail!" exclaimed the cat. "He'd stop to tell everybody he met. But, Santa Claus, why not let Shag or me go after it? We have four legs each."

"It's too far," replied Santa Claus. "Neither four nor six legs could travel such a long way and get back before Miss Primrose wakes up."

"Might two wings do it?" asked the mocking bird

in an eager little twitter. And he fluttered his wings. Santa Claus twirled around joyfully. "I believe they might!"

He took her out of the cage, and they all went as far as the porch with her.

"See Little Bear up there in the sky?" asked Santa Claus. "Well, follow the stars in his tail. My house is right under the end star."

So Lady Lilt spread her gray wings and flew straight towards the last star in Little Bear's tail.

Oh, it was a long, long way, a cold, far way, but the mocking bird never stopped till she came to the little red bungalow with the white fur roof that stood right under the end star of Little Bear's tail.

"Come in!" said the firelight that flickered at the windows. "Come in and rest."

"It is warm inside," said the sparks that twinkled out of the chimney.

Now the little bird was tired and cold to the roots of her feathers, but she knew if she got back home before Miss Primrose woke up she must hurry, hurry, hurry.

There around the door posts grew the tinsel vine! Lady Lilt soon found the longest thorn, the very longest thorn on all that sparkly tinsel vine—but O, twits! O, twees! There was no wee gold locket hanging on it.

"Where, where can it be?" cried Lady Lilt.

"Around my neck," jangled a voice above her.

On the white fur roof sat Trinket, Santa Claus' pet parrot. And dangling around her neck was Miss Primrose's wee gold locket!

"Santa Claus sent me to get it," said Lady Lilt very politely.



"Well, you shan't have it!" snapped back the parrot. "It's Christmas and I must have something to dress up in."

"Please, please," begged poor little Lady Lilt. "The wee gold locket is the only thing Miss Primrose asked for her little self and Santa Claus came off and forgot it. Did you find it on the tinsel vine?"

"Yes, and I know something else he forgot," said Trinket crossly. "He forgot to put the red spangles on my feathers and to hang the green jingles on my tail. This locket is all that's left for me to dress up in—and I mean to keep it."

The mocking bird fluttered about in despair. Trinket was twice as big as she. What could she do?

"Oh, if only Shag or Plush were here," she cried. "They would make you give it up."

"They would—not!" denied Trinket. "For I'd fly to my icicle nest in the tree—that-nobody-can-climb."

Lady Lilt happened to brush against a tendril of the tinsel vine.

"Sing the parrot to sleep," tinkled the tinsel thorns very softly. "Sing the parrot to sleep, Lady Lilt."

The mocking bird began to warble the little lull-song that Miss Primrose loved to hear at bedtime. She sang it in such a croony sort of way that Trinket's feathers began to unruffle, and Trinket's head began to slide towards the soft place under her wing. Before it got quite there Lady Lilt, singing all the time, slipped the wee gold locket off the parrot's neck. The last thing she heard as she went winging homeward was Trinket's creaky snores!

All the way Lady Lilt raced with the dawn—and won! She lighted on her own window sill before the sun shook off his gray-ruffled nightcap. Shag and Plush flung up the window.

"Has Miss Primrose waked up yet?" panted the mocking bird as she flew in.

"Not yet!" cried Shag and Plush.

Lady Lilt fluttered over to the tinsel Christmas

tree, and, hanging the wee gold locket on a twig, sat there to rest.

"Never will I say that you can't do real things," vowed Shag.

"And don't ever say that tinsel doesn't talk or that songs don't count," said the mocking bird, "for if they had not, there would be no wee gold locket

on the Christmas tree this morning."

Shag nodded his head. "And now don't you think it's time to open Miss Primrose's eyes with that new song?"

So Lady Lilt tilted up her head and sang the tinsel's Christmas carol.

"O, hark

To the spark
Of my tinsel thorn!
Threaded thistle
With stars a-bristle,
Stitching in gleams
The silvery seams
That trail and twine
Like a spangled vine,
And weave on tree
Shining tapestry
For the Christmas
morn!"

The door clicked, and there stood Miss Primrose! Dear Miss Primrose! Her lipssaid, "Merry Christmas," but her eyes were sad.

"Teddy Bear says Santa Claus forgot my wee gold locket," she said sorrowfully,

as she gazed at the glowing tree.

"Tattly-tail!" growled Shag. "Isn't that just like him?"

But the mocking bird trilled from the Christmas tree, "Oh, come and see! Oh, come and see! Oh, come and see!"

Eagerly Miss Primrose tiptoed across the room to look.

"Why, there it is! My wee gold locket, my wee gold locket!" she cried when she saw it. "Teddy Bear must have had a bad dream. I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"

And she took the locket on its slender chain and clasped it about her neck and smiled because Santa Claus had brought her what she asked for.

"No," purred Plush, "only a half of a dream!" and she blinked her yellow eyes at Shag and the mocking bird.



THERE IT IS! MY WEE GOLD LOCKET!



ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME

WHEN Cousin Cissa Byrd wrote that she was coming all the

way from Baltimore to spend Christmas with the Byrds, little Narcissa Byrd was almost beside herself with joy. In the first place Narcissa was Cousin Cissa's namesake, and in the second place she had written that she was bringing a perfectly precious present for Narcissa. She would not divulge its shape but she would tell this much—it was as blue as Narcissa's eyes and as yellow as her curls, so no wonder that Narcissa was all a-quiver with excitement, and the days seemed to fairly drag until the day before Christmas when Cousin Cissa was scheduled to arrive.

Now, this was upon a Christmas time a long time ago when your great-grandmother was a little girl and when it took a very, very long time to go to a place not such a great distance away. So Cousin Cissa was a whole day and a whole night and part of another day on the steamboat which left the busy harbor of Baltimore city, and steamed down the broad Patapsco River,

By **LINDA STEVENS ALMOND**
Author of "Little Glad Heart," "Mary Redding Takes Charge," etc.

on to the great Chesapeake Bay, and then into the quiet waters of the Rappahannock.

Narcissa lived on a farm two miles from the river, but when the boat docked at the wharf the day before Christmas she was there with her father to meet the visitor from the city.

Narcissa thought Cousin Cissa, attired so elegantly in a garnet mantle with an ermine collar and the gayest of blue velvet bonnets with roguish brown curls peeping from beneath, quite the loveliest creature she had ever beheld. The Captain and two young Negro boys were obliged to help Cousin Cissa off the boat, so burdened was she with bag and baggage and package and bundle.

"Cissa, you look like Kris daughter!" cried Narcissa's father as he warmly greeted his

Kringle's father, as young cousin.

"That's what she is!" declared the affable Captain, and the two young Negroes nodded their kinky heads





in emphatic confirmation.

Cousin Cissa was laughing gayly and Narcissa thought her laugh was precisely like the tinkle of a silver bell. The next thing she had grabbed Narcissa into her arms. "Oh, Narcissa, bless your little heart!" she was crying. "I am so glad to see you! Shan't we have the loveliest Christmas together?"

And all the while Narcissa's father and the Captain and the two young Negro boys were piling and packing Cousin Cissa's bags and bundles and baggage into the old barouche. At first Narcissa was the least bit shy, but Cousin Cissa had such a gay, happy, rollicking way about her that before long Narcissa was saying,

"Oh, Cousin Cissa, so much is going on! We've strung the pop corn for the tree, and cracked the nuts, and Father has been in the woods to get the greens to trim the house, and Aunt Kizzy is making the plum pudding, and Mother has made five cakes already but the specialist cake—"

"Specialist, Narcissa?" queried Father, as Dolly went trotting briskly down the oyster shell road, but not before they had called their good-byes and a "Merry Christmas" to the Captain and the two Negro boys.

"Well," said Narcissa, as she snuggled closer to Cousin Cissa, "the really special cake Mother left for Cousin Cissa to cream because she says she is a great hand at creaming cakes."

"And pray tell, what is the really special cake?" asked Cousin Cissa, giving Narcissa the dozenth hug, and adding before Narcissa could reply, "Oh, I am so happy to be here! It's so lovely to be away from noise and bustle. Well, do go on, Narcissa child, and tell what is the really special cake."

"Why, the Lady Baltimore cake," laughed Narcissa. "It's—you see, it's in honor of you, Cousin Cissa, and Mother thought as long as you were so good at it that it would be well for you to cream it."

"Well, I never! Putting company to work!" teased Father.

"But I want to," declared Cousin Cissa with a merry nod of her blue bonnet.

"And, oh, Cousin Cissa, you wouldn't believe how Baby Brother has grown," Narcissa went on. "He is going to hang up his stocking too, and Grandmother and Grandfather are coming for dinner to-morrow and maybe some others, and we have been practicing the carols for ever and ever so long and we're going to sing them at church to-morrow afternoon, and afterwards the Titlow children will come home with us for a tea party, and—"

"Do stop to get your breath, chatterbox," suggested Father. But Narcissa had completely forgotten any shyness, and on she went telling of the tree and the lovely red bells, which Mother had made, and the presents. Suddenly she stopped short and clapped her hand over her mouth.

"I bet," said Father, "you almost told about that gift you have been working on for Cousin Cissa since way before Thanksgiving."

"Almost," said Narcissa, nodding. "But I'll be more careful now."

"Oh, but do give me the least little hint, Narcissa," begged Cousin Cissa. "You know I told you that your gift was as blue as your eyes and as yellow as your hair."

Narcissa's eyes sparkled while she considered. "Well," she began finally, "my present to you, Cousin Cissa, will always tell you something, and some of it is the color of roses and some of it is like the sky—there! I shan't tell any more," she ended with a merry little laugh.

At last they were home. Mother, with Baby Brother in her arms, and old Aunt Kizzy and young Keziah were right at the front door to greet the visitor, not to say anything of Carlo who barked a frantic welcome.

In a little while Cousin Cissa was unpacked and downstairs. Straightway Mother had her enveloped in a huge apron and was leading her to the big kitchen where so much preparation was in progress. Keziah gave her a chair and Aunt Kizzy came forward with a big yellow bowl which held a print of butter.

"So I am to cream the special cake whether I will or no!" laughed Cousin Cissa.

"So Miss Letty say, honey!" Aunt Kizzy chuckled.

"Where is Narcissa?" Cousin Cissa suddenly asked



under her breath.

"Rocking Baby Brother to sleep," said Mother. "Why, Cissa?"

"Quick then, Letty," called Cousin Cissa. "Come see her present before I start on the cake!" And from her pocket in her dress beneath the big apron she drew forth a box.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mother. "Oh, Cissa! Oh, how beautiful! Narcissa will be wild with joy."

Just then Narcissa came dancing into the kitchen. "I've rocked Baby Brother to sleep," she announced, "and now may I beat the eggs for the Lady Baltimore cake?"

Cousin Cissa was deftly creaming the butter. "I'll have the sugar now, if you please, Aunt Kizzy," she said. Then turning to Narcissa she added, "Yes, indeedy, Narcissa, you are to beat the eggs. Why, the 'specialist cake' wouldn't be special unless you had a hand in it, child."

Well, such a busy day as it was! It seemed there was hardly a free breathing spell the live long day. But at last the very last thing was done, and that very last thing was the hanging of the stockings by the fireplace, even to Baby Brother's little teeny weeny one which Narcissa hung while she sang:

"Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure and don't forget,
For the dear little dimpling darling
Has never seen Christmas yet."

And the next morning at break of day Narcissa was up, and when Narcissa was up on Christmas morning everybody else was obliged to get up, for at every door she was knocking and calling, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Then downstairs in her canton flannel nightgown, with a big shawl wrapped around her, she raced, and pretty soon everybody was there, in the old parlor, around the tree which was weighed down with its load of gifts.

Never had Narcissa received such lovely presents. There was a stocking fairly bulging with nuts and candy, a thimble, a little needle

case, a tiny bundle of silkscraps, an orange which Cousin Cissa had brought from Baltimore, a book from Father, a writing portfolio from Mother, and a wonderful wax doll with golden hair from Santa Claus. And here was Cousin Cissa's gift. The card tied to it said: "To my darling little namesake, Narcissa Byrd."

Narcissa opened the box with trembly fingers, but nothing as blue as her eyes and as yellow as her curls greeted her—just dark blue merino for a dress and a pair of woolly red mittens. Narcissa certainly was somewhat puzzled, but she valiantly told herself she was not disappointed. The merino dress was lovely and Cousin Cissa meant by blue that it was blue just as her eyes were blue. But the yellow? She could not account for the yellow when the mittens were just as red as red.

"Narcissa!" cried Cousin Cissa, just as much excited over her gifts as a little girl. "Oh, Narcissa child, this beautiful present you have given me, and all your very own work! Oh, how can I thank you?"

Cousin Cissa just squealed with sheer delight. And it was a lovely gift which Narcissa had made—a motto, beautifully done in the gayest of colors on papier mache which said,

(Continued on page 880)



ELEANORE MINEAH-SCHUBBARD



INTRODUCING

SANTA, himself—just a plain old-fashioned Santa in his customary clothes.

MRS. S., fat and smiling, with rosy cheeks, specs, and a red-checked apron. [Her first name is SAMANTHY.]

S. CLAUS, Jr., their son, who wants all the modern improvements.

TING } Santa's elves, who prefer Junior's methods.
A-LING }

ELVES AND FAIRIES, five or more.

CHILDREN, as many as you want.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: Santa's old-fashioned sitting room, with center table, family album, sofa, rocking chairs, telephone, as well as family photographs on the wall. Over at the left and right are Christmas trees, hung with candy canes and pop-corn balls that are ripening. A tableful of dolls, drums, balls and sleds stands over at the right. Behind a screen at the left peeks Santa's pack, with more toys spilling out of it. Two mottoes on the wall read, MERRY XMAS TO YOU AND YOURS and SEASON'S GREETINGS, and there is a placard reading MAIL ORDERS FILLED HERE. We have plenty of time to notice all this, though the telephone is ringing, before SANTA enters from the left and picks up the receiver.

SANTA: Hello? Hello? HELLO? No, you've got the wrong number. This is North Pole 0000, not 0050. No, this is not Mister MacMillan talking; this is Mister Claus, Mister Santa Claus. What's that? There isn't any Santa Claus? Dunder and Blitzen! Come up and see for yourself! [He slams down the receiver indignantly, stands still for a moment, scratching the top of his nose, then begins to laugh softly to himself.] There is no Santa! Well, well! Bless my whiskers! You don't say so. I s'pose there's no song the children sing then, that goes this way. [He sings softly to the tune of "Jingle Bells" chorus:]

Santa Claus! Santa Claus!

Christmas Eve is here;

Girls and boys like all your toys

And Merry Christmas cheer.

Away! Away! Hitch your sleigh,

And over roof tops go;

While sleigh bells ring, you hear us sing

Because we love you so!

Ho, hum, bless their little hearts! Now, where did I put that list? Where did I put it? [He stares around the room, then goes to the left and calls:] Samanthy! Oh, Sa-man-thy!

MRS. S. (off-stage): Yes, Papa. What is it?

SANTA (looking worried): Where's that list? That Christmas list?

MRS. S. (still off-stage): Right under your nose.

SANTA (looking under his nose): Nope. Must have moved it.

MRS. S. (coming in from the left, holding a hot water bottle): How can I get Junior his hot water bottle if you keep interrupting? Have you looked under the clock for that list?

SANTA: Certainly, I've looked under the clock.

MRS. S.: Well, in the album, then?

SANTA: Of course, I've looked in the album.

MRS. S. (without stirring from the doorway): And in both your pockets?

SANTA: Certainly, I've— [He stops and pulls out the list from his pocket.] Why, I-I-I- was sure I had.





MRS. S: You're *so* absent-minded, dear. Now wait till I take Junior this hot water bottle and then I'll check over the list with you.

SANTA: Dunder and Blitzen! How you do pamper that boy!

MRS. S. (*fondly*): Boys will be boys—and he might get his feet cold, with these North Pole breezes!

SANTA (*looking at the clock*): Well, it will soon be time for me to be starting on my Christmas trips; so there is no time to waste.

MRS. S. (*putting down the bottle and sitting in a rocker*): Where are those helpers of yours? Hitching the reindeer? Well, I'll check over the list and you see if the toys are all there. [SANTA goes behind the screen.] Three tons of dolls, four tons of sleds, ten tons of horns and—

SANTA (*running in*): Samantha! Oh, Samantha!

MRS. S. (*jumping up*): Goodness, but you scared me. S'matter?

SANTA (*breathing hard*): They're gone!

MRS. S.: Not—not the toys?

SANTA (*nodding, and holding up just two or three horns and dolls*): Night after night the pile seems to have grown smaller instead of larger, but now—my toys have gone! What will the children do? [He sinks down in a chair and puts his hand over his eyes.]

MRS. S. (*taking a bandana from her pocket and*

sniffing): Here, Papa, take my hanky. Don't you s'pose we'll find—

[The sound of stealthy footsteps is heard at the right.]

SANTA (*dropping toys*): Quick, let's hide behind the screen. Maybe we can catch the thief who took my toys! [Both scuttle over to the screen and hide.]

[After a moment a masked figure tiptoes in at the right, carrying an empty bag. He looks all around, then tiptoes back and beckons to two others, who are also blindfolded. The three are picking up the few toys SANTA dropped, when SANTA and MRS. S. jump out at them and hold them tight.]

SANTA: Ha, I've caught you! Take off their masks, Samantha.

MRS. S. (*pulling off masks*): Junior! Junior Claus! And Ting! A-Ling!

SANTA: What's the joke, Junior? What have you three boys done with my toys?

JUNIOR (*defiantly*): We've hidden them, Dad, so you can't take them this year.

TING: That's—

A-LING: Right.

MRS. S.: Well, you can just bring them back right away.

JUNIOR: No.

TING: We—

A-LING: Won't.

SANTA: But why don't you like my toys? What do you want me to do?

JUNIOR (*stamping his foot*): Stop making me ashamed of you—and of my name S. Claus, Junior.





You're so old-fashioned. Only a few believe in you any more. Everyone laughs when they even hear your name. You're a joke, Dad—that's what. O-oooooh, deeeear!

MRS. S.: There, there, Junior, dear. [She looks over at SANTA.] He needs sympathy.

SANTA (briskly pulling off a slipper): What he needs is a good, sound— [The telephone rings. SANTA drops the slipper and picks up the receiver.] Hello? Yes. What's that? All the helpers have struck? The aeroplane is on the way? The announcement is in all the papers?

[He listens with mouth gaping, and then slams down the receiver and glares at his defiant son. Then he picks up the slipper and starts chasing JUNIOR, who dodges in and out among the table and chairs.]

JUNIOR: Stop, Dad! Listen. Ouch, leggo! [He crawls hurriedly under the sofa.]

SANTA (getting down on all fours): Just wait till I catch you, my smart young son. Just you wait!

MRS. S. (pulling his coat tails): Now, Papa, you leave Junior alone. Mebbe he's right, anyway. Times have changed and you still do things in the old way. And there are people who don't believe in you. You know there are.

SANTA (getting up slowly and sinking back into a chair): But do you know what that boy's done? He's made all my helpers strike. He's put my reindeer out to pasture. And he's put announcements in all the newspapers of the world that I won't make my usual trip by sleigh this year. Instead, I'll drop checks to the children from my aeroplane "The Spirit of the North Pole." And I won't give away a single toy!

JUNIOR (poking his head out from under the sofa): They're SO old-fashioned.

MRS. S.: What do you want Papa to do, Junior dear?

JUNIOR: Follow my advice this year—and you'll see how good it is.

MRS. S. (to SANTA): Why can't you be broad-

minded and try out the experiment?

SANTA (bewilderedly): But the children of the world—

JUNIOR: They want it. They're tired of your old-fashioned ways. I heard some say so.

TING: So—

A-LING: Did we.

MRS. S.: For my sake—listen to Junior—just this once!

SANTA (resignedly, after a moment's pause): All right. I'll try. Come out, Junior. What do you want Papa to do?

JUNIOR (crawling out from the sofa, with the help of TING and A-LING, and picking up some scissors and a curling iron from the table): First of all, Dad,

change your clothes. Red is too flashy for one of your years. We've got a nice rig for you—blue coat, floppy trousers, horn-rimmed glasses—and we'll marcel your hair and cut off your whiskers and—

SANTA: No you don't, young man.

MRS. S.: Papa, please—for my sake!

SANTA: Oh, well, where 're the clothes?

JUNIOR: This way, Dad. (Leads him off at the left.)

MRS. S. (to TING who is setting up a camera): What's that?

TING: A movie camera. We must get a picture of our modern Mister Claus, signing checks for the children.

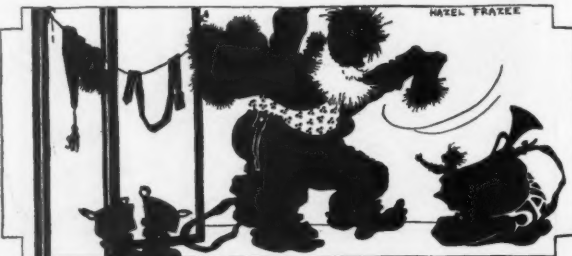
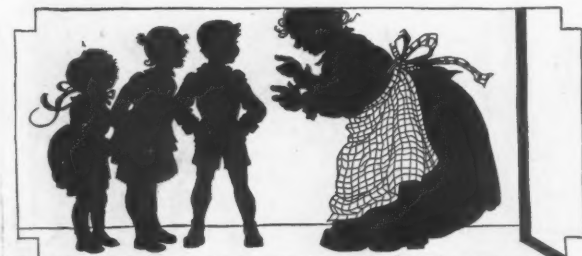
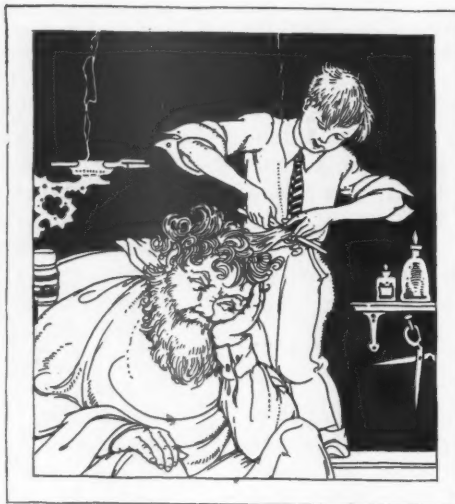
MRS. S.: Will they like checks?

TING: Pooh, of course! Junior says they're sick of the good old dolls and drums and sleds. And they'd rather have money for useful things.

A-LING (pulling down the mottoes and putting up a new one: DO YOUR XMASSWOPPINGEARLY): Of course they would. And if Santa can't learn to run the aeroplane this year, we'll take them the checks.

MRS. S.: Yes, you helpers won't have much to do if he gives up toy-making.

TING: Oh, well, we've been working more than





union hours, anyway.

A-LING: Still, there'll be a lot of work for us to do. We'll have to arrange for week-end excursions to the North Pole—with guides and megaphones and hot dog stands.

TING: "See the North Pole First," and all that sort of thing.

A-LING: Yes and—Oh, look at Santa!

[SANTA has just come in, somewhat dejectedly. Without his whiskers and with his horn-rimmed glasses you'd never know him. JUNIOR follows, rubbing his hands briskly.]

JUNIOR: You must diet, Dad. You really must. Cut out the candy canes and go in for daily dozens.

MRS. S.: Oh, Santa! Oh, Papa! (She embraces him fondly.) I wonder if I'll ever get used to your modern clothes.

SANTA (ruefully): I know I shan't. Oh, I guess it's time for us old folks to retire, Samantha. The young folks don't need us any more.

JUNIOR (patronizingly): Oh, we'll give you a pension, Dad. And it's really time you rested and wrote the story of your life.

SANTA: Such new-fangled notions! What's this? [He takes three books that TING hands to him.] Huh! Listen to the names of these books, will you? "How to Fly—in Three Lessons," "Santa Claus-ing Made Easy," "After Toys—What?"

JUNIOR: They're really very good. Here's a check book, and Ting, A-Ling, you two take a picture of him as he signs the checks.

SANTA (muttering sadly): "T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

JUNIOR: Not that, Dad—it's so old-fashioned. We'll teach you some modern verse that doesn't rhyme and—What's that?

[There is a stamping of feet outside, then, the sound of many voices, crying, "This is Santa's house—I know it is!" "C'mon, boys, hurry!" "Maybe we're too late!" Then the door at the left bursts open and in rush a number of boys and girls, who look around and then run to MRS. SANTA.]

FIRST GIRL: Where's Santa? We want Santa!

SECOND GIRL: We saw the dreadful news in the paper. Oh, it's not true, is it?

FIRST BOY: We all want our good old Santa the way he's always been!

SECOND BOY: And his toys, too! Not old checks!

THIRD GIRL: Where's Santa? [SANTA sneaks behind the screen.] Who's that queer man?

JUNIOR: Why, that's—

MRS. S.: Never you mind who that is. Santa will be here presently. You say you want him with his sleigh and his reindeer and—

FIRST GIRL: And his beard and his red suit and toy pack and everything!

JUNIOR (disappointedly): How old-fashioned! And do you believe in Santa Claus?

ALL: Of course we do!

SECOND GIRL: Dear old Santa! We were so worried when we saw that piece in the paper. Because we want him just as he's always been—fat and jolly and—Oh, I do hope we've come in time!

MRS. S. (to JUNIOR and the helpers): Change the motto and run and get the toys now—and call in the elves and fairies to help. And Junior dear, hitch up the reindeer—that's a good boy. Santa has plenty of time to go on his

Christmas trip if he starts soon. The children want him. And they believe in him!

JUNIOR: Oh!

TING: All—

A-LING: Right.

[They change the motto and go off at the right.]

CHILDREN: Of course we believe in Santa Claus!

[SANTA steps out from behind the screen, red clothes, white beard and all.]

FIRST GIRL: Oh, there he is!

SANTA (to MRS. S.): Sh! I'll have to wear this false wig and these whiskers till my own grow again! (Turning to the children): Well, well! Merry Christmas, children. Welcome to the North Pole!

CHILDREN: Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!

(Continued on page 821)



The Music and Message of the Bells

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ By Henry Purmort Eames, LL.B. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago; President of the Society of American Musicians

"Oranges and Lemons,"
Say the bells of St. Clements.

"You owe me five farthings,"
Say the bells of St. Martins.

"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

"When I grow rich,"
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

"When will that be?"
Say the bells of Stepney.

"I do not know,"
Says the great bell at Bow.

EVERY boy and girl in London-town loves the music of its bells, and a seventy-year-old London boy, now and for many years a distinguished judge in our American courts, repeated to me the story they ring out, which London children learn in the form of the verses which head this page. Here is the tune that to-day is mechanically rung by Bow Bells:



From the time of William the Conqueror, "Bow Bells" have been telling their story to Londoners. Is it any wonder that their music is dear to them?

When I was a boy the bells in our church steeples spoke to me, just as different friends would speak, and later when I visited foreign countries the music and message of the chimes became a very real part of my experience. In old Winchester, in London, Bruges, and Paris, I have climbed the dark and dusty belfry stairs just that I might see and touch these "aged singers with bronze throats" who have rung in the years, the births and deaths, the victories and defeats, the joys and sorrows of centuries past.

Asia is the real home of the bell. Five thousand years ago the Chinese made a musical instrument called the "Pien-ch'ing," which

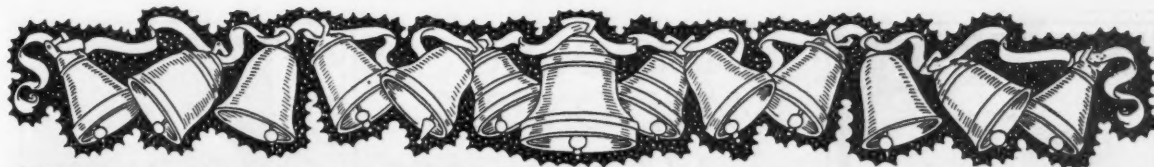


means the "stone-chime." It consisted of sixteen stone plates of graduated sizes hung from a couple of horizontal bars by strings, the performer striking these "sounding-stones," as they were called, with a hammer.

Long before the discovery of America the Aztecs used bells of pottery in their religious services. In the Orient and Occident bells have in the past been looked upon almost as real persons, and through the ignorance and superstition of the people who did not have the advantages of learning to read and write, the clangor of bells was believed to deliver men from evil and to frighten away demons. In China bells of enormous size hang in the towers—in Peking alone there are seven, each weighing 120,000 pounds—and I fancy you and I would behave like scared children if we were very close to them when their mighty tongues suddenly began to speak.

The Russians began to make and use bells in the tenth century. Their largest bell—the famous Kremlin bell which to this day stands unused upon the ground in





Moscow—weighs 43,000 pounds, and would sound, if it were properly suspended, the lowest tone you can imagine. Almost all of you know, and many of you doubtless play, that most popular of piano solos by the Russian composer, Rachmaninoff. Listen to the three opening tones, and remember they are the very tones which daily come from three great bells in the cathedral of the Kremlin (which is a very noted and historical group of buildings in the Russian city of Moscow):



Mr. Rachmaninoff has made these three tones the theme and inspiration of a musical picture, just as other composers have changed "the jangling jargon of many bells a-ringing" into a beloved melody.

The material of which bells are made is a mixture of copper and tin. During the middle ages bell-making became a highly honored work, for it was, and still is, very difficult to so mold and cast a bell that its tone is pure and its pitch is definite. But because of their tonal beauty and power, bell-making and bell-ringing became one of the highest crafts and arts of medieval times. First came *change ringing*, which was, and still is, a wild, free clanging of many bells, large and small, at the same time, without rhyme or reason. Such clamor you may hear all over England on Christmas Day, and as unmusical as it may sound when you are too close to the towers and belfries, it is thrilling and joyous when heard at some distance. But the art of the carillonneur, which now is being heard in our own country, is the one which stirs our imagination in strange fashion. The carillon is a set of from fifteen to fifty bells cast in sizes which sound each its own scale-tone.

This battery of bells is played from a keyboard, placed in a room below the open or latticed belfry, by a carillonneur—as the French call him. The keyboard looks not unlike our electric switchboard with its handles replacing the keys on an ordinary piano keyboard, and another set of pedal keys, like that on a pipe organ, to be played upon by the player's feet. This carillon keyboard, if I may call it such, stands to-day practically the same as it stood in the sixteenth century, when the most famous of all bell-casting and carillon-playing families—the Van den Gheyns of Belgium—brought the art of belfry-bell-playing to its highest point.

A great carillon of forty-three bells has been installed recently in St. Chrysostom's Church in Chicago. Perhaps many of you heard its opening concert broadcasted. I certainly hope so. Belgium, that busy, little country lying between Holland, Germany, and France, sent her greatest player, Anton Brees, to present the first program. None of us who heard the grand old melodies, many of which are older than America is as a nation, will forget the beauty of the bells of St. Chrysostom.

We must all go to Ottawa, the capital city of Ontario, Canada, for our good neighbors

(Continued on page 887)



Peter Paul Rubens

ANTONIO VAN DYCK and His Master RUBENS

By MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS



Ant: Jan Dyck

MARK, all of you—the Master is away!”
“Aye, thou stupid, who does not know that? And dull enough it is without him!”

“Nay, but heed me, lads—he hath forgot to lock his own studio door.”

The ten or twelve boys scattered about the great, bare studio drew closer to the speaker. They cast aside their brushes and palettes and pushed away their easels, and as they chattered and exclaimed, they glanced with curious eyes toward a small door at the far end of the room.

“Faith, I’d like to see what is going on in there!” cried one. “And wouldn’t not thou, Antonio?”

“If any hath the right,” said another, “’twould be thou, Antonio, for the Master thinks more of thee than all of us put together.”

Antonio Van Dyck, a tall, fair youth, stood by a window where a shaft of sunlight lit up his yellow hair and brought to life the deep blue of his doublet, making him shine out a brilliant figure beside the other boys, who wore the dull green and brown smocks of the studio. He rested his hands on his hips and laughed.

“That little door hides what I want much to see,” he admitted.

“Aye, aye!” shouted young Gaspard, a ring-leader, a boy of the least talent in the studio save for the one matter of a vast skill in mirth and pranks. “It will be our only chance now. What a joy! What a rapturous lark, to enter that door generally so tightly locked! I dare thee, lads, to follow me. Where is thy sense of adventure? And, Antonio, if thy love of art be so great, why then, feast thine eyes on the work of the great Rubens while it is in progress!”

He was pulling them about now and urging them toward the mysterious door and Antonio, laughing and wrestling, followed with the others.

“It would seem a little sacrilege!” he cried, tugging backward.

“Nay, nay, ’tis but a game and our right.”

Boys in Antwerp long ago in the seventeenth century, in spite of doublet and hose and velvet cap

and smock of the studio, were much the same as boys now; and so, with laughter and carousing and tumbling about of easels and stools, they clattered and jostled down the big room and burst into the small, silent studio beyond.

In the narrow doorway Antonio alone paused, and stood leaning and gazing, his face flushed with delight and reverence.

“Ah!” he cried. “Be quiet just a space.” And one by one the others stopped and stared.

On the tall easel a canvas faced them—a half-finished painting of wonderful beauty and power. The colors glowed as only the brush of Rubens could make them glow, and the figures were so full of life that it seemed hard to believe they were not actually alive. It was a sacred subject done with marvelous power, and Antonio stood rooted in the doorway, fascinated and absorbed. For a time the others were quiet and reverently admiring. But bit by bit they grew tired of this, and began to look about curiously and examine the canvases. And, as they went, they pulled each other’s smocks and wrestled with one another and called to Antonio to come and see this or that, and the laughter and the scuffling began again.

Then something happened. Gaspard gave a playful push to a small, slight comrade, who slipped and before he could recover his balance fell against the easel, and down went the canvas of the great Rubens—face downward on the floor.

The noise and laughter and the crash ended in a deep and frightened silence. Antonio sprang forward.

“Quick, the picture!” he cried. “Help me up with it! Oh, but this is terrible what we have done!”

Antonio had now become the leader. Gaspard had turned pale and sober and the other boys stood about, frightened and still.

“Help me raise it, lads,” cried Antonio again. “No matter how terrible the damage, we must find it out.”

Slowly and very carefully they lifted up the canvas

and placed it on its easel, hardly daring to see how much had been ruined by their folly.

"A face and an arm," whispered Gaspard, "smirched and gone."

"There is but one thing to do," said one of the older boys. "Antonio Van Dyck will have to repaint them."

"Nay, never," cried Antonio hotly. "Without the Master's permission I would not."

"Aye, but thou must, Antonio, for listen! If we are discovered in this, the Master will keep none of us in his studio. Thou art our comrade and thou must help us. Often and often of late the Master hath given thee work on his own canvases. He hath been too busy to do all and he hath always and each time chosen thee. Thy work is as much like his as two peas."

"Nay!" cried Antonio again, his fair face suffused with color. "I am no closer to him in skill than thou art to the moon. And in any case," he added, "I paint like myself."

The boys stood in a silent, unhappy group, gazing at the damaged picture.

"But, look you, Antonio," pleaded Gaspard. "Thou wilt not desert us. What is to be done unless thou wilt paint? Our skill is not great enough and if our Master knows of this we will all be cast out of his wonderful school."

"He would know, in any case," said Antonio, crossly, but he took the palette and brushes of the great Rubens, as he spoke. He had been studying the injured arm and face of the painting, and a queer look of absorption was creeping into his eyes. One of the boys made a motion to the others to be silent and wait, and suddenly, with no more urging, Antonio Van Dyck began to paint.

No one dared to move for a long time but while Antonio's brush, bit by bit, with exquisite success and sureness of touch, repaired the terrible damage, the anxious boys began to relax a little and sigh and shuffle with relief. "It would fool Michelangelo,

himself," they whispered. "And truly, he is marvelous, our Antonio!"

"Aye," murmured the mischievous Gaspard. "He is slow sometimes at games, but with his brush he is a wizard. We are saved," he shouted, tossing his velvet cap in the air. "Oh, my Antonio, thou

hast saved us a terrible humiliation!"

Slowly Antonio laid down his palette and brushes, and looked at what he had done. The color rose again in his face to see how closely he had come to the work of the great Rubens himself.

"But he will know, none the less," he said. "And I am sad, though what I have done is the best that I have ever done."

They went trooping out and closed the door.

"This afternoon," said Antonio, "he will return." And they went to their stools and easels and set to work without laughter and play.

It was a long day and yet it seemed

too early when the great Rubens flung open the door and joined them, with a friendly word or two. He had had a very successful and happy journey and, being in high spirits, he warmed towards the group of talented boys, waiting for him in the old room.

"Come, lads, I'll show thee what I am doing!" he called, as he went with long strides toward the little door.

"So—I forgot to lock it. Well, come hither! 'Tis a good lesson for thee to see a work not yet completed."

The boys reluctantly came, and Antonio last of all, pale and still.

"Ah, the last touches that I made seem to me my best!" cried Rubens. "What thinkest thou, Antonio there? It seemeth to me the arm and face are not the poorest part. I will work a little, lads, that thou mayest watch, for once in a while it teacheth more than all the talk and training in the world."

The boys bowed their gratitude, and exchanged

(Continued on page 816)





THE DOG BEAUTY SHOP

By FRANCES MATHEWS WARN

THERE was something Jed wanted very much to do. He patted Jiggles, his aire-dale pup, for comfort, and inspiration came like a flash.

"You're not the only dog in town that needs a bath," he told Jiggles triumphantly. "There's a fine big tub in the basement, plenty of hot water in the pipes and a whole shelf full of soap. I can't see much overhead to that business or objection either, can you?"

Jiggles didn't agree with Jed and it was half an hour before he fully forgave him the sample scrubbing that he promptly received. But he finally wagged his tail and trotted along at a safe distance behind, when Jed went in search of Andy.

"You see, Andy, it's this way," Jed explained when the two boys settled down to visit in the yard back of Andy's house. "There's everything to do with, no overhead to speak of, and—a whole lot of dogs in town that need baths."

"I'd say there are!" Good-natured Andy put back his head and laughed hard. "Where do I come in on this?"

"Well," said Jed, "you can have a third from all our business."

"Why not fifty-fifty?" Andy objected.

"You see," Jed hesitated, "I think a silent partner sounds awfully grand, don't you?"

Andy grinned. "You're up to something, Jed. Out with it."

"Nick needs a lot of things. He's the smartest fellow in our class but he never has the things the rest of us do—can't even have a dog."

"I felt sorry for him when he couldn't go on the trip to the Caverns with the rest of us," reflected Andy. "He was no cry baby about it, either—never let on he wanted to go—but, say, I don't see why he can't have a dog. He wants one bad enough."

"It costs something to keep a dog," replied Jed thoughtfully. "The tax and all."

"You're right. I'll tell you though, Jed, you're barking up the wrong tree if you think he would take anything from us, even if we did earn it. Not Nick!"

"I've got that figured out," said Jed. "He's the silent partner. Come on over to our house and I will show you how we can manage it. When we get it all cooked up we'll go down to see Nick."

The next day as Nick was energetically scouring and shining a pair of tan oxfords in his tiny shoe-shining stand at 225½ East Main Street, he heard a familiar whistle a block away and smiled expectantly. He was always glad to hear the boys coming.

"Next," he was saying to an elderly woman, who was waiting her turn, as the boys and Jiggles came up.

"Your arms must be tired after all that rubbin'," said the considerate woman. "Rest a bit before you start in on mine."

Nick smilingly assured her that he needed no rest as he spread a clean newspaper in the rather dusty chair, but he did turn to pat Jiggles who was nosing into his pocket for the customary treat.

"Will you join our new company?" whispered Jed. "It's going to be a hummer."

"Oil gusher or gold mine?" bantered practical Nick and reached for his brushes.

"Neither." Jed was a bit hurt.

"I've got to stick to a sure thing," Nick confided earnestly.

"Mom needs every cent I make."

"You don't have to give up your shoe shining," Jed assured him quickly and then Nick listened to a brief outline of the plan. "You could do some advertising for us, right here, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I could do that," agreed Nick.





"Sign here," and Jed put down a legal looking paper with his thumb on the line that said silent partner. "We bank at the First National," said Jed as he got out of the way.

The boys stood by and watched Nick polish the high black shoes. Jiggles circled the chair.

"That's a mighty clean dog," remarked the woman.

"The perfumed soap gives him a good smell, too," beamed Jed. "Do you have a dog that needs washing?"

"No, but I know plenty who do!"

"We're starting a dog beauty shop," explained Jed.

"There are folks lazy enough not to wash their own dogs," the woman encouraged them.

"And there are some who do not have a good place," added Andy.

"We're fixing up a dandy place with waiting rooms for the owners and a row of big wooden boxes, so that each dog can have his own stall. We have dog biscuits, rubber bones, old slippers for the puppies, and all sorts of attractions. We're going to use the vacuum cleaner for a dryer—just take off the bag and let 'er blow."

"You ought to come and see our dog beauty shop," Andy urged cordially. "Nick, here, is our silent partner."

"And advertising manager," added Jed as he pulled a card out of his pocket and tacked it on the wall opposite the shoe shining chair. It read:

THE DOG'S BEAUTY SHOP

Tan dogs washed.....	25 cents
Black dogs washed.....	25 cents
All white dogs.....	50 cents
Mixed dogs.....	35 cents
St. Bernard dogs, square foot	10 cents
Curly dogs.....	10 cents extra
Burrs and chewing gum removed.....	25 cents up
Kind treatment—no soap in eyes—faces washed separately	
Above prices—cash and carry	
Called for and delivered.....	10 cents extra
Phone Baring 2331	

"I'll send you some customers before to-morrow this time," promised the woman. "You just see if I don't."

"You notice it isn't all cash and carry; we also call for and deliver," said Jed.

The next day was Saturday. The telephone at Jed's house began to ring about as soon as the alarm clock finished its morning message. By ten o'clock Andy had called for six dogs and had them penned up in separate stalls waiting their turn in the tub. By three o'clock six clean dogs were ready to go home. There was the Carter's tiny fox terrier that made up in speed and sharp puppy teeth for its size; there were two airedales that did not take very long, a curly black cocker spaniel that took considerable brushing, a white Eskimo dog that had to go through six waters, the last one with blueing in it, in order to pass the board of inspectors; and then there was the Rogers' St. Bernard that was so big that Nick had to be called in to help handle him.

It was not an easy morning's work but it totaled \$3.20, and, as Jed said, it was all clear, clean profit. These six violet-scented dogs went out into different parts of Lakeville as good advertising agents for the future. Just as the boys had sat down to talk things over, a tramp dog strayed in to see what was going on. They put him through the usual scrubbing and grooming and tied a placard to an old collar they found, which read: "I was cleaned at the Dog Beauty Shop, 471 Locust Street. Bring your friends."

"Who's the friendly little fellow?" asked Nick who had happened in. He eyed him longingly.

"A stray," answered Jed. "We call him Nebuchadnezzar."

(Continued on page 832)



THE PARROT-SWAN ON PARADE

PART I

By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

BOB surveyed the work of his comrades with sullen interest. It was good, but he didn't like to admit it. The old boat, which he and Rod and Jerry had salvaged the previous fall and dubbed the "Parrot-Swan" because of her grace and her varicolored paint, was hardly recognizable.

The Lake Carnival, with its parade and prize of an outboard motor for the boat which best expressed the spirit of America, was only a week away. Of course, the "Parrot-Swan" had to be in the parade, and the proper manner of fixing her up had caused some argument among the three owners.

"We'll have to paint her, first," Bob had declared.

"Paint her!" exclaimed Jerry. "Never! That is—why, I suppose, we'll have to do her over sometime, but it'll be green and yellow and red again, if I have my say."

Rodney was of the same opinion.

"But you can't be in a parade beside Raymond Moore's 'Viking' and all those fancy boats, with anything so faded-out and crazy-looking."

"Perhaps you can't," Jerry said firmly, giving the nose of the "Parrot-Swan" an affectionate pat. "But Rod and I can. And when you see the old girl—the way we'll deck her out—"

"Deck her?" Bob set his teeth delightedly into the words, and shook them like a puppy with an old shoe. "She'll be bedecked, will she?"

Jerry jumped to his feet, upsetting his bait can.

"You've said it, Bob!" he cried. "We'll deck her, that's what! I—I guess I'm getting an idea. L-let me think."

"Let him think," Bob mocked, and with exaggerated care he and Rodney eased Jerry back into his seat and stood over him while he corralled his writhing fishworms and his thoughts.

In a minute he looked up, his blue eyes a-gleam, his freckles pale beside the flush of excitement on his cheeks.

"It's sprouted, boys! And it's a humdinger! Listen! We'll deck her—" Rapidly he explained his plan, and Rodney grew enthusiastic over it.

Bob, of course, wasn't so sure. He didn't see how it could be done. They'd probably make a fizzle of it, and he didn't like to get caught in a fizzle. So he had managed to keep very busy with tasks about home, and not until now had he

avored the "Parrot-Swan" with a tour of inspection. "Isn't so bad, is it?" Jerry demanded.

"Nope, not so bad," Bob agreed, and he solemnly walked around three sides of the little craft.

Her patchwork sail was tightly furled and lay neglected in the sumacs. Her painted sides were hardly evident under the broad, rude framework of wood with which the boys had "decked" her over. Bob could see possibilities.

"She's going to be a regular 'Old Ironsides,' when we get the masts up and everything," Jerry went on. "Rod and I think she stands a dandy chance of getting the prize. Boy! What couldn't we do with an outboard? She's patriotic, that's certain, and she won't be so bad-looking at night."

"Not at night," Bob admitted grudgingly.

"Rodney's gone to the store for big sheets of heavy wrapping paper to cover the frame. I guess that's him coming now." Jerry squinted at the drooping figure coming down the path. Then he added in surprise, "Looks as though he hadn't got it."

"Looks as though he hasn't got a friend in the world," Bob said. "What's matter, Rod?"

Rod shook his head and slumped down onto the sand beside the "Parrot-Swan," alias "Old Ironsides."

Several moments passed in silence.

"Well, you'd better spill it," Jerry suggested. "Don't they have any wrapping paper any more?"

"Worse than that," Rod answered dully. "I met Raymond Moore. He's fixing up the 'Viking.'"

"What if he is?" demanded Jerry.

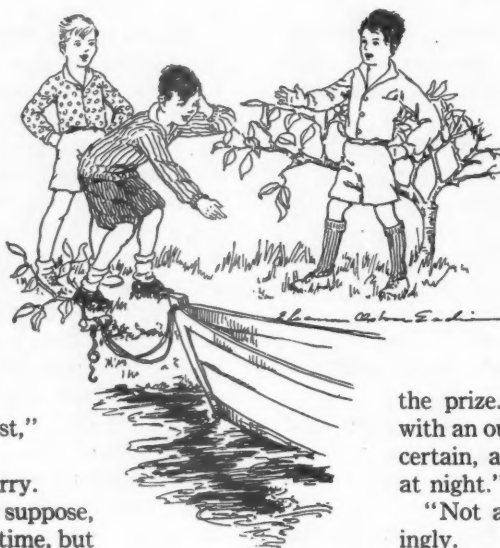
"What if he is? Well, just this. You know, he's got tools and money and everything to do with, even brains. And now he wants—"

"What does he want?"

"He wants—" Rob fairly groaned under the weight of his announcement. "He wants us to help him! He says he likes our looks and wishes he was better acquainted, and could we help him make the frame and some hickydoos for his 'Viking.'"

"Nothing doing!" Jerry declared. "Does he think we'd want to help him get the outboard prize away from our own 'Parrot-Swan'?"

"But that isn't all. I haven't told you the worst," Rod sighed. "He's using wall-board and real cheesecloth and he's making an 'Old Iron-



sides,' too!"

A torrent of expressions of distress and anger and disappointment greeted this bit of news.

"The nerve of him! Let him fix his old tub himself. Why didn't you tell him so?"

"How could I?" Rod asked helplessly. "He didn't know he was working on the same idea we were. And after what he said about our looks—and it is sort of a compliment to be asked to help. He's got his heart set on this prize business. Not but what he could have an outboard for the asking, I suppose, but he wants to do something on his own, for once. After all he's sort of a nice chap."

"Nice sap," Bob amended.

"He isn't either a sap. I—I sort of like him," Rod confessed. "He's never had a chance at this sort of thing until this summer. Always been tied to his governess' apron strings and his tutors' coat-tails. And he's got awfully good ideas about 'Old Ironsides.' He's—I guess you'd call it artistic."

"Arti-stic, fiddlesticks!" Bob singsonged.

Jerry was eyeing Rodney with open surprise.

"You mean, Rod, that that 'Viking' is so much finer than the 'Parrot-Swan' that you think we'd better give up being in the parade. I thought—well, I thought you were more loyal than that."

The words of his best friend stung, and Rodney flushed hotly under them. He turned away and began to sort pebbles, idly, into little heaps at his feet.

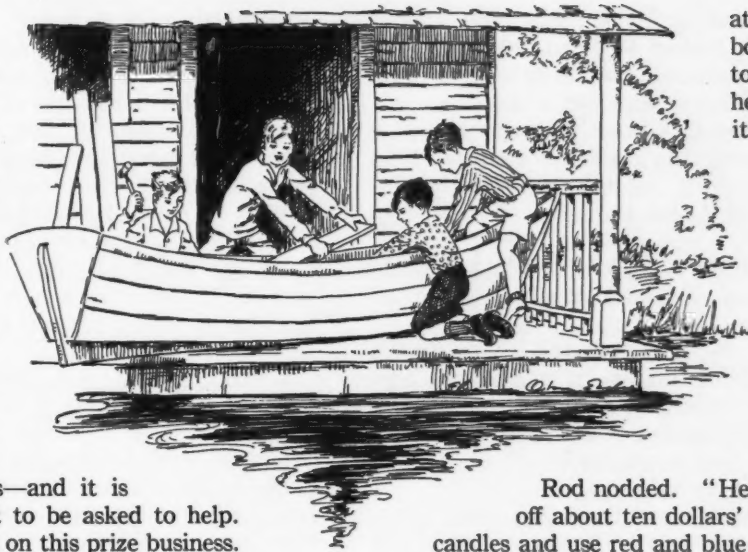
"It isn't because the 'Viking' is finer, Jerry," he said at length. "And you ought to know whether I'm loyal to the 'Parrot-Swan' or not. But—it doesn't seem as though they needed two 'Old Ironsides' in the parade. And this kid's never had any good times. Why—" Rodney turned back to them and there was a little catch in his voice. "Remember, when we fixed up the 'Parrot-Swan' what a kick we got out of that first sail?"

Slowly Jerry nodded. "I guess I understand. We've had a lot out of the 'Parrot-Swan,' just as she is."

Bob wasn't so easily convinced.

"You talk about our helping him, and about his doing it by himself, all in the same breath. Which do you mean?"

Rodney laughed. "Both. He's got the ideas and the stuff to carry them out with, but we've got to stand by and see that he doesn't capsize. Do you know—" the boy chuckled again—"he hadn't figured



at all that the wall-board was going to make the boat heavier and that it might give him trouble, come a good wind?"

"He had not?" Bob jeered.

"But wait until he tells you about the battle part."

"The battle?" Jerry said eagerly.

Rod nodded. "He's going to shoot off about ten dollars' worth of Roman candles and use red and blue tableau lights to imitate one of those fights the 'Constitution' was in."

"Boy!" Jerry was breathless. "Aren't we lucky, though?"

Half an hour later the "Parrot-Swan" lay forgotten and the members of her crew were comfortably draped over the benches in Raymond Moore's boathouse, offering suggestions, weighing opinions, giving the boy all the opportunity he wanted for becoming acquainted with their independent little society.

Next day they were hard at it again. Raymond drew up on paper the plans for his cheesecloth sails and wall-board decks in a professional manner that delighted his visitors.

"She'll be the winner, all right," Jerry declared. "There won't be anything on the lake that can anywhere near touch her. Gee, but I'm glad you let us in on this, Ray. The 'Parrot-Swan' wouldn't have been near so good, would it, fellows? Aren't you tickled we came?"

Bob and Rodney nodded their heads, but Raymond was duly modest regarding his share of the work on the "Viking."

"The 'Parrot-Swan' wouldn't have been just like this, of course. But I'd never have thought of putting in real portholes, the way Bob said, and that makes it so I can see to row without popping my head above deck every other minute. And it was a dandy idea of Rod's to fix the frame of the stern on hinges, so I can yank it up and slide out from under with the 'Viking' if the weather gets rough, you know."

"Honest, Ray," inquired Bob, "are you going to have ten dollars' worth of Roman candles and tableau lights?"

"Maybe," the boy replied with a smile. "Dad said I might."

"The battle will win the prize for you if nothing else does," Jerry decided. "There won't be anything like it."

Work progressed so rapidly under the labor of many hands that, when they left that night, the shell of the "Constitution" was ready to set over the "Viking," and the sails were partly done.

Next morning as they made their way along the shore road toward Raymond's boathouse, Jerry remarked, "She'll look just like that picture in the schoolroom, racing before the wind. I can almost see her now."

"I can see her!" Rodney cried. "Ray's got her out on the water! He must have had somebody help him."

Sure enough, the little "Constitution" headed around the point into full view, a bit tipsy and top-heavy as yet but a thing of beauty all the same.

Rod saw a figure disappear behind the boathouse, and he suddenly became suspicious.

"It's great!" Jerry cried.

"I'm glad I thought of those peepholes," Bob called.

But Rod waited until the "Constitution" was back in her dock before he spoke. Then his voice was curt.

"Who helped you get the frame on, Raymond?" he asked.

"Oh, a fellow that happened in a few minutes ago. He was awfully interested and obliging and offered to help, so I thought I wouldn't wait for you fellows before I tried her out. I believe he said his name was Mike—something. Why—you don't mind, do you?"

Rod was seeing red. His fists were doubled and his jaws set. "Mike-something? Of course it was Mike. I knew it was. There wouldn't be anybody else snooping around the boathouses just before the carnival. He's a regular copy cat. How much did you tell him?"

"Why—why—" Raymond stammered, and Jerry, though he, too, was distressed, came to his rescue.

"It's not your fault, Ray. You wouldn't have any way of knowing about Mike. He talks smooth. I bet he—he probably said that the 'Constitution' was the best idea for a carnival he ever saw."

Raymond nodded and gulped. "That's

just exactly what he said."

"You showed him the plans of the sails, I suppose?" Rod's voice was still severe, condemning, and when Raymond had again nodded miserably, he made a prophecy that gripped their hearts. "Then you can depend on it that there'll be two 'Constitutions' in the parade."

"No, there won't!" came a saucy thin voice, and a saucy lean face of an eavesdropping Mike-something appeared for a moment out of the shrubbery near-by. "There ain't goin' to be but *one* 'Constitution' in the parade, smarties! What do you think of that?"

A comical pink tongue was stuck out at them, and then Mike-something fled before anyone had a chance to answer.

Heartsick at the thought of having unwittingly betrayed his companions and his boat, Raymond would have given chase, but Bob and Jerry held him back. "No use, he's a regular whippet. You stay here."

"What'd he mean—about only one 'Constitution'?" Raymond asked anxiously. "What does he mean to do?"

"You can't tell what he'll do," Rod told him wearily.

"But I'll keep it under lock and key. I'll not let anybody but you see it," Ray promised. "I'll be careful this time."

"How about it?" Jerry saw a faint beam of hope in the situation. "Did you tell him about the Roman candles and the battle? Say, I hope you didn't."

"No!" Ray's face brightened. "I was so busy showing him how we'd rigged up the boat, that I forgot all about them. Our boat would be a lot different that way, wouldn't it?"

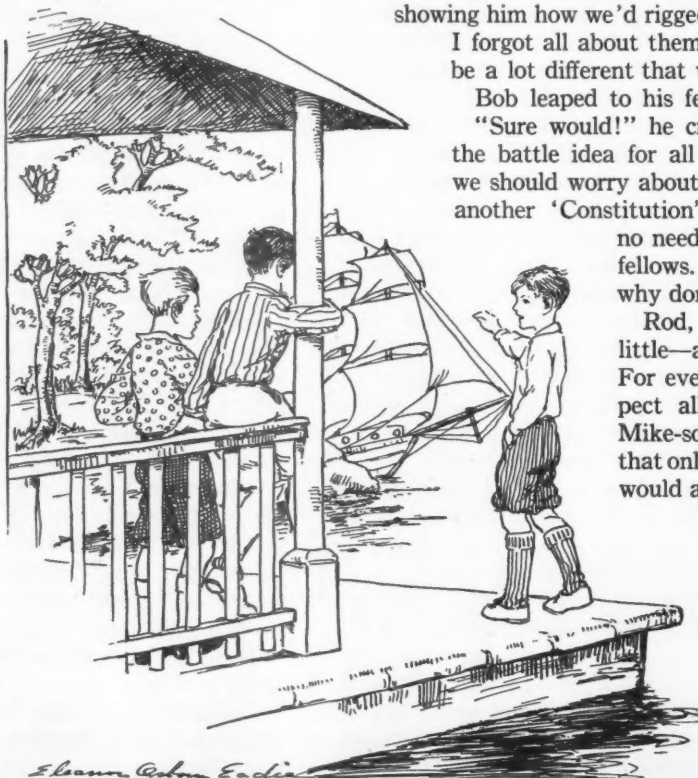
Bob leaped to his feet.

"Sure would!" he cried. "We'll work the battle idea for all it's worth. Then we should worry about whether he makes another 'Constitution' or not. There's

no need to worry about it, fellows. Brace up, there, why don't you?"

Rod, too, cheered a little—at least he tried to. For even he could not suspect all that lay behind Mike-something's threat, that only one 'Constitution' would appear in the Carnival parade.

(The concluding installment of "The Parrot-SwanonParade" by Josephine E. Phillips will appear in the January issue of CHILD LIFE.)



When Johnny played Santa Claus



© Fels & Co.

JOHNNY was dressed in a fresh blue suit, ready for Christmas dinner. But dinner wasn't ready.

"Let's play Santa Claus while we're waiting," said Johnny's little sister, Mary.

"All right," agreed Johnny. "I'll be Santa." So they gathered the toys that Santa had brought them and put them into a bag.

Johnny put the bag over his shoulder and climbed into the empty fireplace. It was quite a tight squeeze for him and the bag of toys, and first thing Johnny knew, he had smudges of black, dirty soot all over his nice, clean clothes.

Just then his mother walked into the room!

She didn't scold—it was Christmas, you see. She only said—"Mercy!"—like that. "Run and put on another fresh suit, Johnny. This one will have to make a trip to the tub. Thank goodness, it won't be much of a job to get it clean with Fels-Naptha" . . . and sure enough it wasn't!

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Fels-Naptha is easy on your hands. And it washes beautifully in washing-machine or tub; in cool, lukewarm or hot water; or when your clothes are boiled. Whenever you wash, let Fels-Naptha do the hard rubbing for you. Order from your grocer, today.



RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES

by Rebecca McCann



LITTLE JANE LOOMING

THERE was a little girl
And her name was Jane Looming.
She had a bad habit
Of fussing and fuming.

She bothered her mother
The whole livelong day,
Saying, "What shall I do now?"
And, "What shall I play?"

Her kitten would play
With a dead leaf or feather.
Her dog would lie thinking
For hours together.

But Jane, though she owned
Simply dozens of toys,
Just hung around making
A small whining noise.

She hung on the curtains,
She flipped up the shade.
It really was trying,
The bother she made.

She ran to the kitchen
A-clippety-clatter,
And there pushed the spoon
In the bowl full of batter.

She clutched at it wildly
But, poor Jane, instead,
She pulled the whole bowl
Upside down on her head!

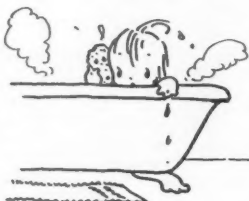
Just then Nora found her
And had such a scare
She sat right flat down
Where there wasn't a chair.

And bath after bath
Little Jane had to take,
But the worst of it was
She had ruined the cake.

And now she just visits
The kitchen to say,
"If I can't help you, Nora,
I'll go right away."

For Jane has decided
It's really more fun
To do something helpful
That ought to be done.

"When I bother my mother
By fussing and fuming,
I bother myself, too,"
Says little Jane Looming.





Boys and girls
Large and small
Like the Flivver
Best of all.
Improves their
Health

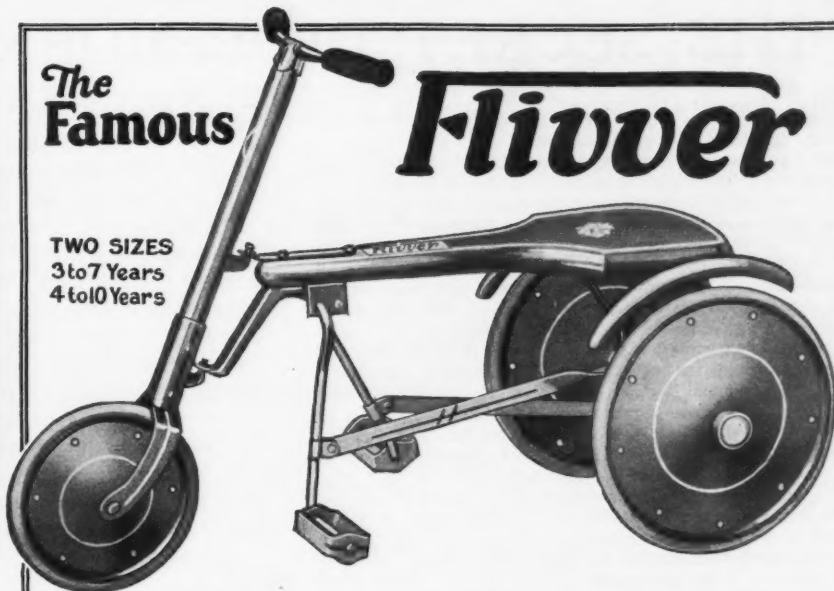
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Rain or shine,
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At any time.
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Won't hurt the
floors,
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4 to 10 Years



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Established 1897

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Send me express prepaid Flivver No.

Name

Address

THE SECRET OF BELDEN PLACE

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

By FRANCES CAVANAH

Patsy Spaulding is staying with her cousin, Patty Morrison, at Belden Place, the old ancestral homestead in the little town of Fayetteville on the north bank of the Ohio River. Here they are under the care of Mrs. Fisher, the housekeeper, and have many good times with Jean, her little year-and-half-old girl, and with Jimmy, her ten-year-old son. With his help the cousins organize a treasure-seekers' firm, call themselves the T. S. Company, Incorporated, and begin a thorough search for Great-grandmother Patricia Belden's jewels, which had disappeared very mysteriously shortly after the Civil War. One of their most important discoveries is Mrs. Belden's diary, with its fascinating accounts of the days of the Underground Railroad and her own experiences in helping Jake and other runaway slaves escape to Canada; but most interesting of all to the treasure-seekers are the pages telling of the disappearance of the jewels. The diary goes on to tell of a message that had come from Jake, the unlettered slave she had once befriended, telling how the boat on which he was at that time employed had docked for a few minutes at Fayetteville a few days before. He had received permission to call at Belden Place to thank Mrs. Belden for her kindness, but on arriving there had found the family and servants away. However, he had found— But here the account stopped, for several pages had been torn from the little diary and with them was gone the secret of the missing jewels.

PART III

"WE SIMPLY must find them," I said, and, taking Jimmy's flash light, we crawled into the dark little cubbyhole off the mystery room. After that we searched the room and then the attic and Great-grandfather Belden's desk down in the library, but, try as we would, we could not find the missing pages to Great-grandmother's diary. At last our quest brought us back to Jimmy's room and the little sandalwood box.

"Perhaps we'll find those pages in among these letters," Patty suggested. "Let's look anyway."

That was how we happened to come across Governor Randolph's letter again. Of course, he wasn't governor when he wrote it, but just a young man building up a law practice in Arlington. The letter was dated June 5, 1884, about fifteen years after the disappearance of the jewels, and was written from New Orleans.



"This proves it," cried Patty, looking up from the yellowed sheets. "The jewels are in the house some place." And she read the note aloud to us:

"My dear Mrs. Belden, I am the proud bearer of a message to you from an old runaway slave you once befriended. A few days ago I was on a Mississippi steamboat on my way to the gulf, when a very old Negro, Jake by name, sought me out, having heard that I came from Arlington. He was too old and weak to be of much use on the boat any longer, but they kept him on for old times' sake, I was told, as he had served them faithfully for more than sixteen years. Jake asked at once if I knew the Beldens of Fayetteville, and when I told him that, indeed, our families had been friends for many years, his old black face lighted up with joy. His request was that I thank you for your kindness to him and his family in the troublesome days of the Underground. He had once called to thank you, himself—about two years after the war closed, he said. His boat was docked at Fayetteville for less than an hour, but he had received permission to call at Belden Place for a few minutes. On arriving there, he found you away and robbers in the house and the family jewels piled in a heap on Mr. Belden's desk, while the robbers helped themselves in the kitchen. There was no time to turn in an alarm, his boat was leaving in a few minutes, and he realized that he would be serving you very poorly if his presence were discovered there. The fact that he was able to hide the jewels and send you a message afterwards has given the old fellow joy and satisfaction ever since. He felt that, in saving them, he had partially repaid you."

Patty laid the quaint, old-fashioned letter down, unfinished. "Now we need those missing pages more than ever," she said.

"Let's ask Mr. Whitney what to do," I suggested.

Patty and Jimmy thought this the very thing, and we started at once for the grocery store.

On the front porch we met the postman who handed my cousin and me both a letter from our mothers. Out of Patty's envelope flew a crisp, new five dollar bill, and out of my envelope flew a five dollar bill just like it. We had been so interested in our treasure hunt that we had completely forgotten that this was my eleventh birthday and that the next day would be Patty's—and that was an almost unheard of thing for either of us to do.

Our letters said just about the same thing—that our

mothers were sorry they couldn't be with us and that we were to spend our five dollar bills for anything we pleased. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have been enough to send prickly thrills all up and down our backbones, but we were so much taken up with our mystery just then, that we merely slipped our letters into our pockets and hurried on down to the grocery store.

Of course, Mr. Whitney teased us about being treasure-hunters, just as we had expected that he would. But after awhile he sobered down and said, "Well, now, I reckon you youngsters are on the trail of something real."

"Of course, we are," said Patty. "But we don't know what to do next."

"We came to you for advice," said Jimmy timidly.

"Ho, ho!"

Mr. Whitney laughed. "I don't sell advice, young sir. I sell cheese and crackers and—"

"Then you can give us the advice," Patty cut in quickly.

Mr. Whitney laughed again. "If I were doing it," he said, "I'd go over to Arlington and see Charles B. Randolph, the attorney. Your mothers know him, and so does Patsy's father."

"Oh, was he any kin to the governor?" Jimmy asked.

"His son and about the only person living that I know of who can give you any help."

That was how it happened that we decided to spend our five dollar bills on a trip to Arlington. We were surprised to learn that, though Jimmy had lived in the city all his life, he had never been to Humboldt Amusement Park—why, he had never been on a merry-go-round even, or on a ferris wheel or in the House of Mirrors.

"That shall be our birthday party," I said. "If your mother will take us over to Arlington to-morrow we can see Mr. Randolph in the morning, have lunch at the hotel Mother always goes to and spend the

afternoon at Humboldt Park."

When I saw how Jimmy's face lighted up with pleasure, I was glad I had made the suggestion, if for no other reason than that. "Gee!" he said. "Gee!"

Mrs. Fisher consented to our plans, and John said that he could manage with Jean for the day. So at eight o'clock the next morning, the four of us were down at the interurban station, ready for the hour's ride into the city. We called at Mr. Randolph's office the first thing, but here we had a disappointment.

"Mr. Randolph is leaving the city this afternoon and will not be in his office at all to-day," the pretty secretary told us. "Mr. Thorndyke, his partner, will be glad to see you."

"No," I told her, "it isn't

business exactly we want to see him about."

And I must have looked very distressed about it, for the secretary asked, "Are you friends of his?"

"No," Patty said, "but our mothers are." And she smiled at the secretary, as only Patty can smile.

The pretty young lady smiled back, asked our names, took the telephone receiver off the hook and called a number. Presently we heard her talking to Mr. Randolph. "Would you care to see them at your home?" she asked.

She turned from the phone and wrote an address on a sheet she tore from a pad of paper. "He can see you for a few minutes at three o'clock, if you care to go out so far."

That was the reason we had our birthday party at Humboldt Park in the morning instead of the afternoon. Never before had we found the ferris wheel and the merry-go-round so much fun as we did that day, and that was because we enjoyed watching Jimmy enjoy them. A new feature had been added to the park since Patty and I had visited it nearly a year before—a roller coaster—and when we begged to go on it, Mrs. Fisher hesitated.



"I know it's perfectly safe," she said, her eyes following one of the little cars that was shooting up and then down and then up again at such an amazing rate of speed. "But it certainly doesn't look like a fit place for three ten-year-olds to be alone."

"You forget," said Patty, dimpling mischievously, "that two of us are eleven years old now."

"All right," Jimmy's mother laughed. "You may go, but I'm going with you."

Mrs. Fisher was certainly a good sport. She didn't enjoy that ride nearly so much as we did—in fact, we rather suspected she didn't enjoy it at all. Every time the car swooped down and we had that funny, sinky feeling in our stomachs that made us want to giggle, she looked as though she'd like to scream. But she didn't say a word about it—she just told us that she'd wait outside for us while we went into the House of Mirrors.

After we had laughed at seeing Jimmy as a fat boy and Patty as a tall, lean giant and me as a funny, roly-poly little dwarf, it was time for lunch, and we took a street car downtown to the hotel. Since it was a birthday party, Patty said we should order anything we wanted—even to half-a-dozen different kinds of desert, if we wished to. But Mrs. Fisher put a stop to that, so we were satisfied with chocolate ice cream and cake.

When we reached Mr. Randolph's home at three o'clock, he received us cordially in his study, and listened with interest while we told him our story. Patty even mentioned the T. S. Company we had organized, but he didn't laugh at all.

He only said, "You certainly have done some splendid work thus far."

"We thought maybe that you could tell us something else the old colored man said about hiding the jewels—something that perhaps your father told you," I explained.

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but I can't do that. I do not remember ever hearing my father speak of the incident."

He thought for a minute. "I'm not sure—but I believe that I can help you out on those missing pages, though. I happen to be in possession of my father's personal correspondence, and I seem to remember seeing several pages, obviously torn from a notebook of some sort. There's

a vast amount of it," he continued, walking over to a filing cabinet on the other side of the room, "but my secretary went over it recently and got it into some order, so this shouldn't be hard to find."

He turned to the compartment labeled "B" and after a short search he pulled out a large envelope marked Belden.

"Here you are, I believe," said Mr. Randolph, opening the envelope and handing us the missing pages to Great-grandmother's diary.

Patty, Jimmy and I—all three—gasped. "How do you suppose your father happened to have them?"

"Here's a letter from Mrs. Belden," he said. "Perhaps this will explain it."

And, leaning back in his large swivel chair, he read the letter aloud to us:

"My dear Mr. Randolph, You cannot know how grateful I am for your kind note and the message of gratitude you bring me from old Jake. But I must confess that my gratitude is almost equaled by my curiosity, for the jewels the old Negro took such delight in hiding for us never have been found. About a week after they disappeared a child brought a message from Jake, but his explanations were very unsatisfactory. I have recorded the details of our conversation with the boy and of the search that followed it in my journal of that period. This makes the whole thing so much clearer than I can possibly make it, after so long a time, that I am cutting the pages from my diary and sending them to you for your perusal.

"I am writing to you in the hope that, in the light of what you will read here, you may recall some hint old Jake may have given of where he hid the jewels. It may be just some little thing that will clear up the mystery—something you did not consider important when you wrote me before, supposing, as you did, that the jewels had been recovered long ago. Or perhaps you can tell me the name of the boat, on which Jake is working, and we can trace him in that way.

"Some day, when you have time, will you please return these sheets to my diary, so that I can mend my little book again?

"With best wishes to your good mother, believe me

Ever gratefully yours
Patricia Belden."

"Is Governor Randolph's answer there?"

I asked.

"No," the attorney replied. "Unfortunately, that was written before the days of carbon copies, but if you will look

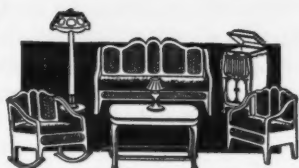
(Continued on page 814)



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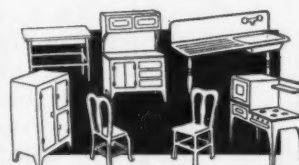
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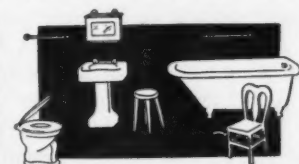
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The 5 Sets, complete, **\$5.00** Single Sets, **\$1.00**

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Enclosed find \$_____ for items indicated—money to be returned
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- ☐ Doll House and Furniture for 6 rooms \$9.00
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- ☐ Furniture only (5 sets), \$5.00
- ☐ Single Sets at \$1.00 (specify rooms)

Name _____

Address _____



VISITING NORWAY

By CAROLINE MABRY

IT WAS ten o'clock at night, a late hour for Ruth and Bill to be awake; and it was broad daylight, for they were traveling with their grandfather in Norway, where in midsummer the sun never sets, and the nights are like the day.

They were riding up the Flaam valley in a high two-wheeled cart. They made a game of counting the waterfalls that tumbled down the mountains, which rose above the narrow valley. They had come only four miles and counted thirty-two. At the end of eight miles they had seen more than fifty.

"Why are the fences all broken up and set every which way?" Bill asked, looking at a green plot of ground where the valley widened. The strips of wooden fence were set all about over it, but there was no sign of a fence around the edge, as one would expect. "It would be great fun to jump from one to the other."

Grandfather had never been in Norway before and he didn't know what they were either, and it remained a great mystery until they reached the hotel at the end of the valley and the porter told them the fences were hayracks. He said there was so much rain in Norway that the hay could not dry on the ground.

The hotel was painted bright red, as are so many houses in Norway, and its broad eaves were decorated with carved wooden figures like those which the vikings used long ago on their ships. The servant girls wore tight red velvet bodices over their white waists and the front of these bodices had heavy, bright-colored beading. A big round silver pin,

with dangles that looked like tiny doll spoons, held the waist together at the throat.

There was so much to see that Grandfather hardly could drag the children off to bed, but he said it would be even harder to drag them out in the morning, and the boat would go off up the fiord and leave them if they weren't up early.

The next morning, they had in the hotel a real Norwegian breakfast. They entered a big room with a long narrow table spread down the center of it, and it was loaded with food. First, Ruth and Bill noticed two large brown bricks of something

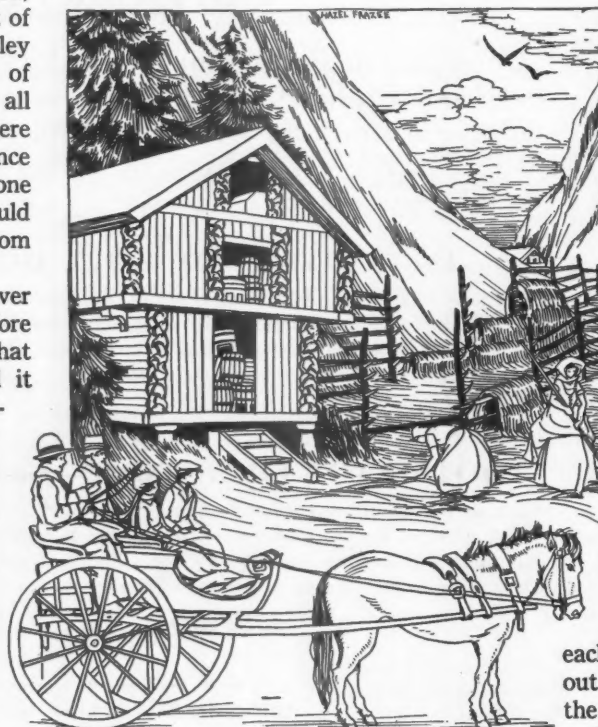
standing like chimneys at each end of the table. And they looked very important, for they each had a piece of embroidery tied around the center with a ribbon. There were dishes and dishes and dishes of fish, little and big, and pickled and stewed and every other way.

To the children's astonishment nobody in the room took anything off the table so loaded with food, but everybody went to the other tables where there was almost nothing to eat, and sat down. Then the maids in their bright, pretty costumes bustled into the dining room with little baskets lined softly with wool, and

each guest was given a boiled egg out of the warm basket. Then the bread and coffee were passed.

And still the fish hadn't been touched, nor had anything else on the center table. Bill began to look at it with envious eyes. He certainly wanted to find out what that brown stuff in the brick was. It looked like sweet chocolate.

"This is pretty slim fare when we are to sail on a cold fiord all day," he whispered to Grandfather.



But before he had finished, everyone else in the dining room arose, and lined up around the long table. They all began to reach for this and that. The way they went after that brown stuff in the brick was a sight to see. There wasn't a plate came back but that it had several slices.

The children and Grandfather followed the crowd, and they took a dab out of a dozen dishes, and then shaved off some of the brown brick. Then they sat down again to see what the others would do.

"I've got shrimp and lobster and sardines and salmon and herring and so many other fish that I'll feel like an aquarium when I've finished eating," Grandfather laughed.

Everybody else was eating now. Bill spread some of the brown stuff on his cracker. It didn't taste at all like chocolate, but it was good and rich and creamy. Later he found out that it was goat cheese, and he and Ruth ate it for breakfast everywhere they went in Norway.

The boat whistle already was sounding. The baggage had been loaded while they were eating, and soon they were aboard and pulling out into the fiord. The water looked miles deep, and Grandfather said that it was in places. And the mountains looked as high as the water looked deep, and there was a great stillness in the air. Almost the only sound was that of the boat as it cut through the quiet water. Now and then a Norwegian village, with red or brown wooden houses, could be seen hugging the shore; but most of the way there was no shore to hug, for the mountains dropped straight into this long arm of the sea.

Toward evening, the children were standing at the prow of the ship when they sighted Balholm, one of Norway's favorite summer resorts. They were looking forward to Balholm, for before they left London, Grandfather had received a letter from an artist friend in the United States, who said that

his son, also an artist, lived in Balholm, and the father hoped they would call on him if they should go there.

The small houses that lined the shore were so pretty that the children began to wonder at once which could be Mr. Nordahl's, and they might have started out that very evening to find him, if there hadn't been a magician in the hotel. He was

to give an entertainment after the evening meal.

There were more English guests than Norwegian at this season of the year, and Zippo, the Great, who was English too, although he didn't sound as if he were, was going about from one Norwegian hotel to another, amusing his countrymen.

When the evening meal was over, all the guests seated themselves in circles around the edge of the big parlor. The space near the stove was the most popular, for it had grown chilly. Ruth and Bill had never seen a stove like it. It was high and thin and built in many sections.

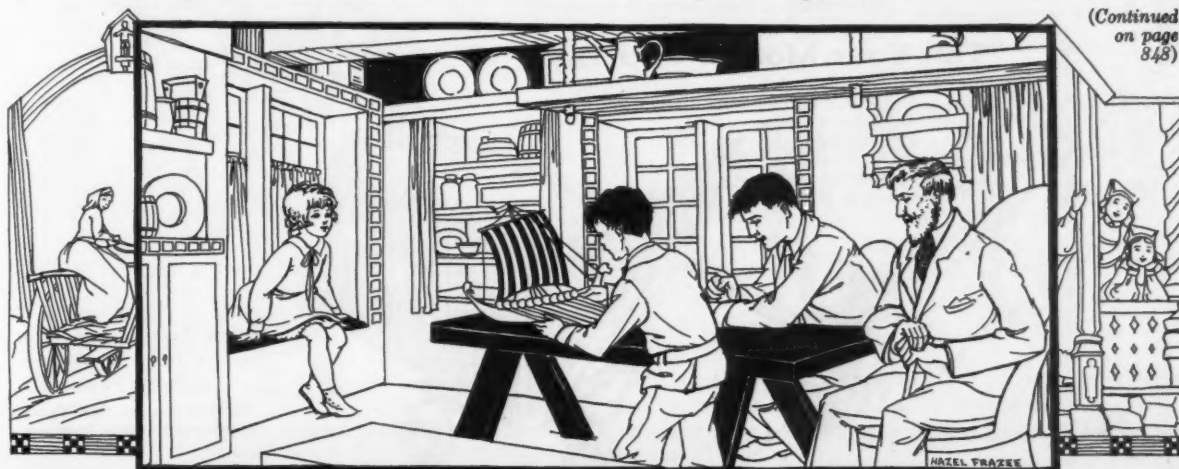
"It's more like a nest of iron boxes," Ruth said. "I don't see how it can heat this big room."

She looked up at the little compartments, stacked one on another almost to the ceiling, and she soon learned that the size of the room was a very great strain on the stove. It could do so much and no more.

But she soon forgot how chilly she was in watching the magician. She was surprised to see that, way up here at the top of the world, he was performing some of the same tricks she had seen at home. In fact, she and Bill had learned how to do some of them, for they had a book of magic, and sometimes gave shows of their own for their friends.

When Zippo came to the disappearing handkerchief, and wanted to find it again, he claimed he had lost it for good. To seem a little worried over where the handkerchief had gone was part of the trick, but he was so in earnest that Bill thought he actually had forgotten what he had done with it,

(Continued
on page
848)



Dad wants to send
You *free*
this



Story book of Buddy "L"



The Real Buddy "L"

Our inspiration for what mothers and dads tell us are the most remarkable toys for boys ever made. Amuse? Yes! But, more than that they develop imagination, create confidence, build character. And they last! Built from heavy gauge steel; braced, trussed, spot-welded, they won't break; can't be taken apart. Their appeal lives long past the play day years. Built for our boy—the real Buddy "L"—they are the best we know how to make—exact in design, accurate in detail, rugged in construction. Buddy can't break them or wear them out. That's why we know they are worth more than the cost to you.

MY DAD wants you to read this story of how he happened to make my very first all-steel plaything—a shiny red and black truck built just like the big ones that haul things around town. My, but we had lots of fun with that. But there were so many boys in our neighborhood one truck wasn't enough. So dad built another—only the second one had a dump body. Then the real fun began.

"We all wanted to play with the dump body truck because it did more work. It surely was a dandy. About that time other boys' dads heard about our toys and wanted my dad to make some for their boys, too. So dad had to get real busy at the factory. And that's how he started to make all-steel indestructible toys for boys and named them Buddy "L", after me.

"The next new one daddy brought home was a lumber wagon, then a steam shovel, a derrick and a dredge. We boys certainly were busy then—planning, hauling, building—just like engineers do on the big jobs.

"That was when I was six. I'm twelve now and I've kept dad busy making new toys every year. Now I have almost fifty different kinds. A concrete mixer, sand loader, automatic dump trucks, and an all-steel freight train, twelve feet long, that we boys can ride on when we want to. But the very newest thing dad made for me was a Buddy "L" red and black chest, packed with real Disston, Stanley, Greenlee Bros. and Millers Falls tools. Now I'm making toys for myself and my chums. That's what I call real fun.

"But I musn't tell you everything or you won't have to read Dad's book. And I know you want to. Write your name on the coupon. Mail it back to my daddy and he will send you—free—the 40 page story book of Buddy "L" that has a colored picture of a Buddy "L" all-steel indestructible toy on every page.

"Tell Your Mother and Dad

that my Dad says if they don't know where to find Buddy "L" all-steel indestructible Toys for Boys to write him and he can give them the name of a store, in your town, where they can buy the real Buddy "L" playthings at prices they will be glad to pay."

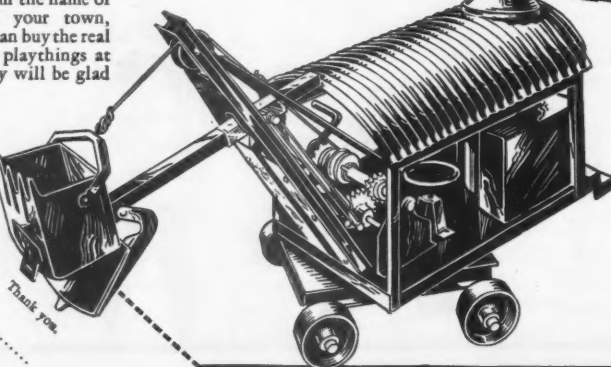
Buddy "L's" Daddy, MOLINE PRESSED STEEL CO.,
Dept. C. L., East Moline, Ill.
Please mail me, free, postage paid, the story book of Buddy "L".

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....

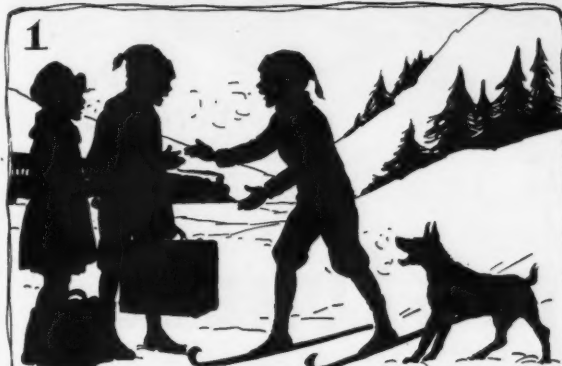


Thank you.

Moline Pressed Steel Co.
Dept. C. L. East Moline, Illinois.

SALES OFFICES

200 Fifth Avenue, New York
788 Mission St., San Francisco



1 Ted invited Dick and Betsy Ann to his Dad's camp in the Adirondacks for the Christmas holidays. And when they got off the train, he, his new skis and Chip were there to greet them.



2 Of course, they skated and tried all the other winter sports. But Dick, whose skis simply couldn't get used to his feet, grew rather sorry for himself.



3 The others made matters worse by doubling up with laughter at every one of his clumsy falls, and by calling him "Humpty Dumpty" and their "champion tumbler."

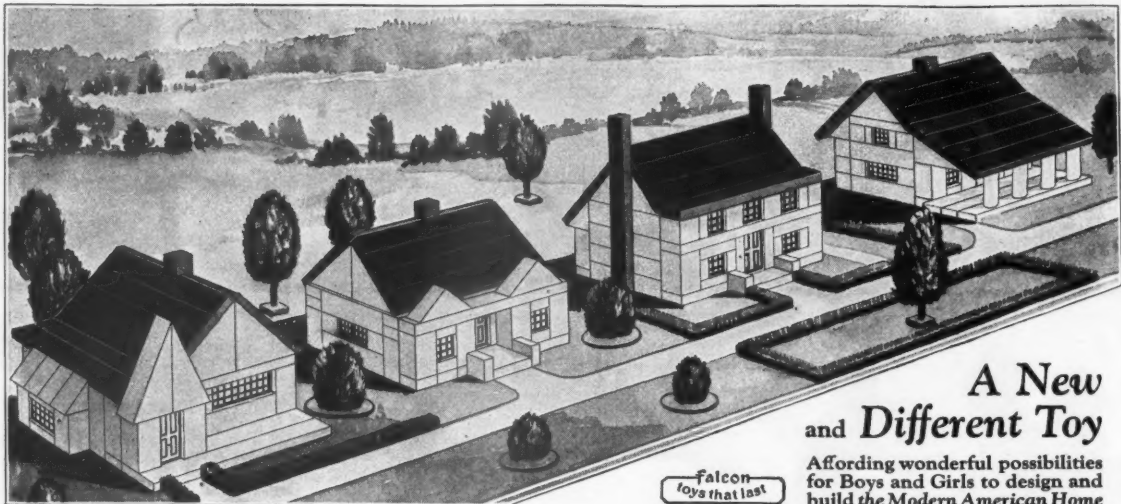


4 Then Dick dragged himself behind the cabin, while his chums, looking after him, thought he had given up skiing. They didn't know Ted's Dad was there, giving Dick a private lesson.



5 So at the Junior skiing contest that week Ted and Betsy Ann and Chip couldn't believe their eyes. For who should lead the first race, but their ex-champion tumbler, himself!

L. K. DEAL



All the above houses and many others can be built with any set

Falcon
toys that last

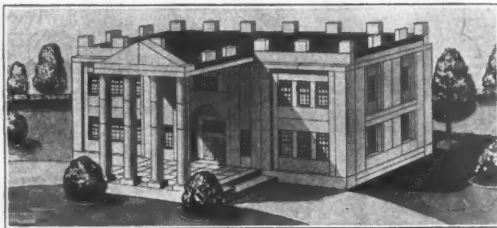
A New and Different Toy

Affording wonderful possibilities
for Boys and Girls to design and
build the Modern American Home

"Falcon" BUILDING LUMBER

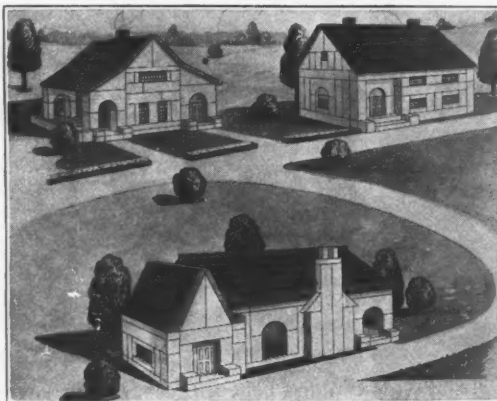
The "Build Your Own Home" Toy

At last, the long-desired NEW TOY! Now, for the first time in toy making, "Falcon" Building Lumber supplies the complete material—cut on a *multiple unit basis*—for the construction of realistic houses, stores, office buildings, railroad stations, bridges, factories and many other interesting things. It's the "ready-cut" idea in miniature. Each set is complete from the "building plot" on which to erect the house to the red roofing boards and trees, shrubbery and hedges for the garden. An ingenious device holds eaves and roofs in place.



The "White House" can be built with Set No. 10

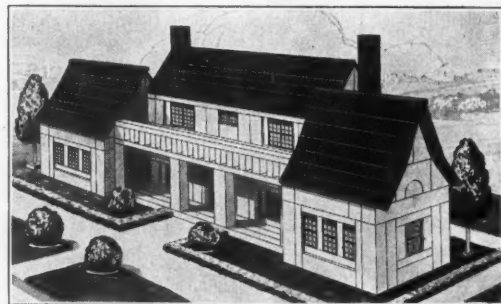
"Falcon" Building Lumber is packed in three sizes—\$3, \$5 and the extra large set at \$10—all sets are interchangeable, so children can build anything from little bungalows to a street or village.



Three of the many types of houses built with Sets Nos. 5 and 10

An "Architect's Plan Book" Makes Building Simple and Easy

This Book, supplied with each set, gives Architect's sketches and detail plans, with full instructions that anyone can follow. Boys and girls of all ages find an absorbing interest in "Falcon" Building Lumber—it's even a fascinating pastime for "grown-ups" to design and plan new ideas in home building.



Falcon Country Club—built with Set No. 10

"Falcon" Building Lumber can be purchased at most Toy Stores. Go to your dealer first; if he cannot supply you, send the Coupon and we will ship prepaid.

American Mfg. Concern, Dept. G, Falconer, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... for Falcon Building Lumber indicated below—money to be refunded if I wish to return the shipment before Xmas.

..... No. 3 Sets at \$3. No. 5 Sets at \$5. No. 10 Large Set at \$10.

Name.....

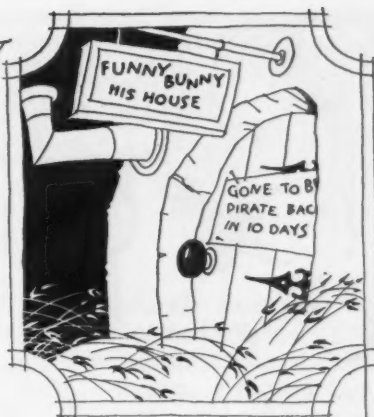
Address.....



FUNNY BUNNY TURNS PIRATE



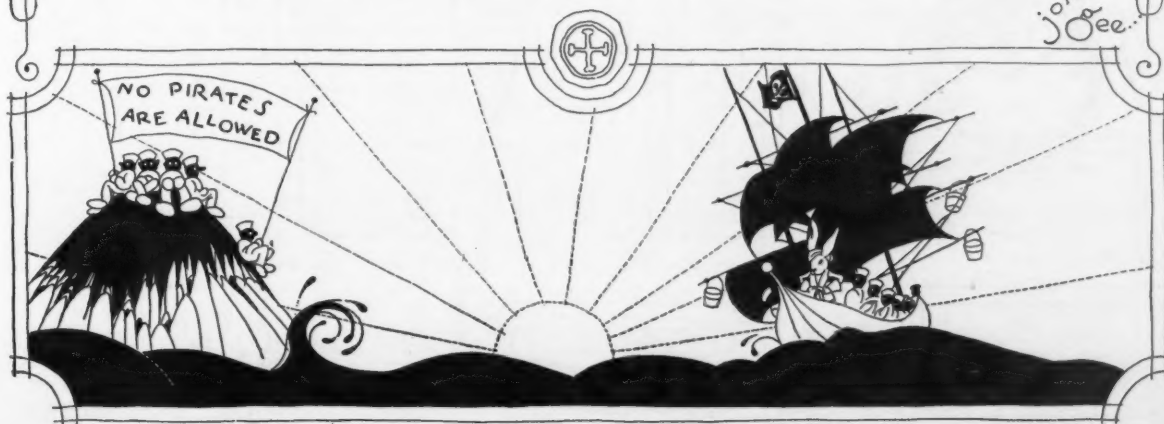
By RAYMOND KELLY

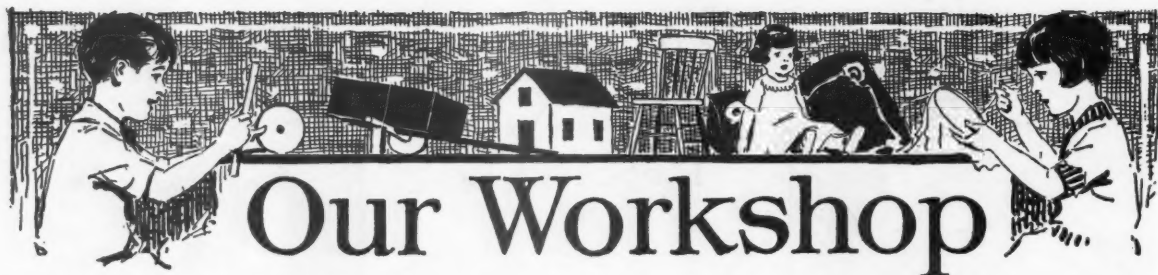


THE Funny Little Bunny had decided he would be
A pirate, bearded, bold and bad, and sail the salty sea.
And so he took a license out—it cost three cents, or two—
To build a pretty pirate ship and sign a pirate crew
Of sixteen choc'late sailor men, in peppermint all dressed,
Since just a pinch of peppermint puts pirates at their best.

The Funny Little Bunny then a watermelon sought,
One long and wide and red inside, and that's the kind he bought.
Of palest pink and purple wool he built his quarter-deck,
While sixty spools of tinsel jewels made masts no wind could wreck.
From fifty-seven burdock leaves a set of sails he wove,
And on each sail he hung a pail to hold his treasure-trove.

At dawn of day he sailed away the enemy to seek,
And soon he found them fast aground upon a mountain peak
Of marmalade, and there displayed above that hostile crowd
There waved a banner with the words, "No Pirates Are Allowed."
And so our Funny Bunny and his sixteen sailor men
Gave up their trip, ate up their ship, and sailed back home again.





CHRISTMAS shopping is mighty hard for a boy. It is easier to make gifts in your workshop, and it is not as much of a drain upon your savings account. If you start early enough, you will have time to make enough gifts to go around. But confine the making to small articles like the three shown in the illustrations, so that your "factory" will not have to be run day and night.

A SEAM RIPPER

This is just the thing for one who sews. Probably you will find half a dozen relatives on your list who would appreciate it. Making things in half dozen or dozen lots is the way to turn them out quickly.

Figure 1 shows the completed seam ripper. All that it requires is a wooden handle of the dimensions given in Fig. 2, a discarded safety razor blade (Fig. 3), which is easy to get, and a stove bolt $\frac{3}{8}$ inch long.

Cut the handle from a box board. Saw a slot $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, in one end of the stick, to slip the

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys,"
"Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

razor blade into, then bore a hole, where the center hole of the blade will come, for the stove bolt. You can make the hole with a brad-awl, if you haven't a drill. Make a second hole

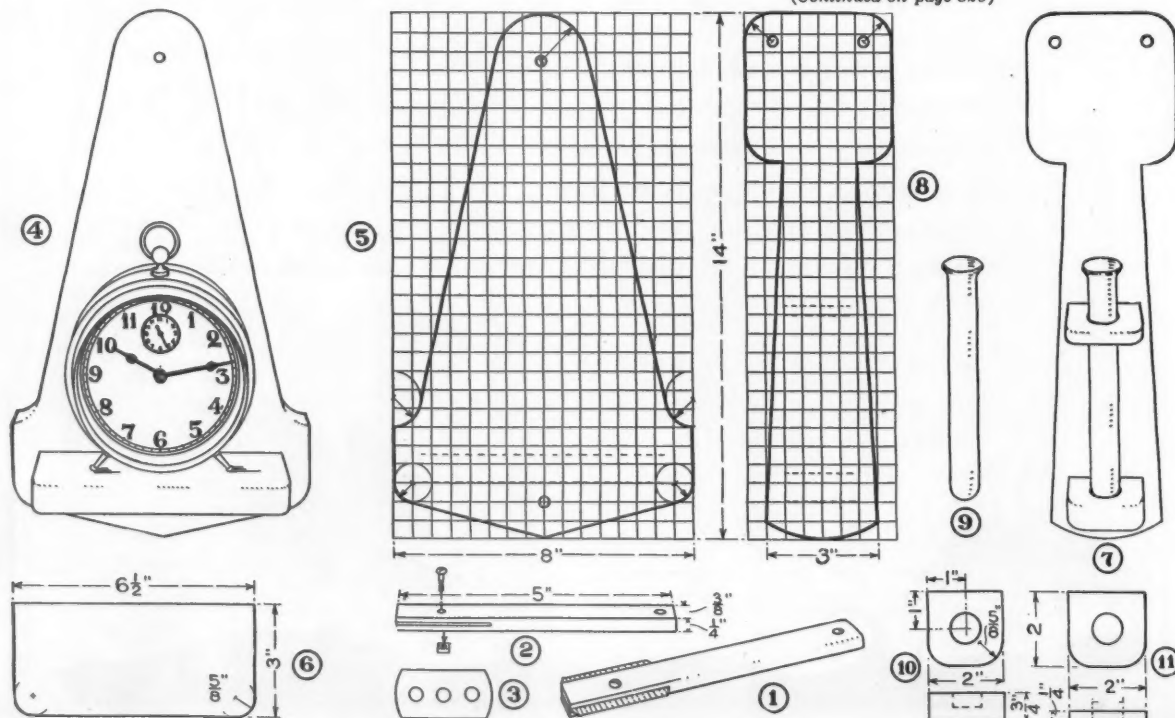
near the handle end so the ripper may be hung upon a nail or hook. Sandpaper the stick smooth, and round off its edges. Then finish with linseed oil, shellac, lacquer or enamel. When you have assembled the handle and razor blade, screw up the stove bolt as tight as you can to hold the blade rigid.

A CLOCK SHELF

Figure 4 shows a good-looking small shelf for kitchen or bedroom. If some one in the family is to be given a clock for Christmas, what could you make that would be more appropriate than this clock shelf? Any one would like to own one, I am sure.

A pattern for the shelf back is shown in Fig. 5. Instead of marking measurements all over the pattern, I have drawn squares across it, each square

(Continued on page 826)



How Many Christmas Days in a Year?



"One," you say?

Not to the happy owner of a SamsonKar.

To this real he-boy, Christmas means pleasure, thrill, a quickening pulse—things a SamsonKar brings him, not only Christmas Day but every day.

He knows the joy of his Christmas gift long after the Christmas Season is past.

Makes Health A Part of Your Christmas Gift

The SamsonKar is a splendid health builder. It's great not only for husky youngsters but for others who need fresh air and exercise.

Let your boy fill his lungs, and develop every muscle while he plays. The brisk rowing motion strengthens his back, arms and legs. It helps him grow and brings him health.

For Girls, Too

Girls just love the SamsonKar. It's fun and besides, they want to grow up just as lithe and straight and peppy as their brothers. Every youngster, girl or boy, will be stronger, healthier and more self-reliant through the SamsonKar.

Safe—Seat 8½ inches from ground, wheels 12 inches high.
Attractive—Red disc wheels, blue body, rubber tires.
Made well—Tested thoroughly before shipping.
Speedy—10 miles an hour, easily.
Original design—Clean cut, easy running.
No danger—Low balance prevents tipping.

Get A SamsonKar from your dealer
or direct from us

If you don't find this Christmas health and joy giver at your favorite store, order it direct from us. If there is a dealer near you, we will transfer the order to him for prompt delivery. The price of the SamsonKar delivered to you, is \$12.50.

THE SAMSON MANUFACTURING CO.

Kars and Karts

210 Cliff Street

Springfield, Ohio

A Real Sport Car!

The SamsonKar is a beauty—watch that boy's eyes sparkle when he sees it! One jump, he's on it and away like a flash.

Youngsters never tire of it and it never tires them.

The SamsonKar is built to stand rough treatment. It's sturdy and strong. There is no danger of injury from bumping and tipping.

It is bright blue and red, with disc wheels and easy riding tires—the pride of any lad who owns one

THE SAMSON MFG. CO. Date.....
210 Cliff St., Springfield, Ohio

Send a SamsonKar (\$12.50) to address below. All charges paid except to far west.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Check in space below whether cash is sent or shipment is to be made C. O. D.

☐ Check accompanies order.
☐ Ship C. O. D.



How little she really understands—*herself!*

*How much she needs your help
in many things like this!*

SHE cannot even guess what endless care she needs—this woman you are making. Not just her success today in studies and in play, but her whole happiness in life depends on you—upon the strength and health that you are building for her from day to day.

There are so many little things which you and you alone can do for her.

One of these precautions, one of these seemingly little things that mothers do, has recently assumed a new nation-wide importance.

In the schools of many great cities test after test has shown the vital importance of one point: the kind of breakfast children eat. It influences deeply not only their class room work but their whole well being.

The National Education Association and the American Medical Association, after a two years' study by a joint committee are now urging mothers to give their children a *hot* cereal in the morning.

This rule is now displayed on the walls of more than 60,000 schools:

*"Every boy and girl needs
a hot cereal breakfast"*

It is now known conclusively that children are more alert, study better and learn more when this rule is *regularly* observed.

Only a *hot* cereal can furnish the boundless energy needed to meet the strain of class room work.

Recommended for over 30 years by health authorities as ideal for growing boys and girls Cream of Wheat stands ready and waiting for your child. Probably you know its unique advantages:

First: It furnishes an abundance of mental and physical energy. Second: It is so easily and quickly digested. Third: The youngsters love it.

This little care your children need so much at breakfast, to do their best in school and in life—begin it now! Send them off to school tomorrow morning really ready for a day's work. Give them a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it.



FREE—Mothers say this plan works wonders—

To arouse your children's interest in eating a hot cereal breakfast, send for attractive colored poster to hang in their room. There is a four week record form on it, which the children keep themselves, from day to day, by pasting in gold stars. Poster and gold stars sent free with authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat. Mail coupon to Dept. R-9, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

© 1927, C. of W. Co.

For a girl aged..... For a boy aged.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



MERRY Christmas! Merry Christmas to each Child Life cook! May your day be long and happy and may your merriment make glad all the people in your household! That's quite a big wish, but happiness spreads so quickly—all we have to do is

CHRISTMAS COOKIES

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

to start it by being happy and helpful ourselves.

When we think about Christmas we think of so many things that our Child Life cooks can do to make the day a happy one that we hardly know where to begin writing them down. They can help with breakfast—it's such a busy meal Christmas morning. Maybe you can set the



table or help Cook fix the fruit or make some muffins. And then the dinner! Some one has to prepare the salad; some one has to arrange a pretty centerpiece of fruit or flowers or Christmas greens; some one has to make the cranberry sauce and the dressing for the turkey and make the Christmas pudding (we had a recipe for that last year, you remember). Child Life cooks can do any of those things and it's so much more fun to fly around and help than just to play—we all think so, don't we?"

Then there are boxes of goodies that we have packed before Christmas and now must be delivered—and it is something connected with those goodies that we are going to learn right now.

Many, many cooks have written to us asking, "Please may we learn to do regular cookies?"

And by regular cookies, we find they mean cookies that can be cut out in shapes—stars and bunnies and hearts and such. So, seeing many cooks want to learn,

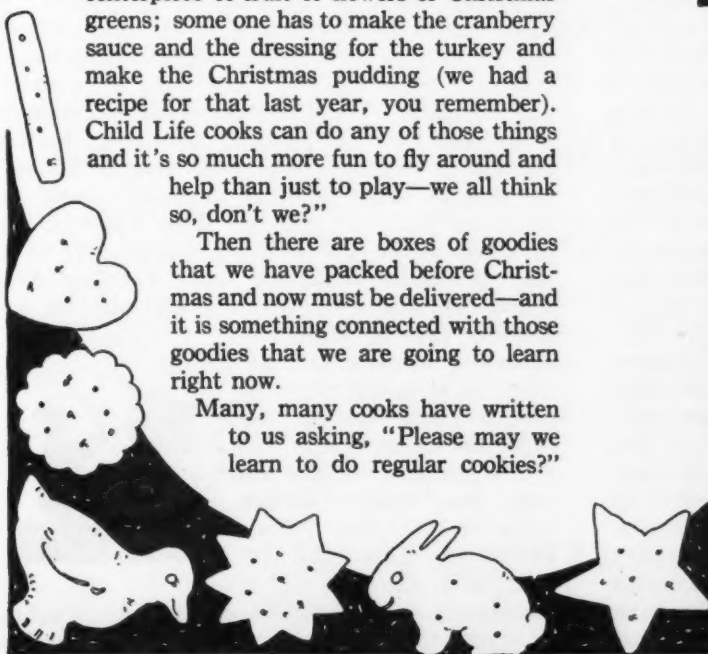
we are going to make old-fashioned cookies to-day; do you think you are grown-up enough and careful enough to have such an important lesson? All right! We'll do it.

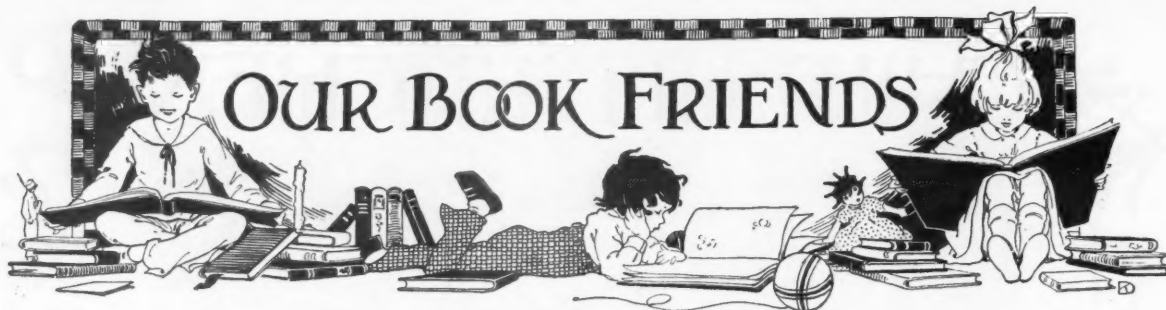
When the cookies are made you can arrange some on plates with stuffed dates and candied orange peel and maybe some tiny red pop corn balls and take them around to your very dearest friends. That will be a way to make *their* day happier—and yours, too.

But at the very beginning you must remember that making this sort of cooky is extra important work; every single step must be followed exactly—and you will be rewarded with a fine looking and tasting product.

Look over the recipe below and see that all the supplies needed are in the cupboard. When you are ready for work, get them all out, measure the correct amounts and set out your utensils. You will want cooky pans,

(Continued on page 842)





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring Him a lamb.
If I were a wise man
I would do my part,—
Yet what can I give Him?
Give my heart.

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI

CHRISTMAS is not a time that can be improved and we shall take heed from *Miss Muffet's Christmas Party*, and not try to improve it. Left in its natural state Christmas will do very well. There will be moonlight on the snow, a starlit sky, and the joy of the holiday time. If our Christmas resembles that of *Peter Pocket* we shall be quite happy. "Peter Pocket's Christmas began a week before Christmas Day itself, and, as for the end, there did not seem to be any end at all, for a sort of Christmas glory seemed to shine through all the days of the long winter that followed."

Almost all of us have, by this time, read *The Adventures of Andy* in book form, and have accepted that very secret society, the Brotherhood of Ancient

Toys. "It was founded as far back as the days of the early Egyptians, and its organization today, though very scattered, is surprisingly far-reaching...in fact it is more than likely that there are one or two members in your

household. The members all belong by right of birth and natural selection and are the aristocrats of the toy world. No matter how old and shabby they may be they are always plainly recognizable one to another." Do you not have some toys which have had their day of service, which have disappeared

silently, each in his own way? They, no doubt, joined the Brotherhood of Ancient Toys. *The Velveteen Rabbit* and *The Skin Horse* told us how toys become real. We like to think that the playthings we carried about with us for so long, that went to bed with us at night, that played with us on the nursery floor, have found happiness and companionship in the B. A. T. Among the toys which saw much water go under the bridge during their lifetime were *The Little Wooden Doll*, *Poor Cecco*, *Pinocchio*, *The Toys of Nuremberg*, *The Little Blue Man*, and *The Lonesomest Doll*. When we reflect that deep in their hearts there was always a longing to be loved by a child, we admire them for their courage and philosophy. They took everything as it came and made the best of it. By getting all that they could out of the

present and by living in their memories, unpleasant things were never allowed to spoil their happiness.

Animals have a natural part in Christmas. It was a donkey which carried Mary to Bethlehem. A camel carried the Wise Men to the Manger. We are always ready to celebrate the rare fellowship which may exist between a dog and a child, a cat and a gentle old man. The distinct personalities of animals often make them the principal characters. Such a personality we ascribe to Silly Old Bear in *Winnie-the-Pooh*, to *Little Dog Ready*, to *Sarah's Dakin*, to that baby black colt, *Smoky*. What delightful fun may exist between a child and a goat! We have only to mention *Heidi* and *Moni*, *The Goat Boy*, *Poppy Seed Cakes*, Oeyvind who sold his goat for a butter cake or *Michael of Ireland*, a new book, in which there are several goats, especially a Young Goat and one called the Eldest Goat. You will be glad to know of a new book, *Doctor Dolittle's Garden*, and of another called *A Truly Little Girl*. This little girl lived in Maine and had a number of pets in an animal hospital. Our thoughts fly at once to the animal doctor who, in spite of his

(Continued on page 835)



CHRISTMAS

BOOKS



THE GOLDEN BIRD

By Katharine Gibson - - - \$2.50



A collection of legends from Egypt, France, Japan, Greece and China, each introduced by a story-teller episode. The four beautiful colored illustrations and many in black and white are unusual imaginative work. The stories grew by actual telling aloud to boys and girls of all ages.

THE MOON'S BIRTHDAY

By Dorothy Rowe - - - - - \$2.00

Noodle pagodas, magic playing mice, the kitchen god, a donkey boy: a few of the strange things in these stories about Chinese children. Written by a girl who grew up in China, and knows each of these small people as friends. Many pictures in color and line made by Chinese artists.



THE CHRISTMAS REINDEER

By Thornton Burgess - - \$1.00

How two little Eskimos with the help of their pet reindeer, find Santa Claus. A delightful Christmas story for children over six who want to learn all about Santa's famous reindeer, how he chooses them and where they live when it isn't Christmas time.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Edited by L. Edna Walter \$2.00

A collection of old English carols with their music. Beautifully illustrated in color. The book makes an excellent gift for Christmas time. Many familiar songs, The First Noel, Good King Wenslas, and God Rest You Merry Gentlemen, as well as others less familiar.

THE LION-HEARTED KITTEN

By Peggy Bacon - - - - - \$2.00

Funny stories for little children about the animals in the jungle: The Lion-Hearted Kitten, The Gloomy Hippopotamus, The Silly Little Woodpecker and many others. The author has illustrated her own stories with delightful pictures.



LITTLE BLACK EYES

By Karlene Kent - - - - - \$2.00

A little girl's daily life in Japan. "The Grass-hopper Hunt," "Seagoing Boat," "The Great Sweeping Day," and "Theatre Going," are some of the chapter titles that describe Japanese life. Many illustrations in black and white and three in color.



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK
CHICAGOBOSTON
DALLASATLANTA
SAN FRANCISCO



*Some of Johnny Gruelle's
Famous Books*

Raggedy Ann and Andy.
Raggedy Ann's Wishing Pebble.
Raggedy Ann's Alphabet Book.
The Camel with Wrinkled Knees.

"Wooden Willie" is Johnny Gruelle's newest book for boys and girls. It is in his best vein. It is funny, entertaining and satisfying. Every child who knows and loves Raggedy Andy and Raggedy Ann will want Wooden Willie. Beloved Belindy is in it, and she helps Willie escape from Wooden Town to embark upon a series of joyous adventures.

This new book in the Volland line is a splendid addition to the list which now contains over a hundred titles. Volland books live and grow in popularity because of their perfection of printing and binding, and because of their superiority in text and illustration.

Gift books for young and old, stories, and nursery books—all vividly illustrated. Your bookseller or gift shop will supply you and can obtain any book immediately from our nearest branch.

The P. F. Volland Company

JOLIET, ILLINOIS
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
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*More of the New
Volland Books
for 1927*

The Tarzan Twins, the NEW book by the famous Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan.

(For 12-year-olds and up.)

Small Fry and the Winged Horse, by Ruth Campbell, marvelously illustrated in color by Tenggren.

(For 12-year-olds and up.)

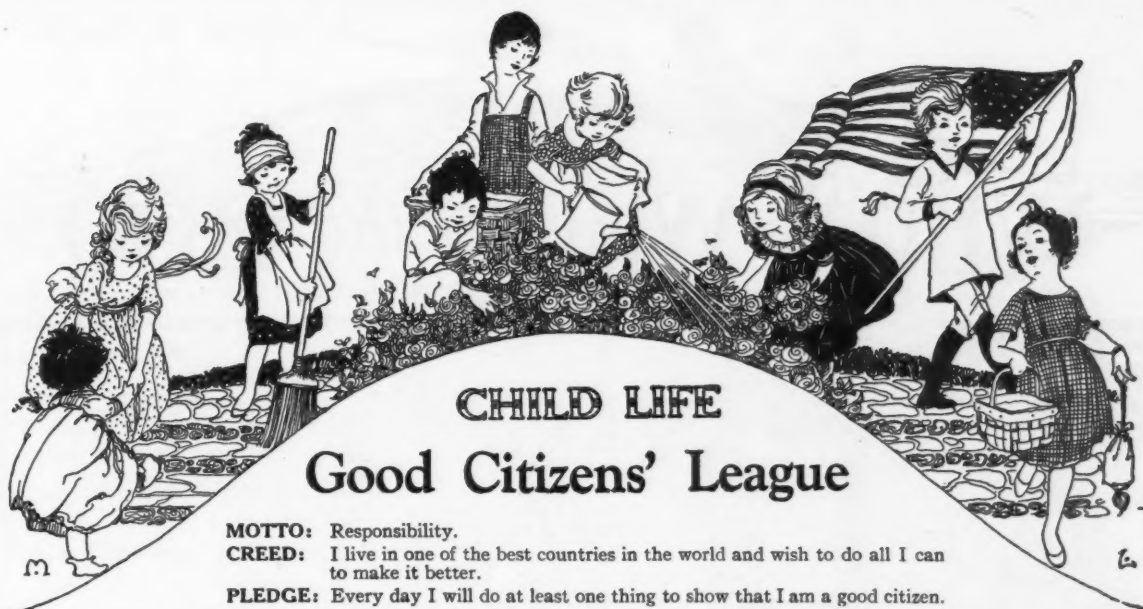
Granny Goose, a real modern Mother Goose, very funny and very beautifully illustrated in colors.

(For younger children.)

Jolly Kid Alphabet, a companion to the established favorite, *The Jolly Kid Book*.

(For younger children.)

"THE LINE THAT NEVER GROWS OLD"



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

PEACE ON EARTH

"Peace on earth, good will to men," sang the members of the Brocton League. They were holding their first practice, with Miss Bradley, the counselor, for on Christmas Eve it was their plan to sing yuletide hymns and carols before the houses of their friends and neighbors. This was to be their Christmas gift to the community.

"Oh, I wish we really could have 'peace on earth,'" said Miriam fervently.

"We can," said Miss Bradley confidently, "if you children will do your part."

"Yes, you told us last year to strengthen our international friendships," said David. "But is that enough?"

"Organized plans for world peace are all very important, of course," Miss Bradley explained, "but underlying these there must be real understanding and friendship. Sometimes, these are harder for grown people to have than for children; but if we come to have this understanding as boys and girls, we are liable to keep it as men and women. I think that, after you have lighted the community Christmas tree, you will understand."

"Oh, are *we* to light the tree?" asked Elizabeth. "It's another Christmas gift that we want the league to give to Brocton."

When Christmas Eve came with its soft flurry of

snow and glowing stars, the members wore the costumes of the children of many lands. Elizabeth with her fair hair was charming as a little Dutch girl, and Miriam was an Italian child, Bill a Serbian boy and David a Belgian. Every member wore the costume of another nation, except Grace and Donald who, in their usual everyday clothes, represented England and America.

The tall, unlighted tree in the town square was very beautiful; and in the topmost branch there was a big star, unlighted too. It was the Star of Bethlehem, Miss Bradley as the Spirit of Christmas told the hushed, expectant crowd, and though men and women brought their offerings to the tree each year, the star in the top branch was not shining.

A messenger appeared and

announced that the children of the world were on their way with offerings; and there was wondering as to whether the Star of Peace would shine for them.

Singing "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful!" the children came, in their picturesque costumes, each carrying

Message from

WILSON L. GILL

Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League

IN 1908 Argentina, Sweden, Germany, and Japan sent official commissioners to the United States to confer with the originator of child-citizenship in school republics. By a curious coincidence they were all here at the same time. All understood English, with wonderful perfection. Eiji Makiyama from Japan called attention to the fact, that by the plan of no person, they were an official, international conference on child-citizenship, and said, "Would it not be a shame, if we were to part without first having made some plan by which we may co-operate throughout the world for peace and friendship through child-citizenship?" They all agreed that it would be.

They drew up articles of agreement, founding the Children's International State, which provided that their flag should be a white disc, representing a clean, new world, in a sky blue field, and that all children may become its citizens, who will subscribe to the following pledge of international friendship:

We, the New Citizens, Builders of the World of Tomorrow, wish to have OUR world at peace.

We wish for all people, health, happiness and intelligence; good manners, good morals and good fortune.

We join hands from land to land, and promise to do our best to serve the world, each in our own abiding place, each in our own dear country, and all together in the Children's International State, and to help support and develop this movement, in every way in our power.

(Continued on page 844)



WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER FORTY-THREE

Dear Children: Read about me on page 811, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before December 12. Be sure to send your name and

age and address with the page you color. The two best pages and answers by a girl win a prize, and so do the two best pages and answers by a boy. The names of the boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

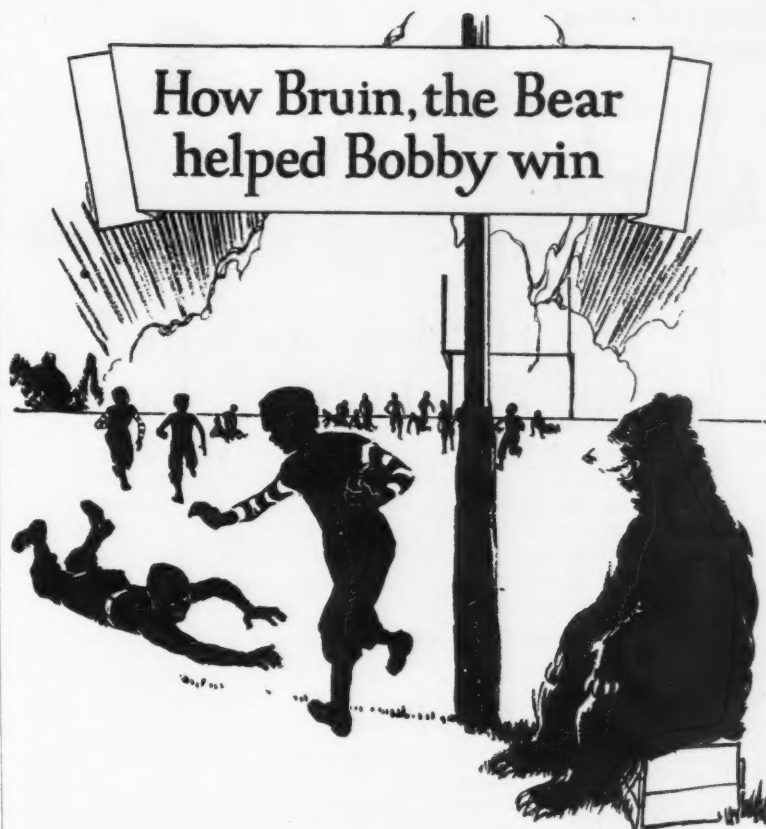
Number XLIII

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD

HAVE you ever heard of an air pirate? Well, I'm one. I help myself to fish that other sea birds catch. Gulls and gannets and terns don't like to see me sailing along, I can tell you. Gannets, especially, I have fun with. I hide behind coconut trees (for I'm a tropical sea bird) and then hurry out to meet them in the evening, when they are bringing home their fish. If they don't hand over their treasure at once, I don't make them "walk the plank"; I simply grab their tails and shake the fishes from their beaks—then swoop down after them. The birds don't bear any grudge, though, for they roost near me at night in a very friendly fashion. We, Fregata aquile, you know, build our nests sometimes on the ground and sometimes on a high ledge or a jagged cliff.

"Wow-wow-wow-wow!" as our sweethearts say when they come spooning at mating time. Am I not interesting looking with my long forked tail, my stout hooked beak, my long narrow wings (measuring when spread out—10 feet from tip to tip), my queer tiny legs that are hardly any use at all, and my funny bright-colored air sack that all the gentlemen of our family develop around mating time. My bones are pneumatic—which means that I'm very light for my size and can float high in the sky for hours and hours, spiraling sometimes like a real airplane.

Well, good-bye now. It's time to go a-pirating!



BOBBOY was very, very happy. He could now run faster—and jump further—than both Billy and Tom. But, best of all, they had asked him to play on their football team. Only a year ago they said he was too small. And then Bruin the Bear told Bobby a secret.

Today was Bobby's first game—and the score stood 6 to 6 with only 3 minutes more to play. "We must make another touchdown", said Tom desperately. "Let's give Bobby the ball".

Bobby tucked it tightly under his arm. Then he pushed and dodged and squirmed till he was clear through the line. Ahead of him were the goal posts—40 yards away.

"Run, Bobby, run!", shouted Billy and Tom. And how Bobby

ran! So fast did his sturdy little legs go that no one could catch him, and his touchdown won the game.

Why was Bobby able to run so fast? That was Bruin the Bear's secret. He had told Bobby to eat a big steaming dish of *whole-wheat* cereal with milk every morning—a food that would grow strong bones and muscles in his body.

Of course, Bobby's mother gave him Wheatena. She knew that Wheatena was *unrobbed* whole-wheat—that it contains all the minerals, vitamins and other good things that build strong boys and girls.

Don't you, too, want to run fast and be strong and healthy like Bobby? Then ask your mother to give you Wheatena.

Wheatena—the delicious, unrobbed whole-wheat cereal

Wheatena is so delicious that children call it "dessert". No matter how long you cook it—3 minutes or 20 minutes—you get a nutritious, easily-digested food at less than 2 cents a pound. Many mothers find their children are especially fond of Wheatena cooked in half milk and half water.



MOTHERS: By all means have your children try Wheatena. Get a package from your grocer—or we will gladly send you a sample package FREE.

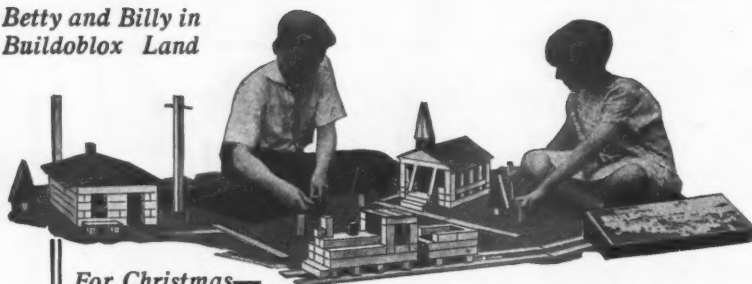
The Wheatena Company
Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Name

Address

CL 12-27

Betty and Billy in
Buildoblox Land



For Christmas—

The Hidden Treasure of BUILDOBLOX Land

There's a big red box all ready for you. Inside it is hidden treasure that takes you to Buildoblox Land. When you look inside you'll say, "Why, it's just wood—colored wood!" But that's the magic of it. You must read the book, that tells you how to change these pieces of wood into trees, people, houses, trains, forts, filling stations, and most anything you want. It's lot's of fun! Tell Mother or Dad that you want Buildoblox for Christmas.



DIAMOBLOX

To make things with Diamoblox is just like piecing together a fascinating puzzle. Each time you add a bright colored, diamond-shaped blox you help to make a picture of a boat, an engine, a chicken, an auto, Paul Revere, or any one of dozens of things.



HEXOBLOX

Hexoblox are similar to Diamoblox only they are six sided. You can make pictures, puzzles, designs and play games with Hexoblox, too. If used with a set of Diamoblox you can make pictures of almost anything you see around you.

Diamoblox and Hexoblox would be jolly Christmas gifts for you to give other kids you know. Tell Mother about them.

PARENTS: A Christmas Suggestion

StromBecker PlayThings are more than mere toys, they are an educational aid in play form. They develop observation, stimulate imagination, and teach concentration. The special instruction book included with each set of Buildoblox was prepared by Prof. M. V. O'Shea, noted child-education authority, and is interesting as well as carefully instructive.

Yet their cost is but a trifle: Complete outfit of Buildoblox \$2.50; Junior Set, \$1.00. Diamoblox and Hexoblox, \$2.00.

Special care given
Christmas orders

STROMBECKER-BECKER MFG. CO.
Dept. A.12, Moline, Ill.

Please send me your free literature on educational play.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If your dealer does not carry StromBecker PlayThings,
check items wanted and enclose money order or check.

Buildoblox \$2.50 Hexoblox \$1.00
Diamoblox \$1.00 Buildoblox \$1.00

West of the Rockies add 10%

StromBecker
Educational
PlayThings

BUILDOBLOX

DIAMOBLOX

HEXOBLOX

TEN PINS

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

OCTOBER COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Mongoose. Color: Tawny yellow.

WINNERS

ELIZABETH DENIOU, 1109 First Ave.,
Dodge City, Kans., age 7.
WILLARD R. GINDER, JR., 120 E.
Walnut Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia,
Pa., age 7.
JEAN FOLLANSBEE, Ernie, Iowa, age 12.
WARREN T. FREDERICK, 441 Chess
St., Bridgeville, Pa., age 12.

HONOR ROLL

Jeanne Adams	Marjorie Holbrook
Gwendolyn Auman	Julia Irwin
Aulbert Agie	Barbara Jacques
Dean Allison	Katharine Jackson
Marguerite Aimetti	Ellen Jeffers
Betty J. Atwater	Dorothy Jones
Sarah Ashley	Dorothy A. Kimberlin
Paul K. Alexander	John D. Kendall
John Bicknell	Josephine Kendig
Jack Barnacastle	Lionel Kay
Katharine Bronson	Vera Kause
Ann Baker	Jane Knight
Charles Burkhard	Mary Kibbey
Anne Babcock	E. Wallace King
Leroy Bird	Betty J. Keyes
Marian Bradshaw	Margaret Kiess
Anne C. Bull*	Hermine Levy
Clyde Borchers	Donna Laylin
Hope Best*	Florence Liljestrand
Natalie Bussey	Nell Lohmeyer
Constance Babcock	Arthur Levin
Henry E. Baumgarten	Arlene Leslie
Sybil P. Bindloss	Betty Lingie
Helen C. Brandt	Rebecca Lewis*
Virginia Bell	Betty Jane Levens
Thomas L. Bolster	Ruth Likely
Ted Bowen, Jr.	Mary F. Lee*
Isabel Boulter	Mary K. Long
Helen Bryan	Addison Moore
Susan Mary Boutell	Merrill Miller
Bobby Bruce	Jackie Montgomery
Ford Bowen	Roxie Mudgett
Matilda Bassett	Joan L. Nelson
Emil Buzaid	Phyllis Moore O'Brian
Mamie Clements	Eleanor Ohlsen
Elizabeth Cary	Beth O'Rohr
Wilbert Carr	Helene Pierce
Sara W. Cheney	Phyllis Parker
Elizabeth M. Cobb	Geneva Parsons
George Cassell	Walter Phillips, Jr.*
Charlotte Clutterbuck	Marvin Parks
Janell Combs	Barratt Park
Betty J. Courtenay	Mary Resler
Mary K. Davenport	Dorothy Reser
William Dunshee	Sam Robin
Dorothy Dunbar	John Reynolds
Stella Davis	Patricia Reilly
Dorothy Dietz	Ruth Ratigan
Mary M. Davis	Mary Radley
Eleanor Dolan	Doris Stuck
John Davis*	Alta Smith
Margaret Dee	Mary W. Spence
Charles Edgerton	Maude Spear
Sara Elliott	Flora Siekkinen
Jean Eastwood	Margaret Struthers
Dixie L. Easterday	Lina Star
Katherine Foster	Marian Sherwood
Betty Fleehart	Margaret Snow
Billie Marie Flickinger	Alice Schriver
Dan Goldaby	Louis Simons
Lena Gould	Virginia Sanderson
Beatrice Greene	Carolyn H. Suayne
Richard Gifford*	Lois Schmidt
Polly Hale	Frieda Siler
Ruth Hansen	Dean Sweat
Margaret J. Hair	Winona Stewart
Florence Herd	Nancy Thompson
Alice M. Holt	Phoebe Talbert
Eleanor Homan	Barbara Turner
Rheba Henry	Lewis Twichell
Margaret Harris	Milton Van Dyke
Benjamin Hazar	Juliette Wilson
Anne Gillette	Edward B. Watson
Jean Hodges	Phillip Warren
Helen Hans	Lorraine E. Wilder
Ruth Hainley	Margaret E. Williams
Helen S. Herman*	Natalie Waitt*
Evelyn Hutson	Lorraine Yaeger
Virginia Hulse	*Special Mention

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw these lines. Oh, my!
'Tis a mountain, steep and high!



Now one more line there should be;
Not too even, as you see.



These two more; don't make them
tall,
For you see they're rather small.



Underneath, a box quite long,
For we wish to make it strong.



Little horns draw here and there;
You may place them anywhere.



Let us add balls—one, two, three—
And we'll have a Christmas—tree!



From Bassinet
to High School—

she will be smart
in lustrous BABETTE

THE Infant, Juvenile, or High School Miss, may have appropriate garments of Babette. For, this beautiful silk is used by manufacturers of *all* types of juvenile apparel, and is *always* an economy.

In play clothes that should be beautiful—in party frocks that must be durable—you will find that no fabric can compare with Babette.

Uncles and aunts who give Christmas gifts, will be interested in the many dainty garments that bear the Babette label. You'll find them in all the leading shops.



Baby's
WinterCap of
BABETTE

50¢

A beautiful, double lined, hand finished, silk cap, exactly as illustrated, which we offer at this ridiculously low price so that you may see Babette for yourself. This is a finer sample than we have ever offered, and it is so costly that we must ask you not to order more than one. Orders received before December 14th, will be shipped before December 20th. Send the coupon with 50c in coin, check or money order.

CAPITOL SILK CORPORATION

Capitol Silk Corporation,
171 Madison Ave., New York City.

I inclose 50¢ for which send me a baby cap of Babette, as illustrated.

Size: 3 months
6 months
1 year

Color: Pink
Blue
White

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

I buy most of my baby's things at _____ name of dealer requested

dealer's address

Hours in the snow . . . yet warm and dry and happy in Zip-Ons



Hard wear will not hurt Zip-Ons. With an ordinary amount of care, they may be washed.

NOW a complete Zip-On Suit, Sport Blouse and Leggings with the original Hookless Fastener that never breaks, jams nor rusts!

Zip-On Leggings—warm and smartly tailored with the neat, quick fasteners down each leg and at the trim waistline.

And the Zip-On Sport Blouse of Suede Like, in colors to match the Leggings. A deep opening makes it easy to get into and one quick upward zip shuts out the wind and cold.

One mother writes enthusiastically:

"The youngsters came in after a long afternoon in the snow—red-cheeked and glowing with life. I hastened to take off their Zip-Ons, to give them a hot bath so there'd be no danger of colds.

"But I found their stockings quite dry and their little bodies as warm as when they had gone out to play . . . There's such a comfort in knowing they are protected against the damp and cold!"

Zip-On Suits smartly tailored of Water-suede Like come in French Blue, Poppy Red, Emerald, Camel's Hair, Reindeer, African, Navy, Grey, Copenhagen, and Terra Cotta. Sizes are from 1 to 14 years. The blouses and leggings may be purchased separately, if you prefer.

Zip-On Leggings come also in Moleskin,



Zip-On Sport Blouses, warm and heavily padded across the chest, with cuffs and belts of knitted wool, come in sizes 1 to 20 years.

Corduroy and Jersey Cloth in White, Camel's Hair, Navy, Brown, and Grey.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us the size and color you desire—Zip-on Suits, Leggings or Sport Blouses—and we will see that you are supplied. Sole Agents, Howlett & Hockmeyer Co., Inc., Fifth Avenue, Corner 26th St., New York.



This label in every genuine Zip-On garment—insist on seeing it. Zip-Ons are guaranteed.

ZIP-ON

LEGGINGS AND SPORT BLOUSES

THE SECRET OF BELDEN PLACE

(Continued from page 794)

carefully among your great-grandmother's things probably you will find it."

"One thing is certain," Jimmy said. "The jewels are there some place."

"I wouldn't be too certain of finding them," Mr. Randolph warned us. "If my father was able to give Mrs. Belden any real hints, she probably would have discovered the jewels herself. She was pretty smart, you know." He must have seen how disappointed we were, for he added quickly, "But who knows? You *may* find them. One never can tell what these twentieth century youngsters *will* do."

We kept the missing part of the diary, of course, and the attorney apologized for his father who, though a great man, was an absent-minded one as well, and had probably forgotten all about the request that the pages be returned.

We caught the five o'clock inter-urban and had just started to read those precious sheets of paper when we looked up and saw Peg Patterson and her mother in a seat across the aisle. Of course, Peg talked the whole time, and there was nothing to do but to give the pages to Mrs. Fisher for safe-keeping, until we got home.

We were tired when we reached Belden Place but not too tired to see Jean for a minute. We found John in the hall putting a new hinge on the screen door.

"The baby's in there." He nodded toward the library.

"Has she been any trouble, John?" his sister asked.

"Trouble?" he answered, trying to act solemn, "She's been into this, that and the other; and the only pay I've earned this day is as a nursemaid and not as a gardener. The little mite!"

We had to laugh at the sheepish way John grinned. He never said much about it, but we knew that he adored the baby just as much as any of us, even when her curiosity led her into mischief, as it was always doing.

The instant we appeared in the door of the library, Jean came running toward us. She looked such a darling, laughing and dimpling and chattering, in the way that babies chatter without saying anything, that I started to pick her up.

Then suddenly I drew back, in astonishment.

"Pretty," she cried happily, "pretty," and held out her hand to me.

And there on Jean's pink little palm lay a topaz brooch surrounded by tiny diamonds. It was the brooch we had seen in the miniature and on the back were engraved the words: "To my bride, Patricia Belden, 1855."

(Part IV of "The Secret of Belden Place" will appear in the January issue of CHILD LIFE.)



MOTHER GOOSE

By GERTRUDE LEE CROUCH

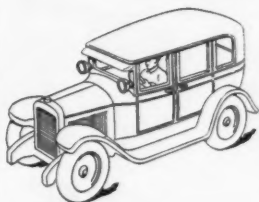
FOR this game ask Mother or someone who remembers Mother Goose to write the first line of a number of rhymes on separate slips of paper and to number the slips. Betty, please hand one to every child and we shall begin.

The child who has Number One must stand up and call out his line, holding his slip of paper above his head. The child or children who can finish it must jump up quickly, repeating the remainder of the rhyme. The one who finishes first and says it correctly takes the slip of paper from the hand of Number One. Many times several children are finishing the rhyme and trying to grasp the paper at the same time, and this makes it very exciting. Of course, we shall remember to be very polite and good-natured if someone else gets through first. You'll need a referee to decide who first finishes correctly.

The other children should follow with their lines and the one holding the most slips at the end wins the game.



Here's a telegram from Santa



You can get a fine story about the Tiny Arcadian toy makers. Just send us your name, address, and 4 cents to cover mailing.

"Listen here, Lads," shouted the Tiny Arcadian King one morning. He stood on top of a big blue Mack Dump Truck, so everybody could see and hear him. "Santa says that girls and boys all over the country are asking for more and more Arcade Toys. He wants us to make as many as we can."

So the little people are as busy as can be; pouring the melted white-hot metal from their great furnaces; fitting parts together; painting the finished toys in bright colors.

Every busy day they make hundreds of the famous Arcade Toys. There are Arcade Kitchen and Bathroom sets, for dolly's house—every piece in spotless white lacquer, and "just like mother's." There are Mack Trucks, Yellow Cabs and Coaches and A.C.F. Coaches; Buicks and Chevrolets; Fords and Fordsons; and the McCormick-Deering Farm Outfit.

Each toy is exactly like the real thing—with rubber tires, too, if you want them. And they last a long time.

Mothers, too, like Arcade Toys. They stimulate imagination; keep youngsters happy for hours.

You'll find Arcade Toys at leading department stores and toy shops; or write us—we'll tell you where to get them.

ARCADE MANUFACTURING CO.
1215 Shawnee Street Freeport, Illinois

ARCADE TOYS

"They look real"

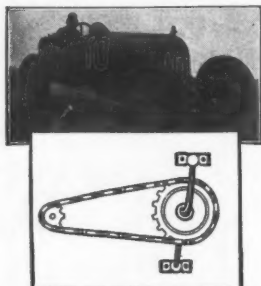
©1927, A.M. Co.

You
can be
the boy who
has the fun of
winning the race!

*Wonderfully fast New SPEEDMOBILE
has CHAIN DRIVE like famous racers*

ACROSS the finish line you dash in cars, your SPEEDMOBILE, wind in your face, your playmates left far behind.

Wouldn't it be great if you owned this streak of red and cream? Boy, but your chums would envy that shiny red body, those cream wire wheels, and the



The speed is in the
CHAIN DRIVE

THE new, fast chain drive like famous racing cars, with famous patented "Speedorcoast" sprocket, chain and bicycle-type rubber pedals make the Speedmobile the fastest boys' car ever built. Its wonderful sprocket speeds ahead, reverses, brakes and coasts. None of your chums will be able to touch you in a race. It's a great coaster too. When you want to coast just stop pedalling and sit back and enjoy it.

genuine Duco checkerboard pattern radiator. It's a regular racer all the way through—long wheel base, wide tread, narrow hood, balloon tires,—n'everything.

SAFE because under control


THOUGH the Speedmobile is faster, it is also safer, because it is under better control. Besides the emergency brake the boy's feet are free to act as brakes. No sideboards to confine his legs. Nothing to tangle up his legs or feet. The chain and sprocket are guarded.

The Speedmobile is all steel and slung low for safety. It is strong and easy to operate. The seat is adjustable for boys from 4 to 10 years. It furnishes great exercise, and builds strong and healthy bodies.

Send for FREE Racing Poster

Boys, send for your free Racing Poster in colors. It tells all about the Speedmobile, the famous "Sunbeam" the fastest car in the world and lots of other automobile information. Send the coupon for it today. You'll enjoy it. It's a gift from the Children's Vehicle Corporation to you. Address Children's Vehicle Corporation, Dept. B-2, East Templeton, Mass.



CHAIN  DRIVE
SPEEDMOBILE
\$19⁷⁵

MAIL THIS COUPON

CHILDREN'S VEHICLE CORPORATION,
Dept. B-2, East Templeton, Mass.
Please send me a free copy of your Racing Poster.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

I am..... years old, going on..... years.

**FASTEST
JUNIOR
BUILT**

**West of the Mississippi
\$21.50**

ANTONIO VAN DYCK AND HIS MASTER RUBENS

(Continued from page 781)

glances that told Antonio they believed that he had succeeded in saving them. But Antonio shook his head.

For some time the room was quiet while the great Master worked on his beautiful canvas and his pupils watched breathlessly. It was a rare privilege, and a moment never to be forgotten by any of them. Then Rubens suddenly uttered an exclamation, and with a simultaneous movement Antonio sprang forward.

"Aye, Master, now thou knowest!" he said and his voice shook unhappily. "Thou seest that my brush-work is not thine, that my skill was not equal to what I tried to do. I damaged thy great work in my folly, daring to look at what was not meant for me to see, and I tried to repair the harm done, for to be turned from thy studio, as I deserved, was more than I could bear."

"Nay, 'twas I knocked the picture over," broke in the boy who had fallen. "'Twas not thou, Antonio."

"And 'twas I knocked thee over," said the mischievous Gaspard, with tears in his eyes.

"Silence," said Rubens sternly. "Let Antonio answer my questions. Tell me," he went on, in a deep voice. "The face of the Magdalene, this arm of the Madonna—did the picture fall and they were destroyed?"

"Aye, Master."

"I imagine that, having left my door unlocked, thou camest unbidden to see my work?"

Antonio bowed his head till the yellow locks hid his face, and the other boys watched and waited in attitudes of shame and anxiety.

"And then, Antonio Van Dyck, they urged thee to cover the damage, because thou art my first pupil and they had faith in thy power to fool Rubens himself."

Antonio could not answer.

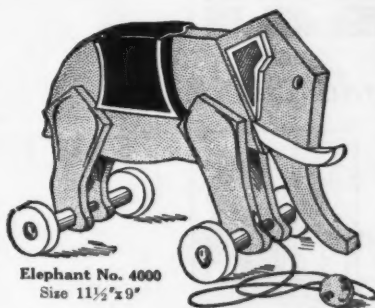
There was a long silence, and then Rubens cast aside his palette and turned his back on his own superb masterpiece. He spread his arms wide, and the ruffles at his wrist flashed in the movement like white wings.

"Come to my arms, lad. Thy great skill and power of painting are all I care for. The folly and the lack of reverence and the fault of all of you are nothing beside it. What brooks it that boys are boys and stop at nothing, be it ever so sacred? But ah, what it means to the world and to an artist to find another artist! Leave us, lads."

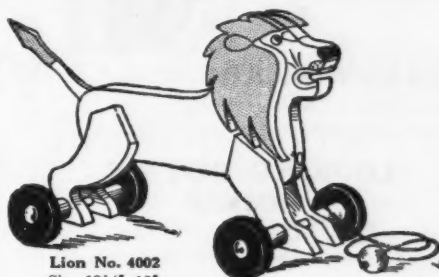
They filed out slowly, with backward glances of awe at the beautiful picture glowing in the background, at the tall, noble Master Rubens, embracing the slim, blue-clad figure of their comrade.

"We shall be allowed to stay," whispered one.

"Aye," murmured Gaspard, behind his hand, "because we matter so little he hath forgotten us. I would I were Antonio Van Dyck."



Elephant No. 4000
Size 11½"x9"



Lion No. 4002
Size 10¼"x12"

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Santa's Favorite
Christmas Joy-
Bringers

OLD SANTA has been working hard all summer long creating new Toy-Kraft toys for this Christmas and see how splendidly he and his jolly little gnomes have succeeded!

That big old Elephant, fierce old Lion and the quaint Mother Goose prove that he knows what the kiddies like.

These big sturdy toys belong to our new "Hand-Kraft" line, which also includes a camel and horse, *all made and painted by hand.*

You can probably buy Toy-Kraft Toys at the best department or toy store in your town, but if not, Santa will send any of them postage paid to any address anywhere on receipt of the price \$1.25 each.

THE TOY KRAFT COMPANY
Factory & Studio
WOOSTER, OHIO



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Size 11½"x7"

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Please send the following toys, postage paid, for which I enclose \$1.25 each.

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There are only a limited number

Name

Address



FAVORS FOR CHRISTMAS



PATTEN BEARD

WHY not have some original table favors at Christmas? Isn't everyone a bit tired of the conventional Santa Claus favors and aren't fruits and vegetables quite important to the season's festivity? Surely!



You may use any kind of fruit or vegetable and give it a humorous animation, changing it from a mere everyday thing to something amusing. Apples may be made into trixy goblins, pears become puppy-dogs; cucumbers may be changed to any strange imaginary creature you may

wish to evolve; a summer squash may be changed to a duck or a swan; and every place at the Christmas table may have a unique favor. Nor is it at all difficult to make these; it is merely fun—fun of cutting out the outlines of heads and legs and fitting these to fruits and vegetables. Often the very shape of a vegetable will suggest the proper animal shape to be evolved from it, as the neck of a summer squash suggests the neck of a duck or swan.

Brownies made from red apples are the best to start with. Buy a sheet of white cardboard. Cut a head to fit the fat body of the apple and let this have a very long neck. Mark cap, hair, eyes, nose, and mouth with crayon upon the cardboard. Then, at top of the apple, cut a slit

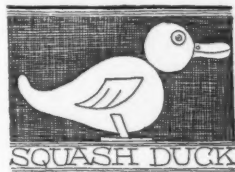


with fruitknife down into the apple and press the cardboard "neck" into this, so that the head stands upright at top of the apple. In like manner, fit the apple's sides to short arms, and make legs that are placed at front "corners," so that the brownie will sit up with his legs forward and arms slightly slanting over the legs. One hand of the apple brownie may be made to hold a place card, if you like. When you use the crayon, use it sparingly and do not let the color touch the fruit inside. Color backs as well as fronts. And one does not need to draw in order to do this; one outline for a pattern of head, arms, legs will do "to go by" in making and

cutting a number of these cardboard parts quickly.

The stems of some fruits like pears will make a convenient tail, in some instances. The pear is easily converted into a puppy that will sit or stand.

Cardboard wings added to the sides of a squash and a cardboard head or beak will give a bird of some kind. Your ingenuity will tell you what to make; simply add



the necessary cardboard cut in a shape to suggest the animal or "person."

Where there is an old-fashioned family gathering and where you want to make a game to play with the children, you may have an ever popular "hunt" for fruits and vegetables. Only one fruit or vegetable is allowed for each player. When all are found, a second hunt is instituted for small envelopes, and in these will be found a set of face, arms, and legs which the child himself must fit into his fruit or vegetable.

This done, a prize should be given for the best—perhaps a basket of apples or a box of candy.

For the centerpiece of the Christmas table,



one may also use fruits, topping them with a glad brownie or making a circle of these around the fruit dish.

Try the fun! All you need is a sheet of cardboard, a crayon, some fruit and a pair of scissors! Presto, something jolly!



THE STAR

HELEN WING

It twinkled at me from the sky;
It shook its shiny head;
"My dear!" it said, "it's eight o'clock.

Why don't you go to bed?"



COMPTON'S

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Knowledge made interesting and yet kept accurate.
The greatest forward step in the history of learning.

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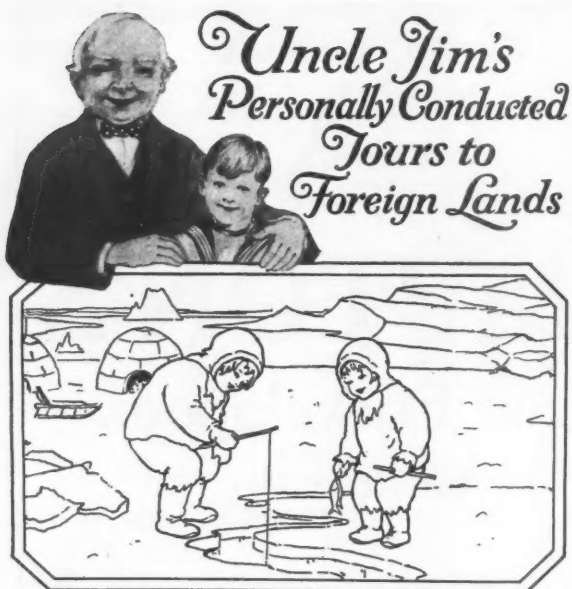


For Your Protection



This is the CHILD LIFE Approval Seal. Watch for it in 1928 on products which you purchase especially for the *Education, Health, Well-being and Entertainment of your children.*

Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.



No. 6—Children of Greenland

AND now Uncle Jim's World Tour ship crosses the Arctic Circle and reaches Greenland—the land of the midnight sun and the flashing aurora borealis. I'll bet there's a white polar bear on that iceberg!

Here the little Eskimo children live in snow houses called igloos and eat oily, raw seal blubber—and like it, too (imagine that!).

Cut out the picture shown above, color it with crayons or water colors ("Old Faithful" are the best) and paste it in your "Uncle Jim's World Tour Album." If you have lost yours, or if you haven't written us for one yet, do so today. It's free to you.

Our Number 554W Robinson Crusoe Box contains water colors, wax crayons, water dish, outline pictures to color with color guides, and a No. 7 brush. All for \$1.00.

The "Robin Hood" box at 25c and the "Dutch Mill" and the "Circus" boxes at 50c are the same quality but smaller. Dozens of other fine crayon or water color sets from 10c up. Your dealer should carry them; if not, send the money to us direct and we will forward them, postage paid.



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Dear Uncle Jim
Box 581,
Sandusky, Ohio.

Send me FREE your World Tour Album
Also send me a "554W Robinson Crusoe Toy Box" for
which I enclose \$1.00.

Name Street

City State

The "Old Faithful" Toy Sets

ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME

(Continued from page 773)

I LOVE YOU.

Well, Narcissa was so happy over Cousin Cissa's pleasure that she ceased to wonder about her own present not being as blue as her eyes and as yellow as her curls, and over and over again she thanked Cousin Cissa for the merino dress and woolly gloves. The morning swept by, as Cousin Cissa expressed it, "on golden wings." Then came Grandmother and Grandfather and several relations for Christmas dinner and directly after dinner Father drove Narcissa and Cousin Cissa off to church to sing the carols. Oh, how lovely it was to stand in the pew between Father and Cousin Cissa and sing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" Narcissa tingled with a strange deep joy, and she was really sorry when the service was over.

Outside, a soft snow was falling and everybody was exchanging Christmas greetings and there were the Titlow children ready to go home with Narcissa for the tea party. Dolly was cold and went trotting homeward at a fast gait, but not too fast for Narcissa and the Titlow children. Mother had set a little table close beside the tree and it was loaded down with goodies of all kinds. But best of all Grandmother had brought cookies for the tea party cut in the shape of Christmas bells and Christmas trees. Then Aunt Kizzy came in with cups of steaming cambric tea, and Mother said,

"Children, would you like jelly cake best of all?" And before the children could reply Cousin Cissa was begging, "Oh, let's cut my cake for Narcissa's tea party."

"Yes, please," cried Narcissa, "because it's the specialist cake."

And the Titlow children whooped, "Oh, yes, the specialist cake!"

So the Lady Baltimore cake was cut, and suddenly right in the midst of everything Narcissa cried, "Oh, look what's in my slice of cake!"

"A ring!" breathed Tabby Titlow.

"Like Halloween," cried Lucy Titlow.

"A ring in the specialist cake—a ring!" sang Narcissa.

And when Cousin Cissa caught the word, ring, she jumped up from the grown-ups and ran over to the children. "What is this, Narcissa?" she demanded, all pink with excitement.

"Look!" cried Narcissa, holding up a lovely little gold ring with a turquoise setting. "Look what I found in my slice of cake, Cousin Cissa."

"Why, Narcissa!" laughed Cousin Cissa, and her laugh was all soft and happy and trembly. "Why, Narcissa child, see it's as yellow as your curls and as blue as your eyes."

"Oh, Cousin Cissa!" Narcissa was in Cousin Cissa's arms. "It's my really and truly—I mean the gift you wrote about, dear Cousin Cissa. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"That's it, Narcissa," said Cousin Cissa.

And Cousin Cissa never told Narcissa that the ring was not intended to go in the cake. Oh, no! She had been showing it to Narcissa's mother the day before when Narcissa came running into the kitchen, and very quickly she had slipped it on her little finger and promptly forgotten all about it. Later on, when she could not find it, she was terribly distressed and believed that it was lost forever, but when it turned up in the "specialist cake" her joy knew no bounds. As for Narcissa, the only thing that puzzled her was how the ring happened to be in her slice of cake. But anyway it was almost the happiest Christmas she ever spent and she was so glad she was the namesake of Cousin Cissa Byrd, and all of her life she treasured the gift which was as blue as her eyes and as yellow as her curls.



SANTA & SON

(Continued from page 777)

[Through the door at the right come JUNIOR, TING, A-LING and a number of Christmas elves and fairies, carrying packs of toys.]

ALL (joining hands with the children and MRS. S. and dancing around SANTA, singing, to the tune of "Jingle Bells"):

Santa Claus! Santa Claus!
Christmas Eve is here;
Girls and boys like all your toys
And Merry Christmas cheer.
Away! Away! Hitch your sleigh,
And over roof tops go;
While sleigh bells ring, you hear us sing
Because we love you so!

As they repeat this verse, jingling sleigh bells are heard in the distance. SANTA throws back his head and laughs heartily and is picking up a pack of toys as the curtain goes down.]



THE GINGERBREAD CLOWN

GLADYS ELOISE BRIERLY

I HAVE a little clown
All made of gingerbread.
He's got an icing coat
That's colored white and red.

We baked him in a pan
And filled him full of spice.
We gave him raisin eyes
And nose and mouth of rice.

If I should eat my clown
He'd be quite gone, you see,
And we couldn't use him
To trim our Christmas tree.

Play History!



SERIES A

From the Discovery of America through the Period of Colonization

1. The Vikings in America
2. Famous Old-World Explorers
3. Columbus in America. Map and Portraits
4. Ponce de Leon in Florida
5. Balboa Discovering Pacific
6. De Soto Discovering Mississippi
7. Other Spanish Explorers
8. English Explorers—Cabots. Map and Portrait
9. English Explorers—Sir Francis Drake
10. English Explorer—Sir Walter Raleigh.

And Twenty Others

SERIES B

Early Intercolonial Wars, French-Indian War and the American Revolution

31. French Claims in America. Map and Portrait
32. The Intercolonial Wars
33. French and Indian War—Washington's Mission
34. French and Indian War—Braddock's Defeat
35. French and Indian War—Acadians
36. French and Indian War—Capture of Quebec
37. Indian Allies of French and English
38. Settlement of Kentucky and Tennessee. Daniel Boone
39. Causes of American Revolution—Stamp Act
40. Causes of American Revolution—Boston Tea Party

And Twenty Others

SERIES C

From the Adoption of the Constitution to the Civil War

61. Constitutional Convention in Session
62. Authors and Birthplace of Constitution
63. Inauguration of Washington
64. Important Inventions—Cotton Gin
65. Louisiana Purchase. Map and Portrait
66. Lewis-Clark Expedition
67. Tripoli—Burning of S. S. "Philadelphia"
68. Development. Steam Power—James Watt
69. Development. Steam Power—"Clermont"
70. War 1812—"Constitution"—"Guerriere"

And Twenty Others

SERIES D

From the Beginning of the Civil War to the Present Time

91. Abolitionists
92. Abraham Lincoln—Log Cabin
93. Secession of Southern States. Map, Portrait
94. Beginning of Civil War. Fort Sumter
95. "Kearsarge" Defeats "Alabama"
96. "Merrimack" and "Monitor" in Action
97. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation
98. Gettysburg and Vicksburg
99. Sherman's March to the Sea
100. End of the Civil War.

And Twenty Others

- to
120. League of Nations in Session

American History Now a Fascinating Game

You remember Lief Ericson, the Cabots and Balboa, as well as Columbus. You recall Sir Francis Drake and the romantic Raleigh. Then the Heroic Colonists—the Revolution—the far flung frontiers of the West—all of the stirring march of events to this very date. Are they all clear in your mind?

History in Pictures

"Dry as dust" text has been transformed into a picture game. Teachers know history can best be taught visually. The imaginative childhood mind grasps the essentials because they are fun. Information and the necessary dates, simple and clear are never forgotten because they are used in a game.

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"Mother's busy—go on and play." How often have you said that? Yet you did not want to—you wished to occupy the wonderful growing little mind in some useful or constructive way. But what? You were at a loss for the answer... Let the I. N. S. History Game be your answer. Children are absorbed by the hour. Busy mothers enjoy new freedom—with no misgivings: they know their children are learning while they play.

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Have you worried about your child's progress in school? This makes all school work more interesting. It dramatizes facts—the modern method. 120 cards (listed at side) are printed with reproductions of famous paintings and authentic photographs with many special maps and drawings. Text, used in the game, has been edited to meet the endorsements of leading educators. All encased in a handsome booklike case of maroon and gold Fabrakoid cover, novel size. A handsome addition to the library when not in use. Three or more may play, from school age upward. Indeed it may be used as a "Questions and Answers" book for adults.

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Ask your dealer first. As this is a new game all do not have it. So then send direct by filling in the coupon below. Since our cards are sold by the thousands to many schools we can make the price remarkably low. It is \$3.00. You can pay the postman on delivery, plus a few cents postage. Or send check or money order and we will mail postage prepaid. If not satisfied, return in five days and your \$3.00 will be refunded.

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Send me the I N S History Game on a five day money-back trial offer. I will pay postman on delivery, \$3.00. Enclosed is check money order... currency... for \$3.00.
(Name and address in margin below.) L-12



Of course you'll want a FOX PLAY GUN for Christmas!

Think of the fun you can have with a double-barrel play gun that looks just like a real Fox Shot Gun, and loads and works like a big gun—but is perfectly safe for you to play with!

The Fox Play Gun has double barrels of steel, double triggers and hardwood stock. It is attractively finished and built to last a long time.

It shoots small wooden balls, so light they can't possibly injure anybody or do any damage. The "shells" are spring-powered—no powder, no danger. You can use it anywhere, because it's

Entirely harmless, even indoors

You'll surely want to find one of these fascinating new play guns under your tree on Christmas morning. It's great for playing games and for target practice.

Nearly all toy stores, sporting goods shops and department stores carry the Fox Play Gun. The price is \$3.75, including ammunition and target. If your dealer hasn't it, order from us.

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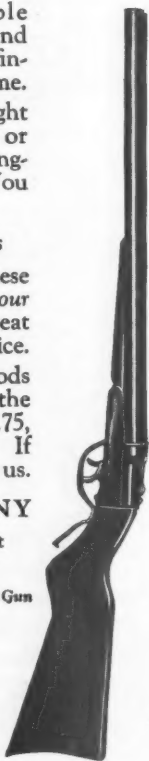
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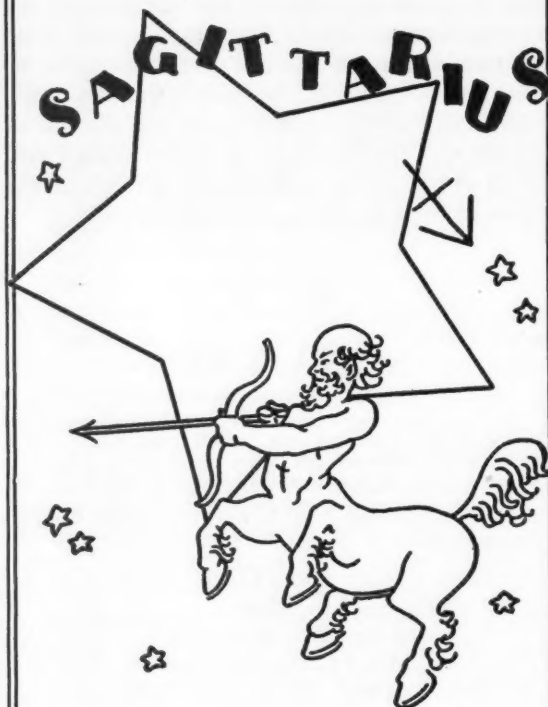
This folder tells all about the Fox Play Gun. Write for your copy—free.

FOX

PLAY GUN



Birthday Album



DECEMBER

The turquoise blue is meant for you
With birthdays in December.

The holly berry is your flower,
And good luck, you remember,
Will come with green and indigo.
(The magic books all tell us so.)

BIRTHDAY ALBUM

To make the CHILD LIFE Birthday Album, trace this illustration in your scrapbook and copy the verses beneath the picture. On the reverse side of the page—or on the following page—paste snapshots of the members of your family and friends who were born during that month and have them write their names and the dates of their birthdays. On the cover of your album, draw three stars somewhat smaller than the one in the illustration. In two of these paste photographs of your father and mother; in the third, paste a picture of yourself. If you prefer, you may buy several gilt stars of the proper size at a paper novelty store, and either paste your photographs on these, or cut out the center of the stars, tracing around a coin to make your circle perfectly round, and paste the stars over your pictures, so that the edges will form frames. Now you have a horoscope for each month and your album is complete.

"O boy-talk about fun!"



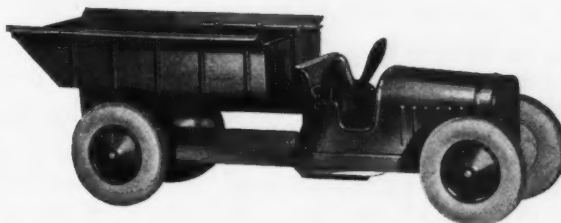
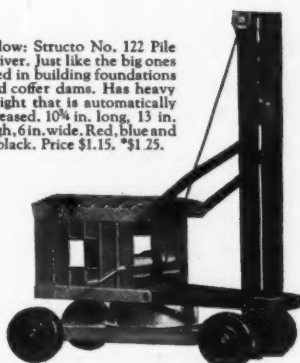
—fun that's never broken by failure to perform. Structo Toys are strongly built of pressed steel, electrically welded. They "really work"—and they successfully withstand the hard knocks of childhood. Structo Toys are faithfully modeled after the things they represent—true-to-life in appearance, true-to-life in action—beautifully finished in brilliant auto enamels. Your children want Structo Toys for Christmas. Don't disappoint them. Structo is one of the best-known names in toydom—they are proud to say "it's a real Structo!" A few popular Structo numbers are shown here. The full line will be found at all stores carrying toys. Visit your dealer's now—make an early selection.

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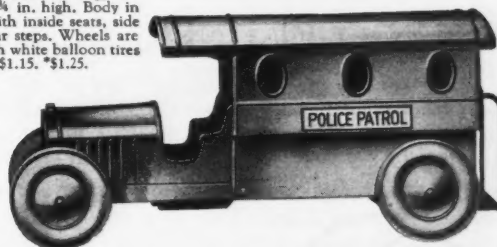
Above: Structo No. 110 Giant Steam Shovel. Loading and dumping controlled by a single crank. Loads, dumps, or holds load, at any desired point. Cab swings on carriage turntable. Blue, orange and black auto enamel. 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. high, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, 7 in. wide. Price \$2. *\$2.20.

Below: Structo No. 122 Pile Driver. Just like the big ones used in building foundations and coffer dams. Has heavy weight that is automatically released. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. long, 13 in. high, 6 in. wide. Red, blue and black. Price \$1.15. *\$1.25.

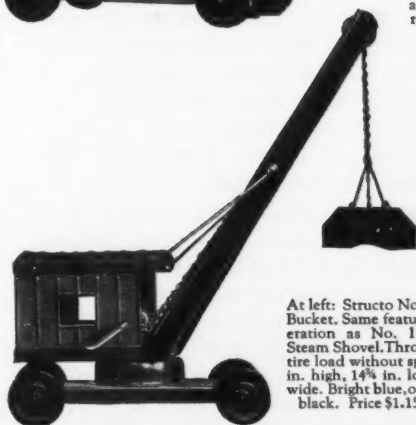


At left: Structo No. 405 Giant Dump Truck. 18 in. long, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. high, 6 in. wide. Pull lever on either side and body raises at front for dumping. Streamline body, brilliant red enamel with black under-carriage and white balloon tires. \$1.15. *\$1.25.

At right: Structo No. 409 Police Patrol. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, 6 in. wide, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. high. Body in blue, with inside seats, side and rear steps. Wheels are red with white balloon tires. \$1.15. *\$1.25.



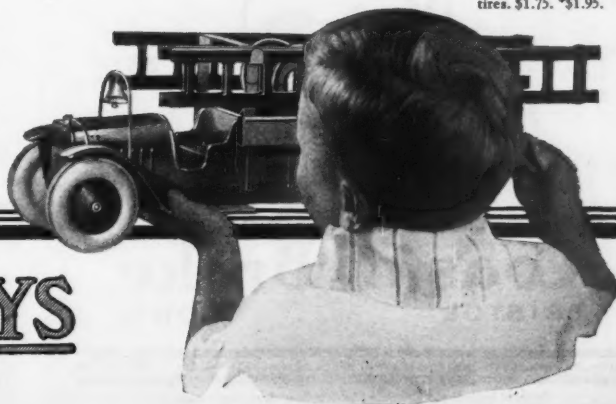
Below: Structo No. 406 Hook and Ladder. 24 in. long, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. high, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide. Extension ladder, when joined together, is nearly six feet high. Has bell that rings, four extension ladders, hose reel and hose. Red and black with white balloon tires. \$1.75. *\$1.95.



At left: Structo No. 66 Grab Bucket. Same features of operation as No. 110 Giant Steam Shovel. Throws its entire load without spillage. 15 in. high, 14 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. long, 6 in. wide. Bright blue, orange and black. Price \$1.15. *\$1.25.

*Indicates western prices.

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★ OUR CHRISTMAS TREE ★



OUR Christmas Day is merry;

Just look around and see

The gift we like—a SCOOTER bike
Beside our Christmas Tree.

A SCOOTER bike for children,
With the ENDEE COASTER BRAKE—
For Christmas Day that is the way
The greatest joy to make.

MAY we suggest that the sidewalk cycle is one of the happiest gifts you can make to your small children.

It is practical, too, for by it they get health-building exercise out-of-doors.

Of course, such a vehicle must have a good brake. The best brake equipment possible is the ENDEE multiple disc clutch coaster brake, powerful, yet gentle, most easily applied, velvet-smooth and absolutely unailing.

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PUZZLE FUN—GET ONE!!

Free! Boys and Girls, be busy "Scooter" and send to-day for your jolly puzzle, "THE DISAPPEARING CHINAMAN." It's fun—hurry up and get one! Just write to—

*Especially designed
for
Scooter Bikes*



New Departure
ENDEE
Coaster Brake
BRISTOL CONN.

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Famous Children



NUMBER TWO

By ELEANORE M. HUBBARD

The Story of — and —

THE legend of these children was told in olden days as the true history of the founding of Rome. It was said that the twins, — and —, were the sons of the god of war, Mars. Jealous men feared them and paid attendants to take them to the river Tiber and drown them, but instead the attendants left them on its banks. A mother wolf found the babies and took care of them as though they were her own wolf pups. Finally some kind shepherds came upon them in the woods and took them home. Thus — and — grew up, strong, sturdy shepherd lads. The time came when they learned who they were and they returned to their own land. They gathered together a number of their young comrades and set out for a place along the Tiber where there were seven hills. On one of these hills they built a city which soon spread over the entire seven and in time ruled the ancient world. This city was named after one of the brothers. And its name was Rome.



(See page 860)

WHAT TO GIVE TO THE CHILDREN FOR CHRISTMAS ????



LET US HELP YOU SELECT BOOKS FOR YOUR CHILDREN

THE BOOK ELF at Rand McNally's Book Shelf is waiting to help mothers solve the Book Gift problem for any Child Life family. A beautiful gift card has been prepared and it is furnished free with every book selected by the BOOK ELF.

How to Secure the Services of the BOOK ELF

Make a list of the children's names for whom books are to be selected, giving the age and sex as well as any outstanding likes or dislikes in reading which the child may have. Clip the coupon below, attach and mail at once. The BOOK ELF will answer immediately giving a list of the books we recommend. Then in case you are unable to secure Rand McNally books at your local bookstore, clip your check for the amount you wish to spend to a list of the children's names, and we will send them at once. (Books may be secured from \$.35 to \$2.00) Each book will be wrapped attractively and the gift card enclosed.



THE REAL STORY BOOK (Price \$2.00) is one of the new Rand McNally books. The old-time tales retold have an irresistible appeal for children, while the many beautiful illustrations in color delight their imagination. The excellent printing and binding together with the superior quality of text and illustration, makes this a typical Rand McNally Book for Children. At your local bookstore.

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Specially priced by the
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OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 802)

representing a width and length of one-half inch. This makes it easy to determine the measurements quickly by counting the squares. An easy way to enlarge the pattern is to make a full-size set of squares, then lay out the outline upon the large squares, as it is shown upon the small squares. The radius for each curve and its center are shown upon the diagram. The shelf back may be cut out of a box board, because it need not be more than $\frac{7}{8}$ inch thick.

Cut the shelf block by the pattern of Fig. 6, using wood $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. Fasten the block to the back at the height indicated by dotted lines in Fig. 5, using glue and finishing nails. Bore a hanger hole near the top of the back, where shown.

Finish the clock shelf by rubbing all surfaces with sandpaper. Round off the sharp edges with the sandpaper, too. Then apply two coats of enamel. White, Chinese vermilion or apple green may be used. Maybe Mother has some left over after finishing a piece of furniture. But a small can of it can be bought at any paint store.

A FLOWER VASE

The wall vase in Fig. 7 is a dainty gift for a relative or friend. It is intended for artificial flowers, but the glass tube receptacle holds enough water to keep one or two blossoms fresh.

A pattern for the back board is shown in Fig. 8. Enlarge this pattern carefully in the way described for the clock shelf back. Lay out the pattern upon a box board, then saw it out, round the face edges slightly with sandpaper, and bore a pair of hanger holes.

Buy a glass test-tube $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter, at a drug store, for the vase receptacle (Fig. 9). Prepare two bracket blocks by the patterns of Figs. 10 and 11 to support the tube. Make the lower block out of wood $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick, the upper block of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wood. If you haven't a $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch auger bit with which to bore holes for the test tube, probably you can borrow one. Bore the holes before cutting the blocks; then there will be less danger of splitting them. Glue and nail the blocks to the back board at the heights indicated by dotted lines on the pattern of Fig. 8.

Enamel the flower holder a bright color, after sandpapering the surfaces very smooth.



BUBBLES

CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN with soap I bubbles blow,
Rainbows form and gleam and glow;
So when rainbows arch on high
This I know—
Some one's blowing bubbles in the sky!

THE MUSIC AND MESSAGE OF THE BELLS

(Continued from page 779)

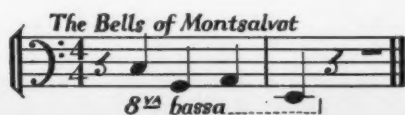
have recently added another attraction to their already lovely city. By authority of the Canadian Parliament a carillon of fifty-three bells, the largest in America, I believe, has been installed in the beautiful Peace Tower on Parliament Hill. This tower and carillon commemorate the peace of 1918, and will keep in remembrance the service and sacrifice of Canada in the Great War.

A huge family of bells it is, ranging all the way from the "Big Ben" of ten tons to a dinner-sized bell of a few pounds. Surely this "singing-tower" of Ottawa is one of the most beautiful ways of honoring the memory of those who gave their lives to uphold our government as well as their own. I wish you children would start a campaign for a carillon in your own towns. Perhaps father and his Legion Post will see the beauty and influence of a "singing-tower" and cooperate with you in building one.

Belgium is called the *classic land of bells*. To the Belgians belong the honor of having first felt and used bell-tones as truly musical sounds, and, accordingly, they devised that colossal musical instrument of tower and belfry, known as the carillon. The Antwerp Cathedral carillon has sixty-five bells, St. Rombold's "singing tower" in Malines has forty-four, Bruges forty-one, Ghent thirty-nine, and Louvain forty.

Bells, as they are employed in our orchestras, are not like those in towers or steeples. The bells which most frequently are used for orchestral purposes are metal tubes, hung upon a metal frame, and sounded by the stroke of a small mallet. The reason for this rather feeble imitation of belfry-bells will be very apparent when you realize that an actual bell which sounded that C an octave below middle-C would weigh no less than twenty-two tons. I can hear you laugh at the picture of a group of bells as large and heavy as that being used in our orchestras. Bell effects are used by many orchestral composers of modern music. The great writer of "The Messiah," George Frederick Handel, uses a whole chime in one passage of his oratorio, "Saul." Meyerbeer, in his opera of "The Huguenots," uses a large single bell, very low in tone, to imitate the tragic tocsin of the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The mighty Richard Wagner, composer of the beautiful operas of "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal," uses bells with wonderful dramatic effect. Here are the actual tones of the bells in the Spanish monastery of Montsalvat.



(Continued on next page)

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It Rolls as Well as Slides!



Little wheels in WHIZZARD runners make it go like sixty—Snow or no snow—it's all the same to a WHIZZARD. Sweeps right through bare spots, past other sleds that have stalled—right to the bottom of the hill.



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City

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Pretend this is a mountain that you are going to climb

It is a magic mountain, for from the top of it you can step into any land you wish.

The ancient Greeks gave it the name of Parnassus, and they said that Apollo and the Muses lived there.

In other words, Parnassus was the home of the Arts. So now the world of books is called Parnassus.

And from its peak you can reach any land you care to.

You can go to the wonderful Land of Oz, for instance, and meet the jolly Scarecrow and the big-hearted Tin Woodman. (There is a fine new book called *The Gnome King of Oz*, which your bookseller has for \$1.60.)

And you can go to delightful Teenie Weenie Land, where the people are not much larger than your thumb. (The newest of these stories is *Alice and the Teenie Weenies*, and the book store charges \$1.00 for it.)

And you can go to the circus with that darling little boy Skeezix and his uncle Walt. (*Skeezix at the Circus*, which costs \$1.00, is the book to ask for.)

Oh, there are many splendid places to go, once you climb Parnassus. And a good book will take you there.

Send for a free copy of THE
OZMOPOLITAN, official
newspaper of the Land of Oz.

CHICAGO

REILLY & LEE

NEW YORK

Book Publishers

It is the accompaniment of these bell-tones, repeated and repeated, that the simple and good hero, "Parsifal"—whose story you should all read—walks through flowered fields and winding paths to witness the glory of the Holy Grail, as revealed in the mountain monastery of Montsalvat. Music can always express the real heart and spirit of any thing or person better than can any other art, and so it becomes true that the bells tell the true story of a people to those who listen with understanding and love. Upon the rim of the old bells of Europe I have found mottoes and dedication lines moulded into the bell itself. One of the Ghent bells is inscribed in old Gothic letters with this legend:

*"My name is Roelant;
When I toll, then it is for a fire;
When I chime, then there is stormy
weather in Flanders."*

(Flanders, you know, is another name for Belgium.) Other interesting inscriptions on old bells, which I have seen, read:

*"I am the voice of life."
"My voice on high dispels the storm."*

and on another:

"Richard Phelps made me in 1716."

Upon the largest bell in Ottawa's Peace Tower carillon is inscribed this glorious message, the highest message of Christmas:

*"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will to men!"*

Upon one of the bells in the Strassburg Cathedral is graven this thought, which the poet Tennyson so beautifully expressed in one of his poems:

"I ring out the bad, ring in the good."

It was in Malines, Belgium, that I heard the most musical carillon playing in all my experience. On a beautiful July evening the celebrated Josef Denyn, who for over thirty years has been the distinguished carillonneur of St. Rombold's cathedral, gave his usual Monday evening program. Thousands from the cities of Antwerp and Brussels swelled the listening crowds, in which I saw many American faces. The published program promised much to a music-lover, but the masterly playing of M. Denyn, the environment of the historical Grand Place, the perfect evening, and the appreciative throng raised the enjoyment and the memory of that carillon concert to an intensity that makes it unforgettable. When the hour-bell of the old cathedral had struck nine, and the vibration of its deep tone had at last died away, the master bell-player began. First, pianissimo, from the highest, lightest bells came trills and runs that sounded in the clear night like celestial music. Gradually grew the volume of bell-tones from the singing-

(Continued on page 836)



Bell-music is not like any other. It has lost tones that float above the sounds you hear, and these make the music wild and formless — music belonging more to nature than to man.

The bells of all Christendom are pealing in carol and chime

FROM frosty tower and belfry—the bells are shaking out music from their bronze throats. Deep bells, tenor bells. Hear the carillons in wild and joyous pealing.

The clappers may be striking the actual bells far away—even so far as in Ottawa, Canada, or London. People on the streets below may be looking up and listening. . . . But Victor Orthophonic Records of the bells will play out their silver chimes for you—all their wild Sweet Noëls—in your home at Christmas dawn. "We Three Kings of Orient Are" (the bell-music

comes marching, the chimes all but speak the words) . . . "Good King Wenceslas Look'd Out." . . . Ask your mother to give you this bell-music for one of your finest gifts.

Christmas Medley—Good King Wenceslas; Joy to the World; Deck the Hall; We Three Kings of Orient Are; The First Nowell . . . played beautifully by Christmas chimes. No. 20993.

O Canada. On the Ottawa, Canada, Peace Carillon—53 bells, ranging from Big Ben of ten tons to small tenor bells of only a few pounds—the largest carillon in America. No. 21002.

Impressions of London (Westminster). Go softly—on a chime—to London, and hear Westminster Chimes, Big Ben striking nine, noise of traffic—then bells of St. Margaret's in hymnal call. No. 20629.

The Educational Department

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Children adore that warm, mellow sweetness of Brer Rabbit Molasses—the real plantation flavor of the finest sugar cane.

Best of all, you can let them have all they want—Brer Rabbit desserts are actually good for your children. For Brer Rabbit Molasses retains all the iron and lime stored up in the sugar cane.

The free Brer Rabbit recipe book contains many new, quick recipes. Send for your copy today.

Brer Rabbit Molasses comes in two grades: *Gold Label*—a light molasses for the table and fancy cooking. *Green Label*—darker, with a stronger flavor.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

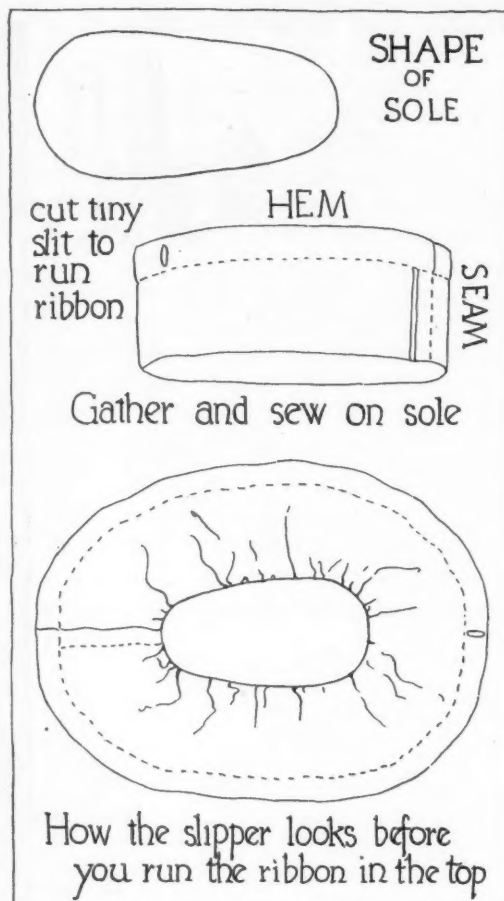
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A PAIR OF DOLL SLIPPERS

By HAZEL SAMPLE

OH! OH!" cried Mary with tears in her big blue eyes. "Rover has chewed up Dolly's slippers and they were the only ones she had. They were always falling off."

"Let's make her a new pair," Mary's mother suggested. "Wait until I get my ribbon bag and see what I can find."

"But, Mother, I don't know how to make them," said Mary.

"That is what I am going to show you," said Mother. And this is how she told her to make the slippers:

Take a piece of stiff cardboard and cut two soles the size of Dolly's foot. Do not try

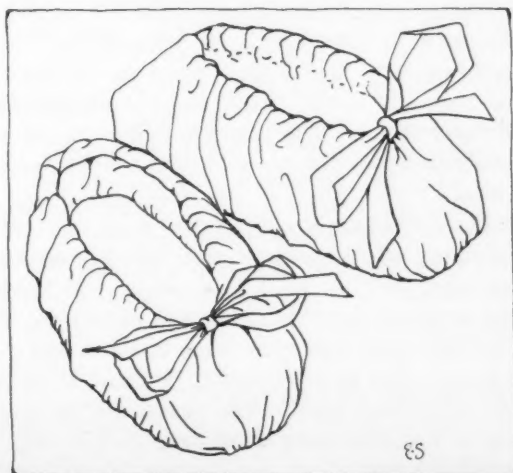
to make them the exact shape of her foot.

Then for Dolly whose foot measures about two inches, in length, use ribbon (satin or silk) about one and a half inches wide. Cut two pieces for each sole, allowing a little edge to turn under. Sew all around the edge of the soles, turning in neatly.

Now take a strip of the ribbon, about ten or eleven inches long, and sew the ends, making a seam that will be at the back of the slipper. Next turn a tiny hem wide enough to run baby ribbon through. This will be the top of the slipper. Then run a thread through the other edge of the ribbon and pull it into gathers, until it fits the edge of the sole. Fasten it firmly to the heel of the sole and sew neatly to the edge of the slipper.

Be sure to get your gathers evenly sewn or they will bunch in places. Then cut a little slit in the front of the hem in the ribbon and run baby ribbon through. Pull it up, until it will fit around Dolly's ankle snugly, and tie a little bow. If Dolly is stuffed, you can run a short pin into her leg at the back of the slippers and they will not get lost.

Now you have a pair of dainty satin slippers. You even could make yourself some by the same pattern, if you had the felt soles, which are quite inexpensive, at stores, and you could use pieces of silk from an old dress or waist of Mother's that is worn in spots.



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Desserts children love that are good for them, too . . .



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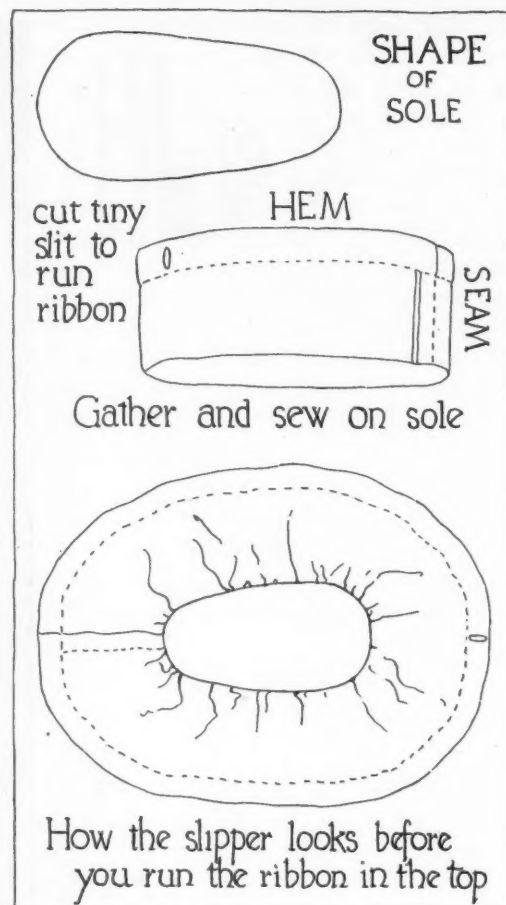
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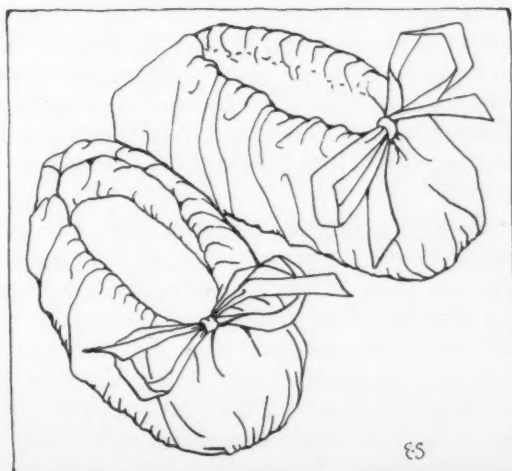
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Oh! What fun you can have! Riding here and there, playing in the open air—building strong young bodies! What a dandy Christmas gift—one that gives everlasting pleasure—and brings health and happiness!

Lucky boy and lucky girl—to whom Santa brings a Fairy! Because a "Fairy" is so much stronger and better than ordinary bikes, rides so smoothly, looks so bright and gay—you'll just love your "Fairy" Transport.

Boys and Girls—Tell Mother or Father how well you'll like a Fairy. Tell them whether you want a scooter, a velocipede, a sidewalk bike—or other Fairy Vehicle. Perhaps Santa will be sure to leave one then.

Fathers and Mothers—Many a grown-up boy and girl now owe their after years of health to early vigorous play in the open air with a Fairy vehicle. Children everywhere eagerly accept Fairy vehicles, and derive much benefit from their use.

THE COLSON CO., Elyria, Ohio, U. S. A.

Transports
of Health and
Happiness

Vehicles Built
with Lasting
Qualities

THEY ARE ONLY KIDS ONCE



CLD

THE DOG BEAUTY SHOP

(Continued from page 783)

"And Nebby for short," added Andy.

"Wish I could keep him," said Nick wistfully, as he read the little placard on the dog's collar. "Say, old fellow, lets *pretend* you're my dog anyway."

The next week more and more dogs came. Nick drew a clever little sketch, at odd moments, of a dog under a shower bath, smiling. This he put with the dog beauty shop notice by his own shoe shining chair, and, too, he got permission to post it at the entrance of the Clean-Way Laundry and inside the Dry Cleaner's office. This was a profitable bit of advertising. The beauty shop business improved so much that often other boys had to be called in to call for and watch the dogs while Jed and Andy tended to the scrubbing and combing. The dogs began to like their trips to the beauty shop, themselves, for there was always a treat of some kind when the hated bath ordeal was over.

One day, a few weeks later, when Nick was especially busy in his shoe shining shop, he heard a familiar bark and looked out to see Nebby trying to get away from a policeman.

"Hi," called Nick, "where you going with the dog?"

"To the pound," answered the officer, "where all dogs go that don't have licenses," and he walked on.

"But that's Nebuchadnezzar," objected Nick.

"I don't care if it's Alexander the Great—no tax—no stay."

"I can't have a dog," Nick argued with himself. "I shouldn't have a dog." Then a wonderful feeling came to Nick. He could have a dog! The corner of the savings book in his inside pocket reminded him of the joint account at the First National. He ran after the policeman. "I'll pay his tax! Give him to me, please!"

Holding Nebby gratefully in his arms he hurried back to finish his work in his shoe shining shop. His heart sang happy little songs as his brushes flew back and forth, coaxing smooth surfaces onto the dusty shoes. What fun it would be to tell Jed and Andy about the good fortune that had come to him!

The dog beauty shop business grew and grew. Curly dogs and lively dogs came, big dogs and tiny dogs, and they all went away, clean and happy. Nick soon had some treasures, too, just as Jed and Andy had. But best of all there was a feeling that Nick had never known before. He could go on the little trips, take part in the meets, and he could have a dog, and there never was such a dog as Nebuchadnezzar.

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 806)



responsibilities and a large physician's practice among the animals, was never known to get low-spirited. When animals set forth on adventures we wish they'd set out as practically as did *The Rainbow Cat*. "He shut up his house, put a notice on the

door that he hoped to be back some day, if not sooner, asked that letters and parcels be thrown down the chimney, tied his party bow and his dancing slippers into a neat parcel and set off on his voyage."

And now it is *This Way To Christmas!* If you are not, as *Peter Pocket* expressed it, "just as full as you can be of Christmas," you might search for an Outdoor Christmas Tree in order to celebrate the day as did Louise in *School Keeps To-day*. You might send out invitations to all the children in your neighborhood and invite them to your Christmas Eve. In that way you would greatly assist the Count in *The Poor Count's Christmas*, and thus prevent the sale of the family bedstead. Select your book gifts and wrap your presents long before Christmas. If that is done, then at the very first gleam of the sun peeping over the edge of the Hill you can troop downstairs, take down your crammed-to-bursting Christmas stocking, try out all your presents, greet all the grown-ups and little-ups, and, with a heart full of happiness, enjoy the love and the music and the thoughts which make all ranks equal on Christmas Day.

ACCORDING TO SEASON

- Christmas Reindeer - - - - - Thornton Burgess
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Children's Carol - - - - - Johanna Spyri
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- A Child's Thought of God - - - - -
compiled by Esther Gillespie and Thomas C. Clark
MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Christmas Carol - - - - - Charles Dickens
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Christmas in Storyland - - - - -
edited by Maud Van Buren and Katharine Bemis
CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Cricket on the Hearth - - - - - illustrated by F. D. Bedford
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Holly Tree and Other Christmas Stories - - Charles Dickens
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Little Book of Days - - - - - Rachel Field
DOUBLEDAY PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Little Children's Bible - - - - -
edited by Naine, Quiller-Couch and Glover
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Nicholas, A Manhattan Story - - - - - Annie Carroll Moore
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Poor Count's Christmas - - - - - Frank R. Stockton
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK

(Continued on page 837)

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Happy childish laughter rings around your home. A bounding ball slips from tiny hands and rolls out in the dreaded street.

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"SAFETY CITY" is a new and novel, fun-creating game for children of all ages. They learn all the vital traffic rules and regulations. They are subconsciously taught to watch out—to keep off city streets or country roads—better than a thousand "Don't's" from you: *Teaches because it's play.* A staunch 3-ply pasted board brightly and artistically colored. Size 11 by 23 inches. Other parts strongly made. "SAFETY CITY" sold at leading stores or sent by return mail if your dealer cannot supply you. Price \$1.50. Year 'round game—a life-saving game.

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31 East 17th St., N. Y. City
Please use coupon below

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Enclosed is my check ☐
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SAFETY CITY • SAFETY CITY • SAFETY CITY

Can You Use More Money?

THE CHILD LIFE MERCHANDISING DIVISION is in a unique position to help a few ambitious mothers to secure additional luxuries the feminine heart desires—to give to their children advantages they would otherwise forego, to earn the automobile they dream of—by devoting spare hours to unusually interesting work for some of the manufacturers who advertise in CHILD LIFE.

Just fill out the coupon below—

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Sales experience is not necessary—only the ability to meet people in a friendly way.

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE
Advertising Manager, CHILD LIFE

Merchandising Division, CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in your plan by which I may turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me about it.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

YOUR SUIT AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns



LOOK out, Santa! Karl will get you! Nurse cannot catch him long enough to put him in bed, he is so busy looking for you.

To-morrow morning he is going to wear his pongee play suit and have a wonderful time with the toys he is sure you will leave for him.

In the afternoon he is going to be all dressed up in his flannel middy suit.

Karl thinks these patterns are so nice, he hopes you will leave some in his stocking. And, Santa, do not forget the other children's stockings.

Pattern No. 4750, 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

Pattern No. 5932, 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years.

Pattern No. 5848, 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.



ADD-A-PEARL is Helping Santa

SANTA has so many ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACES, also additional pearls, as presents this year, that he had to ask Add-a-pearl herself to come and help him. All of his helpers and Add-a-pearl are working just as fast as they can so that no one will be disappointed.

The ADD-A-PEARL Idea

Picture your girl's joy this Christmas when you present her with a small strand of beautiful genuine oriental pearls on a dainty gold chain! Then look into future years and see her in young womanhood—the proud possessor of an exquisite necklace of *real* pearls. This is the Add-a-pearl idea. Each year on all gift occasions you, and others, give additional pearls to make the string grow. The beautiful ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE becomes more precious with time.

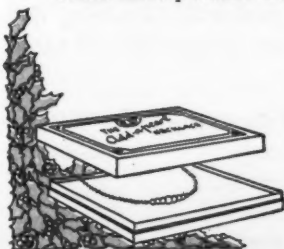
An ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE —“The Gift That Lives and Grows” will make your girl happy this Christmas.

A Gift From ADD-A-PEARL

Add-a-pearl wants to send a Christmas present to every possessor of an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE. This is a beautiful book she wrote about her adventures while searching for pearls. Many of the pages are colored with delightful pictures. Just tell Add-a-Pearl how many pearls you have now, and she will send your present before Santa comes.

Ask Your Jeweler

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
CHICAGO



THE
Add-a-pearl
NECKLACE

To Father and Mother

This Christmas start an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE for your girl. The initial necklace may be secured with five or more perfect pearls on a fine gold chain. Additional pearls may be added at any time.

New Crowell Books for Children



A Treasury of Tales

for
Little Folks

8 colored illustrations
and numerous line
drawings by N. F. and
H. C. Appleton.

Edited by MARJORY BRUCE \$3.00

Well described by its title. A choice collection of old favorites and new, such as children like. An inexhaustible supply of bedtime stories.

Two Delightful Books by Johanna Spyri

HEIDI, Constance Whittemore Edition
By JOHANNA SPYRI

12 illustrations in full color, \$2.50

An unusually charming edition of this classic of childhood, with twelve illustrations in full color by Constance Whittemore.

CORNELLI

By JOHANNA SPYRI

8 illustrations in color by Dudley S. Cowes.....\$1.50

The lively, charming story of a poor little rich girl, whose busy father gave her into the care of a relation who didn't understand her.

THE LITTLEST ONE —HIS BOOK

By MARION ST. JOHN WEBB

170 illustrations by A. H. Watson.....\$2.00

A particularly charming book for the tots. It is a series of original verses about Buttercups, Fairies, and other topics equally as important and with every page delightfully illustrated.



Two Animal Books by Lilian Gask

**ALL ABOUT
ANIMALS**

By LILIAN GASK

200 illustrations.....\$3.00

This popular writer on animals here gives us another interesting survey of her furry friends—both in the haunts of man and in their native wilds.

BRAVE DOGS

By LILIAN GASK

6 line drawings, 4 colored illustrations.....\$1.50

A series of true stories about dogs which show their loyalty and intelligence as the companion and friend of man. Will appeal equally to older readers.

Goose Towne Tales

By ALICE LAWTON

72 illustrations by Wynna Wright.....\$2.00



Here we have a detailed account for the little folks of just how Mother Goose rhymes happened to be written. We meet all the famous actors—Tom the Piper's Son, Little Bo Peep, Old Mother Hubbard, the Woman who Lived in the Shoe, and everybody else worth knowing.

Send for Illustrated Fall List

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue New York.

THE MUSIC AND MESSAGE OF THE BELLS

(Continued from page 828)

tower above us; from heaven down to earth came majesty and beauty.

We could see by the little light in the tower where M. Denyn sat at the keyboard of his mighty and ancient instrument, but we somehow felt that the quivering harmonies which descended upon us came from higher up than any tower could reach.

Sometimes the sounds were so low that they were barely caught; they seemed to come from an infinite distance, so faint and delicate were they. But again the harmonies were massed into a fortissimo that fairly filled all space, and sent our thoughts back to the days when bells were believed to possess miraculous powers, and were baptized, or dedicated to a saint, with solemn ceremonies.

With a golden burst of tone the master-player closed his carillon concert with the Belgian national anthem, and we carried away a beautiful memory.

There is one thing about the appreciation of anything of value historically or artistically—we get from it what we bring to it. To really love worth while literature, art and music we must make the effort to understand them. The appreciation of bells and of carillon music will be ours to the degree of our knowledge of their life-story; so read all you can on bells. There are 134 carillons still being played in Holland and Belgium. Write a poem or a paper on them or about any of the three or four large carillons which have been installed in our own churches and towers since the close of the World War, or better still, write down what the bells of your home town say to you.

Poe and Tennyson as poets, Blumenfeld and Rachmaninoff as musicians, and our American painter, Blashfield, have, among many others, been inspired by the music and message of bells.

"Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!"

Edgar Allen Poe, our American poet, is here speaking of joyous bells; the carolling of Christmas bells—which this month is awakening the world to the beauty of peace and good will. To every boy and girl in Christendom they ring out this old carol, in which I sincerely join:

"What say the bells to thee,
Robin, my dear?
Say they not merrily,
Christmas is near?
Now they ring merrily,
Christmas is here!"

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 835)

ABOUT ANIMALS

- Cat Book - - - - - E. V. Lucas
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Cry-Baby Chicken - - - - - Madge A. Bigham
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- Doctor Dolittle's Garden - - - - - Hugh Lofting
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Friendly Animal Book - - - - - Walter L. Hervey and Melvin Hix
LONGMANS GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Gay-Neck, the Story of a Pigeon. - - - - - Dhan Gopal Mukerji
Illustrated by Boris Arizybashev
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Jataka Tales Out of Old India - - - - - Marguerite Aspinwall
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Log of A Cowboy - - - - - Andy Adams
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Prancing Pat - - - - - Helen Fuller Orton
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Rowdy - - - - - Robert Joseph Divan
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Sarah's Dakin - - - - - Mabel L. Robinson
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Smoky, The Cowhorse - - - - - Will James
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Wonderful Adventures of Ludo - - - - - Jack Roberts
DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK

DELIGHTFUL COMPANY

- Adventures of Andy - - - - - Margery Williams Bianco
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Araminta - - - - - Helen Forbes
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Captain Boldheart - - - - - Charles Dickens
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Children of the Moor - - - - - Laura Fitinghoff
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Children of The Mountain Eagle - - - - - Elizabeth C. Miller
DOUBLEDAY PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- In The Garden of The Little Lame Princess - - - - - Myrtle Jameson Trachsel
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY
- The Jinx Ship - - - - - Howard Pease
DOUBLEDAY PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Made-To-Order Stories - - - - - Dorothy Canfield Fisher
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Magic Pawnshop - - - - - Rachel Field
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Marty Lu's Treasure - - - - - Mary D. Donahy
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Michael of Ireland - - - - - Anne Casserly
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Monsieur & Madame - - - - - Edwin Dimock
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Peter Pocket - - - - - May Justus
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Splendid Spur - - - - - Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Tartar Princess - - - - - L. A. Charskaya
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Toy Shop - - - - - Maud Lindsay
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON
- Toy Town - - - - - Elta A. Blaisdell
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- Toys of Nuremberg - - - - - L. B. Sturges
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Trade Wind - - - - - Cornelia Meigs
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- A Truly Little Girl - - - - - Nora Archibald Smith
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON

ON WINGS OF THE WIND

- Canute Whistlewinks - - - - - Zacharias Topelius
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Eliza and The Elves - - - - - Rachel Field
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Gessar Khan - - - - - edited by Ida Zeitlin
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Golden Bird - - - - - edited by Katharine Gibson
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Magpie Lane - - - - - Nancy Byrd Turner
HARCOURT BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Now We Are Six - - - - - A. A. Milne
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Pillow-Time Tales - - - - - Patten Beard
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- The Winged Horse - - - - - Joseph Auslander and Frank E. Hill
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Putnams Boys' Books by Boys

Four young American boys have been lucky enough to undergo unusual experiences in various parts of the world—and have written their own true stories of their adventures. Their books make a series of an entirely new kind, of tremendous interest to all youngsters.

David Goes to Baffin Land

By
DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM



Whales, harpooning, hunting and adventurous exploration along unknown Arctic shores crowd the days of David's voyage to Western Baffin Land. Illustrated. \$1.75

Bob North Starts Exploring

By ROBERT CARVER NORTH

Often writing beside camp-fires, or in some cabin or tepee, Bob tells about Indians, portaging, ice-breaking in the wilderness of northern Ontario. Illustrated. \$1.75

Among the Alps with Bradford

By BRADFORD WASHBURN

An American boy's story of his summertime mountain-climbing experiences among famous Alpine peaks. Illustrated. \$1.75

Other Titles in This Series:

David Goes to Greenland
David Goes Voyaging

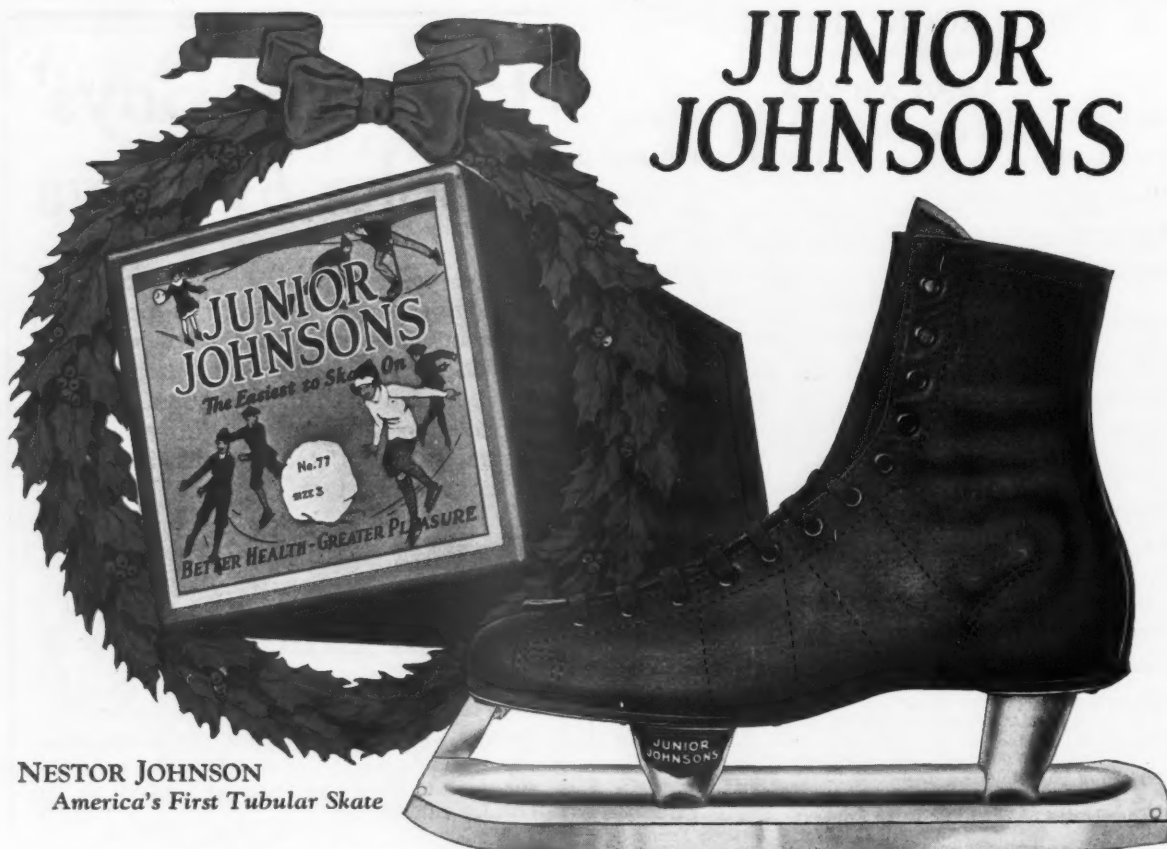
By DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

Deric in Mesa Verde
Deric with the Indians

By DERIC NUSBAUM

Illustrated, each \$1.75

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
2 West 45th Street NEW YORK



NESTOR JOHNSON
America's First Tubular Skate

JUNIOR JOHNSONS specially designed for boys and girls from six to twelve

What gift could bring more joy to a boy or girl—what Christmas present could mean more in actual health—than a pair of genuine JUNIOR JOHNSONS!

Not adults' skates reduced to smaller sizes—but *specially* built skates designed for the needs of youngsters from six to twelve years of age.

The snug, warm JUNIOR JOHNSON shoe properly fits the youthful foot—correctly supports the ankle—gives extra comfort—makes skating easier.

The skate itself, like regular JOHNSONS, is perfectly balanced—all-steel, full-tubular in construction. Durable and strong, yet full of life.

Skating is marvelous exercise—fills lungs with fresh pure air—circulates the blood—awakens lagging appetites. For better health and greater pleasure give a pair of

GENUINE JOHNSONS this Christmas!

NESTOR JOHNSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1900 North Springfield Avenue Chicago

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

To be sure of getting the original and genuine JOHNSON Skates, look for the full name NESTOR JOHNSON

Sizes (average)

Age 6 to 7 years—Size 11
Age 7 to 8 years—Sizes 12 and 13
Age 8 to 9½ years—Sizes 1 and 2
Age 9½ to 11 years—Sizes 2 and 3
Age 11 to 12 years—Size 4

Price \$7.00 per pair

For older children and adults

NESTOR JOHNSON NORTH STAR

All Steel Full Tubular Skates

Aluminum Finish with Shoes,

\$11.00 per pair

Nickel Plate with Shoes, \$12.50 per pair

NESTOR JOHNSON FLYERS

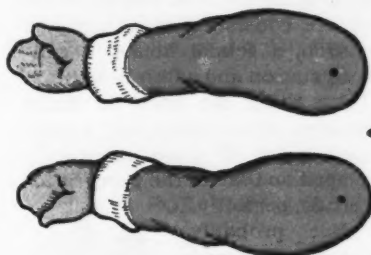
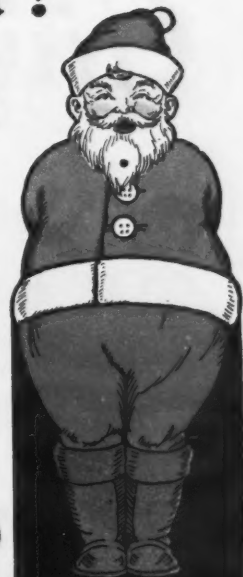
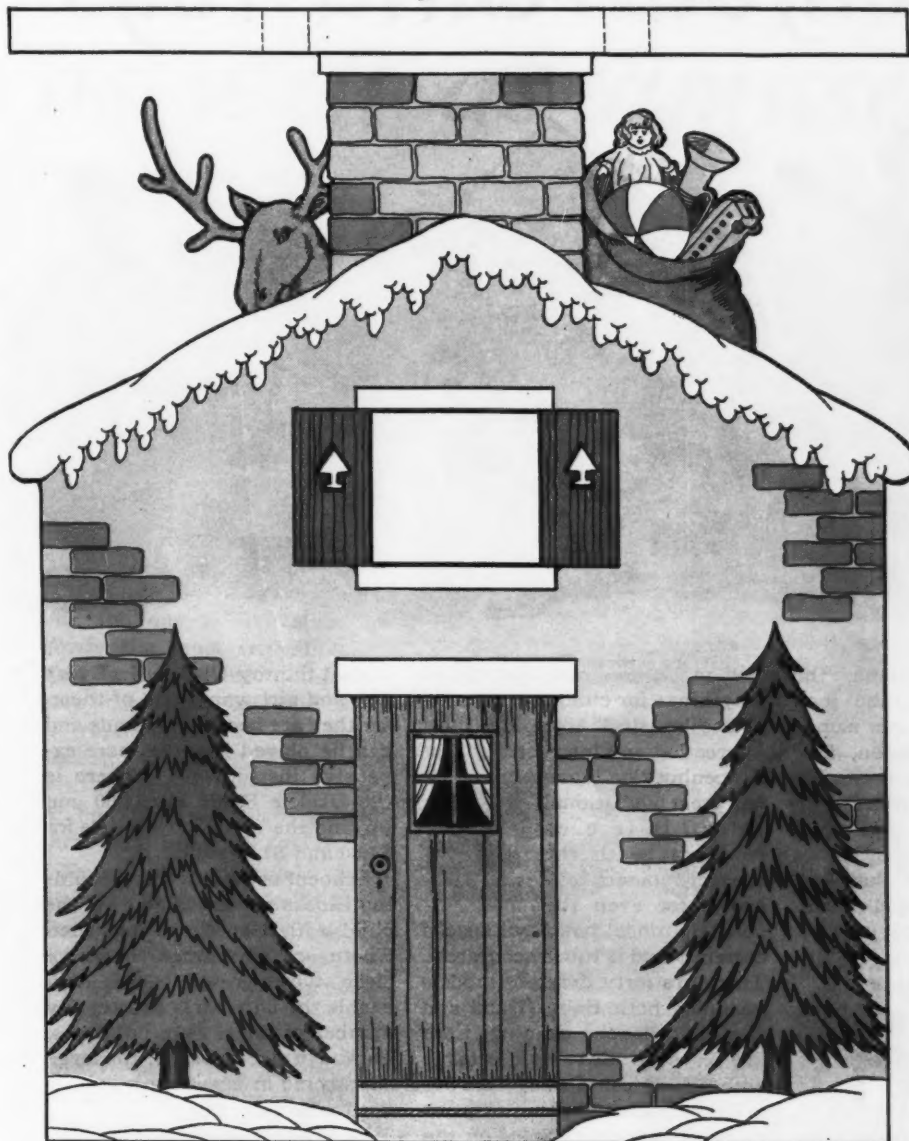
All Steel Full Tubular Skates

Aluminum Finish with Shoes,

\$8.00 per pair

SANTA'S STUNT!

By John Dukes McKee.



FRONT
BACK



A

DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on cardboard. Make all the pieces. Bend the long strip (A) and paste to the back of the house, as shown in small sketch. Bend and paste together at the back, the two strips on either side of the chimney. Now run a pin through the black spot on Santa's whiskers and then through the black spot on each arm. Clip the

pin short and fasten it with a bit of rubber eraser or cork. See that the arms move freely.

To operate, hold the house in one hand and push up and down on the strip at the back with the other. Santa will go up and down in the chimney and the little boy will peek from the window.

Give your child toys



THE great musicians, the great architects, the men and women whose names illumine every profession, first showed their genius in their play when they were children.

The gift of a little piano or an interesting set of building blocks may awaken a talent that will shape the career of a girl or boy ever afterwards. And it may be, contrary to the usual procedure, that the small piano will be the correct gift for the boy while the building blocks will delight the girl—for the greatest pianists have been men, and the great architects of the future may be women!

But the toy that inspires the child to creative thinking can only be made by someone who understands the working of a child's mind, as well as the grasp of his eager little hands. Such a person is the inventor of the Schoenhut toys, descended from five generations of toy makers, all of whom have devoted their entire lives to discovering what

will make the most instructive playthings for children.

The musical toys are most interesting and instructive. The Schoenhut Toy Piano has great educational value. It teaches familiarity with the standard piano keyboard, for even the smallest model has keys spaced correctly and is tuned accurately. There are forty different models including both Baby Grand and Upright Pianos, ranging from five keys to three full octaves with half notes. Priced from 50c to \$35.00 each. Be sure that the name *Schoenhut* appears on the front of the piano you buy; any other name appearing designates that it is not a Schoenhut.

Schoenhut's also make a full line of Toy Jazz-Orchestra Bells—metallaphones and xylophones. They have an extra fine tone and delight the ear of the boy or girl musically inclined. Two beaters and an instruction book come with each instrument.

And the toy Ukeleles! Every boy and girl wants one of these, for they are beautifully made and can be played like the more expensive instruments. There is the Ukelele Banjo for \$1.00 and up, and the Hawaiian Ukelele for \$1.00 and \$1.50 each.

Schoenhut's Little Tots' Building Blocks are a real find for the child with a desire to construct. There are 87 shaped blocks of clean white wood which will enable the child to construct any number of interesting buildings. Packed in strong boxes; the large sizes come in boxes with rubber tired wheels.

With Schoenhut's Build-a-Village toys, a child can build a whole village consisting of a house, a church, a school house, a railroad station and a freight station. Then there are toys to build wooden automobiles and trains, each piece of wood accurately shaped so that all the parts fit together perfectly.

But probably the most beloved of all Schoenhut toys is the Humpty Dumpty Circus.

LOOK FOR THE NAME "SCHOENHUT" APPEARING ON EVERY TOY OR LABEL.

that teach and inspire as well as amuse

This consists of all the familiar figures of the sawdust ring, from the clown to the elephant, so marvellously jointed that they can be made to do all sorts of tricks. As a never failing source



of delight, there is probably nothing else like it. Sets cost from \$1.00 to \$35.00 depending on the number of figures.

Every little girl loves her dolly's house. Schoenhut's Doll Houses are decorated inside and out in a fashion to satisfy the most critical dolly. They are made of wood and fibre board with roofs embossed to represent tile. All gayly painted of course. They come with one or two stories, and may be had with complete garden, shrubbery, trees and garage.

Even for the smallest baby there are Schoenhut Rolly Dolly Toys, and for the tot a little bit bigger Roller Chime Toys that chime while they are being pulled along.

Schoenhut toys are sold everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you write us for illustrated price list, and order direct from the factory.

THE A. SCHOENHUT COMPANY
2306 East Hagert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Schoenhut's Toy Jazz-Orchestra Bells—even the tiniest tot can learn to play this amusing and instructive musical toy.



Schoenhut's Toy Ukeleles are just the thing to start the child's understanding of music.



Schoenhut Toy Pianos have been the standard for 55 years—accept no substitute.



Schoenhut's Auto Build 5 in 1. Five different models can be made with this toy.



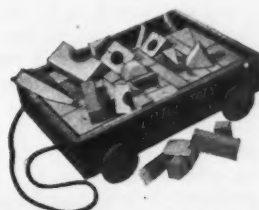
Schoenhut's Doll Houses and Bungalows are made in a wide range of styles and prices.



Schoenhut's Train-to-Build. An interesting toy with which to build a complete train.



Schoenhut's "Build-A-Village". Five buildings can be built with the toy. Made of clean wood, accurately made to fit together.



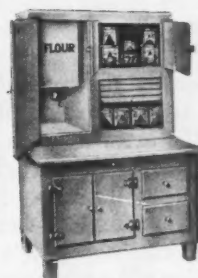
Schoenhut's Little-Tots, Building Blocks are carefully designed to construct most any type of building. Six sizes and prices from \$1.00 to \$10.00 each.



Schoenhut's Anchor Quoit. A ring toss game for old and young—amusement for the whole family.



Schoenhut's Alphie Blocks are ideal for spelling or building. They have animals on one side, cunning children on the other.

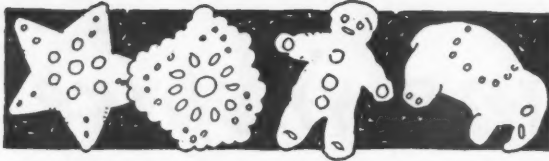


Schoenhut's Kitchen Cabinets—strong and substantial like Mother's. Every girl wants one.

LOOK FOR THE NAME "SCHOENHUT" APPEARING ON EVERY TOY OR LABEL.

Schoenhut Toys

MADE IN U. S. A. SINCE 1872—AMERICAN INGENUITY AND INVENTION



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 805)

a mixing bowl and spoon, a rolling pin and several aluminium cooky cutters; a spatula and a pancake turner and a flour sifter. Grease the pans with cooking fat or vegetable oil, using clean white tissue as we always do.

OLD-FASHIONED COOKIES

Put into a mixing bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful butter
1 cupful sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful ground nutmeg
1 egg (both white and yolk)

Beat till smooth and creamy,
Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk and stir till well blended.

Sift $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful flour and put it in two neat piles at one side of the bread board or enameled table on which you will roll out the cookies. Then sift together $2\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of flour and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Add this to the mixture and stir till it becomes a smooth, stiff dough.

Divide this mass into three about equal portions, for convenience in handling.

Take one of the little piles of sifted flour and sprinkle over the center of the board, making sure that it is well distributed. From the other pile, take flour for flouring the rolling pin and your own fingers, which of course are spotlessly clean.

Put one of the three portions of dough in the center of the floured part of the board. With floury fingers pat it to make sure there are no sticky edges.

Now gently roll the dough till it is quite thin. (Make sure there are never any sticky parts of the dough on the rolling pin. If any come, quickly cover them with a bit of the extra flour.) Roll the dough till it is a little thinner than you want your finished cooky to be.

Dip a cutter in the extra flour and cut one cooky. Dip again and cut a second, and so on till you have cut several. Then with the pancake turner lift them gently to the cooky pan for baking. When you have cut all you can, gather the scraps together, roll out and cut—until there are no more scraps left.

Set the first panful of cookies aside and cut out the second portion of your dough, putting a little of the extra flour on the board first to make sure the dough will not stick. As you see, this is very particular business. But every cook who will follow directions exactly can make beautiful-shaped, delicious cookies; so it's worth paying close attention and trying one's best.

When two, or better, three panfuls are ready to begin baking, use a moderate oven—375°. Watch the cookies carefully and take them out when delicately browned.

While the baking begins, roll and cut the third portion of dough. The first time you make these cookies, you had better not begin baking till all cookies are ready for the oven—that is, if you have enough cooky pans. Cutting and baking at the same time is like watching a three-ring circus. But as you acquire skill, you can begin the baking when two-thirds are ready and this will make the

job speedier. Then while the last third bakes, you can wash and put away all utensils and tidy the kitchen. But, at first, it pays to be slow and sure, we think.

Take the cookies from the pans with a spatula and put them on a wire rack or clean tea towel to cool. Then pack them in a cooky jar.

If you want to dress up your cookies, and you will when you use them for Christmas gifts, sprinkle red or white sugar over the tops, or press a half of a nut meat into each center or a tiny bit of red jelly or a couple of raisins. And cut many different shapes—hearts and stars and animals. Some of these can have a red or a silver cord looped around, so that they can be tied to a Christmas tree on the table.

This recipe will make about six dozen small cookies or half that many larger ones. After you become skilful, you can double the amounts for a larger quantity.

All success in your baking! We know you will like the cookies!

MENU FOR CHRISTMAS EVENING TEA

Creamed Shrimps in Ramekins or on Toast
Fruit Gelatine Salad, with Salt Wafers

Cookies Tea Hot Malted Milk

OR

Sandwiches, Cookies, Tea and Candies by the living room fire



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF CHILD LIFE Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1927.

STATE OF ILLINOIS }
COUNTY OF COOK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CHILD LIFE Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Rose Waldo, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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FRED L. McNALLY
Signature of business manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1927.

SEAL M. J. STANTON, Notary Public
My commission expires December 8, 1930.



DOUBLE TINKERTOY



There is no better Christmas present for boy or girl than TINKERTOY or new DOUBLE TINKERTOY. The Ten Thousand Wonder Builder, the most interesting and instructive plaything ever made. DOUBLE TINKERTOY contains twice as many wood parts as TINKERTOY with ten additional pieces for making new motion figures and models on wheels. These and 25 other toys, made and guaranteed by The Toy Tinkers, Inc., of Evanston, Illinois, are obtainable from dealers everywhere. TINKERTOY sells for 75c in the U. S. A.; DOUBLE TINKERTOY \$1.50. Look for the Little Red Men trade mark on all genuine Tinker Boxes.





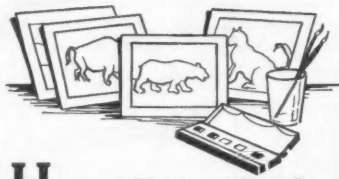
Making Animal Posters is Fun!

Any child who enjoys paper cutting, and what child does not, will spend happy hours with THE SCISSOR-ZOO BOOK, and the envelope which comes with it containing everything needed to make seven complete animal posters, 9x12. Each poster is made up of three or more harmonious colors. The sheets are perforated so that the posters may be bound in the book with the handsome colored cover.

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Enables children to gratify their natural desire to color pictures with paints or crayons. The packet contains 32 designs, each on a separate sheet. Each sheet contains definite instructions for coloring.

Sample Home Paint Packet—25c



Home Paint Packet

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

We want every CHILD LIFE home to know the joys that THE SCISSOR ZOO BOOKS and HOME PAINT PACKETS offer—For \$1.00 we will send 2 of each. Just clip a dollar to this advertisement, and sign your name and address below and return to us today—

THE SCHOOL STATIONERS CORPORATION NEENAH, WISCONSIN

THE SCHOOL STATIONERS CORP. Neenah, Wisconsin

Enclosed please find \$1.00. Send 2 SCISSOR ZOO BOOKS and 2 HOME PAINT PACKETS.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Good Citizens' League

(Continued from page 809)

an electric candle. As they circled the tree, it began to glimmer with soft lights, until it became a gleaming spot of beauty in the park. As each child held high his candle in his right hand and clasped his neighbor's right wrist with his left, they formed an unbroken circle and sang, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," gazing the while at the unlighted star. Then the Star of Bethlehem began to glow—the children of the world had made it shine again!—while the music went softly on. The members knew it was really David's father who had turned on the lights, but at that moment it seemed to them that their own thoughts of kindness and good will had made the tree grow bright.

And then they sang "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," and in their hearts there was the conviction that the day would come—and that they, perhaps, could help to hasten it—when the world would really know the peace that Jesus gave.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, Manager, Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

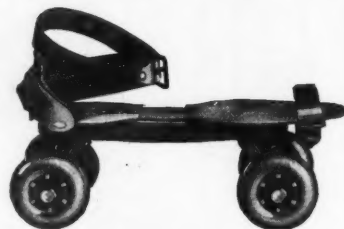
A Good Citizen

1. I learned a Christmas carol.
2. I memorized a Christmas poem.
3. I earned money to buy a present for Mother or Father.
4. I made a Christmas present by myself.
5. I mended some of my old toys to give away.
6. I made a present for a needy child.
7. I learned how the Spanish children celebrate Christmas.
8. I learned how the Serbian children celebrate Christmas.
9. I learned how the Belgian children celebrate Christmas.
10. I learned how the children of some other nation celebrate Christmas.
11. I helped with a Christmas entertainment.
12. I helped decorate my church or my schoolroom for Christmas.
13. I helped decorate my home for Christmas.
14. I helped Mother carry her packages when she went shopping.
15. I learned the proper way a package should be wrapped and tied.
16. I sent my Christmas cards and packages early.
17. I helped prepare a basket for a needy family.
18. I did some extra work for Mother.
19. I did some extra work for Father.
20. I did a special kindness for a neighbor.
21. I was careful to give no Christmas secrets away.
22. I did not tease to know about my Christmas gifts.
23. I went to bed when told on Christmas Eve.
24. I had only kind and unselfish thoughts when Christmas came.
25. I thanked everyone promptly for my Christmas gifts.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, if you wish. Write your name, age, and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your December list of good deeds in time to reach us by January 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. (The Honor Roll for September will appear in the January issue of Child Life.)

New

The Kokomo all-steel BALLOON SKATE



ENTIRELY new, distinctly different, decidedly better! Here is a radical change in design and construction that makes the new Kokomo All-Steel Balloon Skate stronger, faster, better looking and more comfortable.

The new all-steel balloon wheel (with 16 ball bearings) means to skating comfort what the balloon tire means to the automobile. It is the strongest skate wheel made, PROTECTED (rust proofed) SPRINGS replace the old hardening-with-age rubber cushions and assure greater resiliency throughout the life of the skate. This spring action provides a "rocking chair" movement and short turning radius. With but slight pressure of the feet these skates respond wonderfully and adjust themselves instantly for turns and the forward-outward skating movement. Thus, less skating effort with less fatigue.

With the greatly increased metal thicknesses and the massive truss construction in the upper chassis, the new Kokomo All-Steel Balloon Roller Skate is easily the present day leader. This universal model for boys and girls is adjustable in length from 8½ to 11 inches.

Indeed an unusual Christmas gift for boy or girl—it is MORE than just another roller skate.

Kokomo Stamped Metal Co. KOKOMO INDIANA



If your dealer can't supply you, remit direct and we will ship postpaid at the prices below:

KOKOMO All-Steel Balloons - \$2.15
KOKOMO Rubber Tired Balloons 3.20
KOKOMO Junior Model (For kiddies 3 to 6 years) - 1.75



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All A-1 animals, registered Pedigree guaranteed. Write at once for particulars.

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The ideal dog for children. Young Stock now ready.

Prices reasonable

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BY THE GREAT CHAMPION

TRUE SPORT

Strong, Healthy, Playful
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ALSO POLICE PUPPIES
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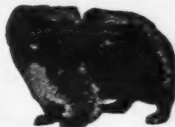


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PEKINGESE

This Is Me

I may be little and soft and plump,
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big
enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.



Write at once for descriptions and
pictures from the largest and best
appointed kennels in the world.

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START THE YEAR RIGHT AND ORDER



WATSON'S DOG BRUSHES

It keeps dog Sanitary—Good Natured—Hair Smooth and Clean.

COMBINATION BOXES CONTAIN TWO BRUSHES ONE DOLLAR. West of Mississippi River \$1.13.
Beagle, Boston Terrier, Bull Dog, Fox Terrier Smooth, Dalmatian, Fox Hound,
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Airedale, Cairn Terrier, Chow, Collie, Eskimo, Setter, Shepherd, German Police, Newfoundland,
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COMBINATION BOXES CONTAIN THREE BRUSHES TWO DOLLARS. West of Mississippi River \$2.23.
Pekingese, Pomeranians, Wasco Special.

WASCO LARGE COMBINATION CONTAINS SIX BRUSHES THREE DOLLARS.
West of Mississippi River \$3.23.

GREAT DANE BRUSH B-25-C SIXTY CENTS. West of Mississippi River SEVENTY THREE CENTS.

ONE BRUSH B-22-C SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. West of Mississippi River EIGHTY EIGHT CENTS.

Fox Terrier Wire, Irish Terrier, Scottish Terrier, Pinscher Wire, Welsh Terrier.

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Chesapeake Bay, Samoyedes, Spaniels.

Mention Child Life when ordering—if brushes are not satisfactory, money refunded and return postage sent.

L. S. WATSON MFG. CO. Leicester, Mass.

"PEKINGESE"

Puppies bred from the
finest imported parents all
champion bred.

Prices reasonable

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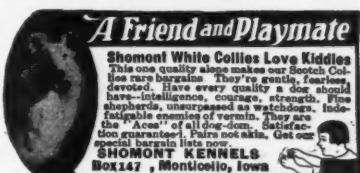
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Most playful, intelligent and loveliest dog. Send
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wonderful pet for the kiddies. Write
or write for Christmas delivery. Prices
so reasonable.

MEN-DEL KENNELS Registered A.K.C.
John Mengerink, 61 Brighton St., Rochester, N.Y.

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Pups for Sale, \$20 and up

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COLLIES

Safest dog for children.
Any age, any color, imported
stock. Send for description
and free lists.

JEFFERSON WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
WAUSEON, OHIO

"A Jefferson White is a little bit of a lion"

HANNAFORD POLICE DOG KENNELS

Sixty Police puppies; papers to register. Im-
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Grown white male \$150.00. References fur-
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A real guardian and companion.
No other dog equal to him for
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Brood matrons for sale.
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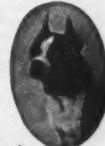
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“..and
when
Santa comes—”

FANCIFUL questionings, pretty fairy tales; happy anticipations, desires fulfilled! Toys, of course—all those delightful little creations from the Land of Make-Believe that make young hearts joyous. But there will be needed things, too—Simplex Flexies, for example—for someone else's children if not for your own.

Flexies promote happiness not only now, but in the years to come—for these dainty health shoes safeguard the wearers' heritage of perfect feet. Flexies are designed and built on Nature's plan. They let tender, growing feet exercise freely and develop naturally, without harmful restrictions. And yet—they are as dainty as shoes can be!

Add Simplex Flexies to your Christmas shopping list. Ask your shoe dealer for the Simplex Flexies Style Book—it will aid you in your selections.

**SIMPLEX SHOE
MFG. COMPANY**
Dept. E-712 Milwaukee, Wis.

Creators of daintier
footwear for young
feet from 1 to 31.



Flexies
are made
in both low
and high styles, in a
great variety of attrac-
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Simplex
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KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail
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CHILD LIFE'S WILD ANIMAL CONTEST COMING!

Have you ever had a pet bear, who went sugar-hunting in the dining room, or a baby fox who taught the puppy to eat at second table? Or have you ever happened to meet a mountain lion on a lonely trail?

David Newell has, and this noted adventurer and lover of wild life has followed many wilderness trails, and has had many extraordinary experiences. As his friend, Kermit Roosevelt, says, "Many were the long and thrilling chases in which he took part. We who know and love the outdoors are greatly indebted to him for sharing his experiences with us."

And now you readers of CHILD LIFE will share them, too, for Mr. Newell's spirited wild animal stories—the really true kind, full of startling facts—are to begin in your January magazine.

And the very trails that he has followed, with the footprints like the ones he has seen, you, too, may discover in the surprise contest he is planning for the boys and girls who read CHILD LIFE.

Best of all, he will send the prize winners real baby alligators! And, of course, he'll tell you how to feed and care for these interesting and unusual pets.

Watch for the CHILD LIFE WILD ANIMAL CONTEST that begins next month!

What fun you will have!



**Fast, Silent and
Long Lasting!—the
Finest Gift of All!**

They're Different **"CHICAGO"**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Rubber Tire Roller Skates

"CHICAGOS" have long been the favorite roller skates with both children and parents. That is why they make ideal Christmas gifts.

Children like "Chicagos" because they go faster—the boy or girl on "Chicagos" always lead. The ball-bearing wheels spin ten times longer, insuring easier skating; the silent rubber tires absorb shocks, prevent slipping and enable stopping with four-wheel brakes. "CHICAGOS" are the highest grade roller skates made and therefore something to be proud of.

Parents like "Chicagos" because the rubber tires make them noiseless as well as safe, and outwear steel wheels two to one. The fine construction throughout makes "CHICAGOS" last several years longer with just a little care and oiling.

**This FREE Book
Should be in Every
Christmas Stocking**



A pair of "CHICAGOS" hung on the tree and this instruction book peeping out of the stocking by the fireplace will make any boy or girl happy on Christmas morning. Tells all about correct roller skating—starting, stopping, how to speed, play games, etc.

Mother and Daddy!



Of course, Santa Claus knows how to select genuine "Chicagos". If he should commission you to get them for him be sure to look for Guarantee Tag and name "Chicago" on the wheels. Sold by all good dealers or sent direct on receipt of \$4.00 and your dealer's name.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.

Established over 20 years

4455 W. Lake Street

Chicago Ill.

Every Day is Christmas with CHILD LIFE



Merry Christmas
Child Life is coming to you
every month for a whole year.

THINK of giving the children a continuous Christmas—a surprise for every month in the year! That is just what you do when you send them CHILD LIFE.

You give them, 24 cut-outs, 12 puzzle pages, 12 Boy's Workshops, 12 Child Life Kitchens, 24 games—30 Adventure stories, 10 Historical stories, 50 Nursery Nuggets, 20 Nature stories and puzzles, 10 Geography stories, 30 Happiness Hall stories.

.... twelve whole new books of fun and adventure.

Your gift of CHILD LIFE—as parents and teachers have testified—contributes to their education and to their development as well. Its wholesome fiction establishes a love for reading, a taste for good literature, for history, geography, biography, music and art.

Its lessons in cooking and sewing, in carpentry teach resourcefulness in the older child as the cut-outs, indoor games and puzzles do for the younger one.

Every month for children from three to twelve.

*This is the inside of the Christmas
Gift card sent whenever requested.*

One year \$3.00 Two years \$5.00

**Two one-year Gifts \$5.00
Additional gifts - \$2.50**

CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago
Enclosed please find \$.....for.....gift
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SAFE NOISE
NO MATCHES
NO POWDER

Not only around Christmas but throughout the year as well, it will be the favorite toy, for its noise in military games, saluting and celebrating is just what he wants—in doors or out.

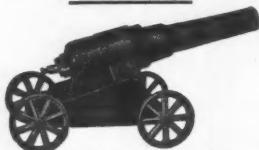
Be sure a BIG-BANG is on your list for your boys or some other boys, this Christmas.



SAFETY PISTOL

A Real Pistol in looks but safe—made of black gun-metal—comes in leather holster.

No. 6P—Price \$2.00—8 inches



HEAVY ARTILLERY

This New Model has four red wheels and is mounted on a strong steel carriage.

No. 10W—Price \$3.00—14 inches.



FIELD ARTILLERY

No. 16F—Price \$5.50—length 23 inches
No. 12F—Price \$3.75—length 17 inches
No. 8F—Price \$2.25—length 11 inches

ALSO

ARMY TANK

Fired like any BIG-BANG with the added feature that Tank can also be fired by stepping on the ignitor.

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NAVY GUN-BOAT

Mounted on 4 wheels—cord attached. Ammunition case in rear turret.

No. 9B—Price, \$2.00—9 inches.

EXTRA SUPPLIES

Bangsite (ammunition) per tube \$.15
Spark Plug (ignitor) per card... .10

PARENTS!! Protect your child. Relieve yourselves from heaps of worry by getting him a powderless BIG-BANG—real in appearance and operation with all danger out.

SAFE NOISE FOR SALE

If your dealer cannot supply you, send money order or check or pay the Postman for a "BIG-BANG" with a Supply of Bangsite (ammunition) which will be sent to you prepaid in U. S. A. together with complete directions.

GUARANTEE—If the BIG-BANG is not entirely satisfactory, return it at once and your money will be refunded promptly.

The Conestoga Corporation
Bethlehem, Pa.

(FORMERLY TOY CANNON WORKS)

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

The Conestoga Corporation, Bethlehem, Pa.
Please mail me catalog and Price List of your BIG-BANG and other Toys.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Enclosed Find \$..... For Model.....

If not satisfactory, money to be refunded as per above guarantee.

VISITING NORWAY

(Continued from page 797)

and right in the middle of things, Bill, to help the magician, called out, "There it is, Mister, on the rubber strap under your coat."

Ruth clapped her hand over Bill's mouth to stop him, but the magician looked as if he could eat him alive. In fact he had to stop that trick then and there and talk as fast as a mad parrot to make the audience forget it and begin to think about a new one.

For the next trick he needed a helper. "I'd like a polite, courteous child to help me," he said, glaring at Bill.

Then he smiled and pointed at Ruth, and she stood up before everybody and helped him with all the rest of his tricks. Bill would have left the room if there hadn't been so many people around the stove that he couldn't get out. He had to sit there and brave the angry looks of Zippo until the show was over.

The next morning Grandfather took them to see Mr. Nordahl. His pretty red house faced the fiord. It had wood carving all about the window frames, and curtains embroidered in bright-colored yarn flowers. He was very glad to see his visitors, and after asking about his father, he sat in the window seat with Ruth and Bill and told them stories about the vikings.

He had been amusing himself in the long winter evenings, making a model of a viking ship, carved of wood. It had a figurehead in front, as the real ships had, and racks along the side where the shields were carried when they were not in use, and four pairs of oars, and at the back an oddly-shaped paddle, which the sailors moved back and forth to guide the ship. When he had finished with the stories, he gave the toy to Ruth and Bill, because they had brought him news of his father.

"I believe you're more a magician than Zippo, the Great," Ruth said, as she held the boat in her hands. Her remark pleased Mr. Nordahl, but it brought unhappy memories to Bill.

The next day they took the



E-Z

WAIST UNION SUITS

In Knee Length Styles



TO meet the requirements of the modern child E-Z Waist Union Suits are offered in knee length as well as ankle length styles.

Every garment, of any style, has all the well-known E-Z features which for years have been an assurance to mothers of comfort, health, warmth, economy.



Sold by the better stores everywhere.
Price \$1.00 a suit.



"For any Child of any age"

THE E-Z WAIST CO.
19 Thomas Street, New York



Flexibly fitting shoes appreciated by children

CHILDREN like Cantilever Shoes. They can play more vigorously and run faster in these flexible shoes because their feet are free and natural in them.

Take your children to the nearest Cantilever Agency. Watch them walk across the floor in a pair of Cantilever Shoes. You can actually see these shoes function with the foot each time a step is taken. For Cantilever Shoes are flexible from toe to heel and are made over lasts that are true models of a child's foot. Every part of the foot is free. Every toe lies straight—no weak feet nor bent bones in natural shoes like these.

Cantilever Shoes for boys and girls are made in attractive new styles that both parents and children will like. They are durable, well made shoes and are moderately priced. Wherever Cantilever Shoes are sold you will find intelligent conscientious salespeople who think more about fitting than selling. If you do not know where to buy Cantilever Shoes, look in the phone book or write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and they will be glad to send you the address of a conveniently located Cantilever Agency.

Cantilever Shoe



For Health and Economy
Men, Women, Children

steamer back across the fiord, and boarded the train for Finse. It is the highest point on the railroad that crosses Norway. As the train mounted higher, it had to run through mountains of snow, which were kept clear by wooden snow sheds.

Finse faces a glacier. It has a station and a hotel, and everything else is ice and snow. There are no trees, and no birds, and no animals, except a nice shaggy dog belonging to the guide who takes people up to see the glacier. It is a stiff climb, and there are no paths to follow over the trackless snow. The way is marked by small piles of rocks called cairns. Grandfather and the children weren't able to go all the way, but the guide took them across the frozen lake, and up to a point where they could see the glacier.

When they returned to the hotel that evening, the first person Bill saw was Zippo, the Great. He wondered if the magician was still angry with him, and he decided the only way to find out was to face Zippo squarely. So instead of ducking down the hall, Bill went up to him, and said, "Good evening."

Zippo, who hadn't seen him until now, wheeled around fiercely, and pulling him to one side, said, "Look here, you imp, don't you dare give away any of my tricks to-night!"

"I didn't mean to spoil the fun," Bill explained. "You looked so solemn I thought you really had lost the handkerchief."

In a way this pleased the magician, because he saw that he had fooled someone who already knew the trick, and so his voice was softer when he answered, "Very well. But you keep still to-night."

Bill grew bolder, now that there seemed to be some chance of their being friends. "If you need a helper to-night, I could do it. I know some of the tricks."

Zippo made no promises, but later he selected Bill. The boy was in his glory, and he stuck in an antic or two of his own, although he was careful not to give away any of the tricks.

The next day they went on to Oslo, where the Norwegian king lives in a palace at the end of the

Look at the Stairway in this Doll House!



You can buy attractive furniture for this house in any toy store or department store

Think of having this beautiful doll house, colored with seven oil colors inside and out, and with six rooms and a stairway. Real steps your dolly can walk upstairs on. Two bed rooms, bath room, kitchen, dining room, living room, and clothes closet. Painted rugs on the floors and pictures on the walls.

And that isn't all. The back of this house can be opened just like the front, and, if you wish, every room can be electric lighted by using one strand of ordinary Christmas tree lights.

The house is made of strong fiber board and comes folded. It is 16 inches high, 18 inches long and 12 inches wide. The rooms are 5½ inches high.

And now best of all. This house sold for three dollars last year, but the price this year has been lowered to \$2.50. You can use the fifty cents saved for several nice pieces of furniture for the house.

If your toy dealer won't get the Wayne Doll House for you, remember there isn't anything "just as good" and send us the coupon. We will then mail your house at once.

We also make a smaller house, 10½" high, 12" long, 8¼" wide, with four rooms and stairway. Six color printing. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

Wayne Paper Goods Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send me postpaid

☐ 6 room Doll House @..... \$2.50
☐ 4 room Doll House @..... 1.00

I am enclosing \$..... in payment.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

WAYNE PAPER GOODS CO., Mfrs.
Fort Wayne, Indiana



In Pinafores and Pantaloons

there were snug little pockets that seemed just made for boxes of delicious Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. Since 1847 careful mothers have given their children this absolutely pure, safe protection against coughs and colds. And children always love Smith Brothers' delightful "candy".

Two kinds: S-B and Menthol.

**SMITH
BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS**



5¢

Children Love Their Delicious Flavor—

Give
them
this
treat



FREE!

The crisp goodness of healthful Wheatworth Whole Wheat Crackers—widely recommended by child specialists—will delight your three, five and ten-year-olds. Spread with jam, cheese, jelly, peanut butter—eaten with milk—or straight from the box.

And your child can have them free. Just mail the coupon below today for a package of eleven of these delicious crackers.

SAMPLE OFFER

F. H. BENNETT BISCUIT CO.,
141 Avenue D, Dept. L, New York City

Send me a full-size individual package of Wheatworth Whole Wheat Crackers. I enclose 3 cents in stamps to pay for postage.

Name

Address

City

State

main street. At his friendly gates a band plays every afternoon in summer, and the Norwegian people stroll along the walks that run almost to the palace door.

"Aren't you glad we didn't miss Norway?" Grandfather asked as they listened to the band.

Ruth and Bill agreed with him heartily.

"We're glad we didn't miss this trip abroad, I tell you," added Bill.

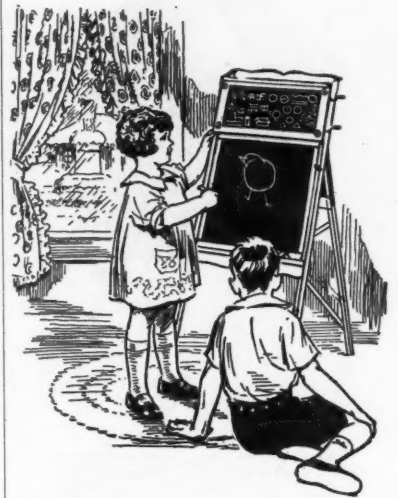


THE FLASH LIGHT MAN

By ARTHUR H. STEVENS

A NEW use for an ordinary flash light is to make cut-out paper men dance upon the wall in a dark room. Mother or sister can easily cut out a dancing man. Next, get Daddy's flash light and turn out the lights in the room.

Now hold the dancing man by his hat in one hand and the flash light, turned on the wall, in the other. Inside the circle of light on the wall the dancing man will appear, enlarged or not, according to how near you stand to the wall. Now, by keeping the hand holding the dancing man perfectly still, and moving the flash light up and down, the man will dance in a lively manner on the wall.



Fun and Play for Winter Days

Every child likes to draw. A blackboard is something that appeals to children and furnishes an endless source of instructive amusement during the long winter days.

A "Litho Plate" Blackboard, with its many instructive and entertaining educational charts, and smooth, unbreakable slated blackboard provides entertainment and practical instruction, of which children never tire.

Gratify your children's natural desire to express themselves with a

"Litho Plate"
BETTER THAN SLATE

**Educational
BLACKBOARD**

Sold by leading department, furniture and toy stores.

If your local merchant cannot supply you, we will be glad to send you a "Litho Plate" Blackboard as illustrated with thirty-three educational charts and unbreakable slated blackboard @ \$4.95 or one having fifty-five educational charts with eight charts in color @ \$6.75. F. O. B. Muncie.



**RICHMOND
SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.**
Muncie, Indiana

CHRISTMAS IN THE STREET OF MEMORIES

(Continued from page 767)

a glimpse of Beany's face. He had a scratch across his chin where the grocer's cat had scratched him, when he tried to pet her, and he had such a sad look that I was sorry for him. It must be hard to be the youngest. Besides Mrs. Lavendar was his friend first. So I said, "Here, Beany, you can take her," and I put the Princess carefully into his hands.

We got to the top of the stairs and Jack looked around and saw how it was, and he said, "Oh, well," and he put the Prince into my hands. So after all it was Jack who lifted the brass knocker and said, "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Lavendar; we've brought you a present," when she opened the door.

When she first saw the Prince and Princess, she said, "Oh, you dear children!" very softly.

Then she said, "Their home is on the desk, dears, one on each side of the picture." That was a photograph of her son in a silver frame. I walked across the room and put the Prince on the desk very carefully, and Beany came after me.

But when Beany stepped on the corner of the rug, it slipped under his foot and down he came—crash!—on the floor. Beany would!

Mrs. Lavendar stooped to pick up the pieces and it was just like her to think of Beany's mortification instead of her own loss.

"I am sure we can mend the Princess," she was saying. "I have some china cement—" and then she gasped and picked up something from under the pieces and held it out for us to see.

It was a roll of bills that had been inside the hollow Princess.

"The money was not taken," she said slowly. "It was there all the time."

She sat down with the bills in her lap. Her hands were trembling.

"I begin to understand," she said. "My son was standing by the desk. I never thought of the Princess. But of course he would put it there. From the time he was a baby he



DO YOU KNOW?

DO YOU KNOW when and where the first sailing vessel was launched in America, and what it was christened? What bird builds a floating nest? How long Robinson Crusoe lived on his lonely isle and how he was rescued? What was Joseph's reward for interpreting the dreams of Pharaoh? Why La Salle, the brave French pioneer, called the Fort he built on the Illinois River, "Crevecoeur" (Broken Heart)?

THE KNAPP ELECTRIC QUESTIONER WILL TELL YOU

And it will show you too, in beautiful pictures, these and hundreds of other fascinating things—ASK and it will tell you—tell you too, of stars and planets, of the wonders of the earth and Nature. Or it will puzzle you with merry conundrums and with those wise old proverbs of Benjamin Franklin, America's first writer, statesman, philosopher.

There never was a game like the **ELECTRIC QUESTIONER \$3.50** wherever toys and games are sold. Denver West and Canada \$3.75. P.S. For those already owning a Questioner, we have prepared this year some wonderful new sets of cards.

Descriptive circular on request

KNAPP ELECTRIC CORPORATION
PORT CHESTER, N. Y.
Dept. 34

In Canada: T. SATON, C.

If your dealer is out of stock we will send one to you upon receipt of the price plus postage. (Shipping weight 4 lbs.)

Here's the loveliest baby doll you've ever seen!

Ask Your Dealer to show you the famous **VANTA BABY**

You can wash and dress it just like a real live baby. And "no pins, no buttons" on **VANTA** garments or on Dolly's clothes—any stick or bother you. Guaranteed washable and unbreakable.

Ask Mother to get you this adorable **VANTA BABY**—**TODAY**. Any dealer—“Wherever dolls are sold” should have it. If not, send us the coupon below.

DEALER'S: Every doll has finer decorative dress and cap, silk ribbons and laces, slip, and **VANTA** panties (all tied with **VANTA** tape.)—Silky, smooth, hand made moccasins. And every **VANTA BABY** wears and cries. *Eyebashes* on three largest sizes. Celluloid Baby Rattle, gift card and Dolls Record Book with each Doll.

STYLES	Size	Price
A	14½ inches	\$4.50
B	17 inches	6.00
C	19 inches	7.00
D	21 inches	10.00
E	24 inches	14.00

Retails for **VANTA BABY**

For 50c. additional **VANTA BABY** dressed in **VANTA** shirt and **VANTA** panties, will be supplied with extra 4 piece dress outfit.

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, SEND US COUPON BELOW

AMBERG DOLLS
The World Standard

LOUIS AMBERG & SON
869 Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.

LOUIS AMBERG & SON 869 Broadway, New York.
Enclosed is \$34.50 \$36.00 \$37.00 \$38.00 \$39.00 \$40.00 \$41.00 \$42.00 \$43.00 \$44.00 \$45.00 \$46.00 \$47.00 \$48.00 \$49.00 \$50.00 (check which) for which please have delivered **VANTA BABY** of size and style specified

Name

Address

City State

DEALER'S NAME

* 50c. extra for 4 piece dress outfit on doll specially in **VANTA SHIRTS** and **VANTA PANTS**.

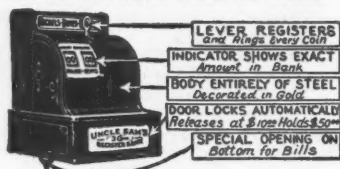
How Handy \$10 of Your Own Would be Right Now!

Wouldn't it be great to be able to surprise Dad and Mother, Sister or Brother on Christmas morning with presents bought with *your own money*? Or to have the money you want for Vacation Time, for Travel, for Toys, for Birthday Gifts. Thousands of other boys and girls are able to do these things—because they saved their odd change throughout the year in an

UNCLE SAM'S 3-COIN BANK

6½ in. high; 4 in. wide; 5½ in. long.

Weights 2½ lbs. All steel, and
GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS



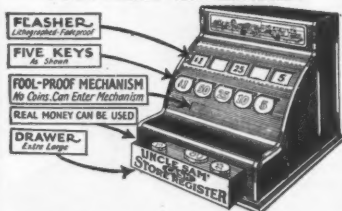
You could have done it too, for it's *fun* saving this *easy* way. Not a toy, but a practical savings bank. *Rings*, and adds nickels, dimes and quarters. Total amount in bank always shown and known. No keys. Locks automatically. Opens at \$10 total. Holds \$50. Opening at bottom for bills.

Single-Coin, Models, Also!

You can have money of your own next Christmas—if you start saving in an **UNCLE SAM'S BANK** now! Get it at your stationery, toy, drug, hardware or department store, or send the coupon!

There's Piles of Fun Playing "Store" with Uncle Sam's "Cash Store" REGISTER

4¾ in. high; 5½ in. deep; 4¾ in. wide.
Weights 1½ lbs. All steel; Mahogany finish
FOOL-PROOF MECHANISM!



Because it's just like a *real* cash register, and you can ring up "sales" just like they do in a *real* store! Has 5 keys, marked \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ and 5¢. Each "sale" shows up on the dial when the register key is pressed—the bell rings—and the drawer springs open to receive the "make-believe" money which we furnish! (Takes real money, too! Instructive—Interesting—and Amusing! Get yours at the same store that sells **UNCLE SAM'S BANKS**, or

—SEND THIS COUPON TO US—

THE DURABLE TOY & NOVELTY CO.
869 Broadway, New York City.

I enclose \$2: \$3. for
1-COIN MODELS—\$3.00 (Takes Nickels, Dimes,
and Quarters)

SINGLE COIN MODELS—\$2.00

Pennies, Nickels, Dimes Quarters, Half-Dollars.

CASH STORE REGISTER—\$2.00

Send descriptive Booklet and Handy Expense Book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Dealer's Name.....

C. L.—12

CHRISTMAS IN THE STREET OF MEMORIES

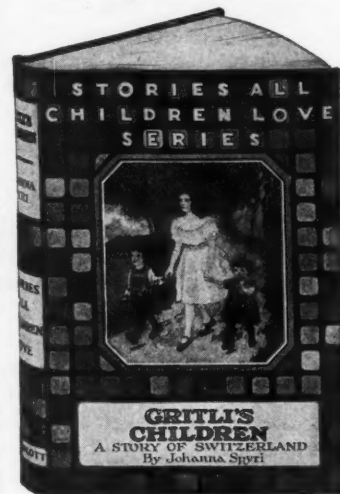
used to stow all sorts of little treasures through that hole in the base. He thought, of course, I saw him putting it there, and no one else would know."

We had a great rejoicing after that. Jack went out into the hall and shouted for Mother so loud that she came running up, breathless. The first thing she did after she heard the news was to make a cup of tea for old Mrs. Lavendar, who was looking very pale. Then we passed the Christmas candy, and Beany nearly choked on a chocolate with a nut in it.

Since then Mrs. Lavendar hasn't gone out to do sewing any more. The silver candlesticks are back on the mantel and she wears the white silk shawl and has a fire, too, on cold days. And she has mended the Princess with china cement so you can't see the cracks at all unless you get up very close.



A Wide Choice for Children is Offered in These Attractive Series at Popular Prices



STORIES ALL CHILDREN LOVE SERIES

27 Child Favorites

If you want your child to love books give him the best from the very beginning—the stories that have been tried and tested—that have opened a wonder-world of beauty and fancy, romance and adventure for many generations of young readers. This beautiful edition with its lively colored illustrations, its cheerful binding and its gay tartan jackets is just the thing to kindle his longing for good books.

The new volume this year is

GRITLI'S CHILDREN

By JOHANNA SPYRI

This charming story of Swiss child life is probably, with the exception of "Heidi," Madame Spyri's best-loved book. Gritli's children and their young friends are delightfully individual, with the hobbies and ambitions and interests of real boys and girls. 8 Full-page color plates. **Each \$1.50**

LIPPINCOTT'S CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

23 Classic Tales

for the little tots who are just learning to read, simplified and printed in large, clear type. The true-to-life illustrations, the jackets with their many colored dots, and the bright bindings will endear these books to every child. New this year:

RAB and HIS FRIENDS

By JOHN BROWN, M. D.













This delightful tale of the huge mastiff, Rab, and his friends, James and Ailie, has been a favorite with boys and girls for nearly fifty years. 4 Illustrations in color. **Each 75c**

Write for illustrated circular of these and similar children's books
Ask to see them. At all bookstores.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
227 So. 6th Street PHILADELPHIA

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

by Alice Whitson Norton

My  was so small I knew how foolish it would be To hang it by the  piece to hold the  for me, Since I had asked for  and , a great big  or two, A pair of , a shiny  and  red and blue, so I just set a  out - and what do you suppose I found a  sleeping there With freckles on his !

The Tale of Six Books

The Animal Alphabet

The Giant Sorcerer

is made up of elephants and tigers and monkeys and all manner of odd jungle people that Harrison Cady has put into a book with some jolly verse added for good measure. Illustrated in color. \$2.00.



Diana's Rose Bush

helps in the adventures of a happy normal little girl whom Eliza Orne White tells us about. Illustrated. \$1.75.

The Boy Knight of Reims



helps to build the great Cathedral and leads an exciting medieval life which Eloise Lounsbury has vividly described. Illustrated. \$2.50.



The Popover Family

lived in a little Red Doll House up in Aunt Amelia's attic. Mr. Popover was a clothespin and Mrs. Popover was a little china doll and Ethel Calvert Phillips tells all about their adventures. Illustrated. \$1.75.

A Truly Little Girl

is the story of Truly whose family, friends and pets Nora Archibald Smith has woven into a delightful story. \$1.75.

If you want to know more about these stories, look them over at any bookstore or write to Dept. C., Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park Street, Boston, for a free, illustrated circular of children's books.



Santa Has A "JOY-BALL" For You

It's waiting for you right now, all done up in it's nice brightly-colored box, ready for Christmas delivery.

Ask mother to write to Santa about it now so as to make quite sure that it will reach you Christmas morning.

Mother. You may be able to obtain the "Joy-Ball" locally, but if not we will gladly send it direct.

Use the coupon when ordering by mail.

THE VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.
13109 Athens Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Santa, in care of THE VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.
Dept. C. L. 13109 Athens Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send one "Joy-Ball" for which I enclose \$1.25.

Name

Address

"Sandy Andy"

Toys and Games



HERE is a Pull-a-long Street Car that will delight any little tot. 13½ in. long; brightly colored metal. A big bell inside rings loudly as the car is pulled along. Price \$1.00

"PITCH 'EM" is fun for all the children; indoors or outdoors, rain or shine. This harmless game of pitching horseshoes consists of four moulded rubber horseshoes, 5¼ in. size, reinforced inside with steel wire so they cannot break, and two green enameled plates with nickel-plated pegs. Just set them up anywhere and the fun begins! All complete for \$1.00. Be sure to ask for "PITCH 'EM," and look for the box with the cover like the picture.

"GYM" Horseshoes are larger and heavier, 6¼ in. size; for older children. They cost \$2.00 complete.



Playtime Companions for all Children!

IN "Sandy Andy" Toys and Games are playthings for children of every age; and every one is a true bringer of holiday happiness, a source of long-time pleasure. Only a few from our large assortment can be shown here, but you can see them all in the nearest toy store. Just now, during the Christmas season, many stores are conducting Holiday demonstrations of "Sandy Andy" Toys and Games, and have arranged special displays for the children's entertainment. Let the children visit the "Sandy Andy" display when they go shopping. The trade mark name—"Sandy Andy"—on each box is your guide to the genuine and your guarantee of satisfaction.

We will be glad to send any of the toys or games shown here, prepaid upon receipt of price, if they are not obtainable in your locality. Outside the United States, add 25 percent to these prices.

Write for free copy of the "Sandy Andy" Toy News; a miniature newspaper full of the latest news about toys.

WOLVERINE SUPPLY & MFG., CO.
1202 Western Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa.



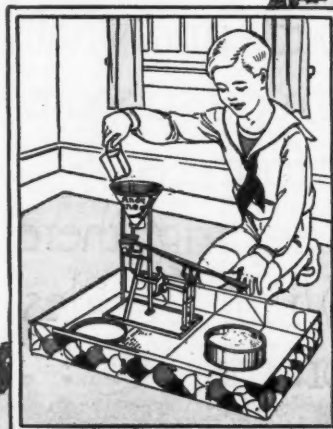
THIS dandy Laundry Set has all the modern improvements; enameled metal wash tub, glass surface wash board, clothes reel, bag of clothes pins, clothes basket and a galvanized wringer with real rubber rollers. All complete for \$2.50.



TOM and Jerry are playing The MOTOR RACE; an interesting, exciting and lively automobile race over a real speedway. The board is 16¼ in. square, made of beautifully colored, unbreakable and sanitary metal, with checker board on reverse side. Four automobiles and a set of checkers are included. Price \$1.00 complete.



AT the left is the famous "OVER and UNDER," the fast-action, mechanical toy which delights every boy. The little car races "over and under" many times with one winding. Toy is 25 in. long, made of decorated metal. Has strong spring motor. Price \$1.00, at the toy store.



AT the right is the "Sandy Andy" Sand Crane, an automatic sand toy which dumps sand from the hopper with a swinging arm movement. 13¼ in. high; made of colored metal. Comes in a box which can be opened flat to form a tray. Can of sand and a sand scoop included. Price \$1.25



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE ROSE WALDO, Editor
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY 536 S. CLARK STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHRISTMAS

Bells are ringing
And children singing.
Be of good cheer!
Christmas is here!

DOROTHY PRIEST,
Decatur, Ill.

Age 10.

TOYTOWN AT CHRISTMAS

It was just one night before Santa had to make his usual trip around the world.

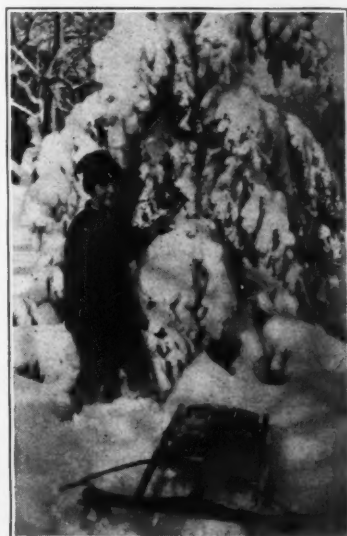
Mrs. Santa Claus was very busy making dresses for dolls, dog collars, dresses, suits, coats, hats, besides millions of other things. The elves were just as busy.

At last everything was ready. Santa had to go because it took him a whole day, even with his fast reindeer, to come down from the north. Mrs. Santa Claus was all ready. She called Santa; again she called. There was no answer. Where could Santa be? They hunted all around, but could not find him.

Oh, my, how dreadful it would be if Santa Claus did not make his usual trip! No one had thought to look in the library until Mrs. Santa Claus, thinking she had heard a noise coming from that direction, peeped through the keyhole. Guess what she saw—jolly old Santa seated in front of his new microphone telling stories to all his little friends. His happy little listeners did not realize what a hubbub Santa had caused in Toytown that night.

MARGARET SCHWARZ,
Palisade, N. J.

Age 11.



MARY CHURCHILL SMALL

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you my picture taken after a lovely snow storm. I think I'd like to be a poet when I grow up.

Your friend,
MARY CHURCHILL SMALL,
Plymouth, Mass.

Age 6.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Jesus in the manger lay,
Wise men came from far away,
Bringing gold and also myrrh
To their King, at his birth.
Jesus in the manger lay,
'Twas the morn of Christmas day.

Mary looked so sweet and mild,
Kneeling by her Holy child,
And angels singing "Peace on Earth"
Told us of our Savior's birth.
Mary looked so kind and sweet,
Kneeling there by Jesus' feet.

JANE HENDLEY,
Baltimore, Md.

Age 11.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have a little dog and his name is Jackie. My aunt has a parrot and twelve canaries. One day—I think it was about the twenty-third of December, because she had her Christmas tree up—her sly parrot opened his door and flew out, and opened all the doors of all the canaries' cages. When my aunt came back every canary and the parrot were having a fine time in the Christmas tree, and they had broken so many ornaments that the tree was nearly bare. When she finally got them back, there was one left in the tree and it got out the window. You see, little animals and feathered folk like to have a Christmas and a Christmas tree as well as we.

DOROTHY KING,
Chicago, Ill.

3 All-American Action Games!

- 1-QUARTERBACK**
2-The game of Machine Gun Nest
3-The game of Covered Wagon



Price
\$2.00

Add 25c
West of
Rockies

Everybody in the home plays Quarterback. It's easy to learn. Real knowledge of football helps to win games. Each player is the QUARTERBACK and calls all plays. Get your father to play with you and show him what he has forgotten about football.

The
Machine
Gun Nest



Price \$3.00

Add 25c West of the Rockies

Here they come! Ready—aim—fire. You don't fire just once but as fast as you can pull the trigger. The idea is to guard your "Nest" from the enemy. Piles of fun—plenty of action as the soldiers charge forward.

The Game
of Covered
Wagon



Price \$3.00

Add 25c West of the Rockies

The Indians are sneaking up—NOW THEY LEAP TO THEIR HORSES and are circling the camp. Fire and pick 'em off. See who can hit the greatest number with a full load of bullets.

Go to your dealer—or send coupon

LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.
704 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is { P. O. Money Order } for \$.....
 Please mail at once postage prepaid the following
☐ Quarterback ☐ Machine Gun ☐ Game of Covered
☐ @ \$2.00 ☐ Nest @ \$3.00 ☐ Wagon @ \$3.00

Name.....
 Street or R. F. D.....
 City.....State.....

CHRISTMAS

The sleigh bells are ringing,
 The children are singing,
 Their gifts they are bringing
 On this glad Christmas Day.

GENEVIEVE SELKREGG
 North East, Pa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a little Army girl and have been in it all my life. I was born in Honolulu, but left there when only six months old. Some day I hope I may go back there and visit the place where I was born.

I have no brothers or sisters and Daddy and Mother do not want me to grow up selfish, so I have learned to share my things with others, and love doing so. Every Christmas I receive so many things, and last Christmas a little schoolmate of mine wanted a doll and she cried and told our teacher that Santa didn't find her house at all. So I gave her one of my dolls and she was so happy she cried.

I am sending a little poem I wrote about my playmate, Bing, which I hope you will publish. I like the ones Rosalynd Jannett of Milwaukee and Margie O'Connell of Coolidge, Mont. wrote about their dogs so well that I have learned them by heart. And my Daddy loves the picture of Ellen M. Tower, of Brookline, Massachusetts, taken with her little sister. He thinks she looks so sweet the way she is looking after her little sister.

Sincerely yours,
 DORIS KOLAR,
 Savanna Proving Ground
 Savanna, Ill.

Age 6½



DORIS KOLAR

MY PLAYMATE AND FRIEND

Here is a picture of me and Bing.
 He can beg, tell a story, and also sing;
 He mews like a kitty
 And plays hide and seek,
 And is ready to frolic
 Every day in the week.

When we go coasting down the hill,
 He goes too, and we never spill.
 The best friend I have is Bing.
 I wouldn't trade him for anything!

DORIS KOLAR
 Savanna Proving Ground
 Savanna, Ill.

Age 6½



Increase Your Christmas Budget

CHRISTMAS—

just four weeks away!!! And—does that Christmas budget still refuse to stretch enough to cover your Christmas needs? Child Life can help you to increase this fund.

Many busy mothers earned from \$20.00 to \$50.00 last December. They report that Child Life gives them "profitable pleasure" even though they have only a few spare hours a week. They depend upon Child Life, not only for the Christmas shopping but for the many little extras which come up at all times of the year.

Mrs. Jones (picture above) of California has built up a large subscription business. She says, "It is a real pleasure to sell Child Life and you can count on me for many orders. I find that there is a real profit in handling Child Life subscriptions during the whole year."

You, too, can make a nice profit. Your commissions and bonus on Christmas subscriptions will supply that extra money for your Christmas shopping and you will have a business of your own started—a business which can be increased from year to year without taking you away from your home.

We should like to tell you personally about this opportunity to make additional Christmas money.

Child Life Subscription Club
 536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

NAN D. McCULLOCH, Secretary.

Please tell me how to Increase My Christmas Budget.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Dear Miss Waldo:

We are making a little pillow for Mother to put her needles in. I put corn and pieces of bread on the stone wall for red squirrels and chipmunks and birds. I love to look at them picking up their food. I like my magazine very much and am going to make the model yacht shown in Our Workshop.

DONALD HAMILTON,
Sorrenton, Mo.

Age 10 $\frac{1}{4}$.



MARGARET BILL

A CLEVER LITTLE KITTEN

Dinty Nichols and Teddy Wilson were two little kittens and they were very good friends.

One day Teddy ran up a telephone pole and did not know how to get down, so he began to cry. His mistress came out and tried to coax him down, but he wouldn't come; so she took a cane and put a piece of bread on it and stuck it in a snowdrift. But still he wouldn't come. Pretty soon Dinty came along and told him to back down but he was still afraid, so Dinty ran halfway up. Teddy wouldn't come, so he ran all the way up and then Teddy slowly turned around and backed down. Do you not think Dinty was a clever kitten? I do.

MARGARET BILL,
Hanover, N. H.

Age 8 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am going to tell you about Bill and John, my goldfish, my dog Betsey, and myself.

Bill was my pet goldfish. John was my other goldfish. He was so lively that while I was on my vacation he jumped out of the bowl onto the floor and died. One morning I found Bill, my other goldfish, dead in the bowl.

Betsey is my dog. She is a vegetarian because she eats potatoes, corn and carrots. She eats apples, too.

I have an orange tree. It is growing fine.

From your friend,

CARL WILEY,
Plainsboro, N. J.

Age 8 $\frac{1}{4}$.



KANGRU-SPRINGSHU

(Kangaroo Springshoes)

The Preferred Present

For Children 4 to 12 Years Old

Christmas morning and there are three pairs of Kangru-Springshus under the tree . . . see the youngsters "go for them" . . . they "just can't wait" until they get them on . . . because every active boy or girl "just loves" to run, jump, dance and "do stunts" with Kangru-Springshus.

Kangru-Springshu affords lots of fun with health-giving exercise. Doctors recommend them for muscle development. Kangru-Springshu is perfectly safe, a heavy rubber sole prevents slipping and eliminates noise. Even the little tots learn the "knack" of using them in a few minutes and prefer them to bouncing on the bed.

They add zest to outdoor games . . . it's fun to go to school or to run errands on Kangru-Springshus . . . they can be used anywhere and are "more fun" than roller skates. Get the size suitable for the child's weight.



\$3.00 per pair—add 50c per pair west of Rockies

Most Toy Stores have Kangru-Springshu
If you don't find them MAIL THE COUPON

LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.
704 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed is P. O. Money Order for \$.....
Please send pairs Kangru-Springshu with the understanding that this money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name..... Age.....
Address..... Weight.....
City..... State.....



PETER RABBIT



CAT



SAILOR



BOY BLUE



GOOSEY GANDER

TWINZY TOYS

EACH WITH VOICE

Represent the most famous and best loved characters from the books of OLD MOTHER GOOSE. A nursery rhyme is on every toy.

Made of Art leather stuffed with clean cotton and painted with fast washable colors. Toys about 12" tall. Loved by girls and boys. Ask your dealer or send 50c for each TWINZY TOY. 10c extra per toy delivered west of Rockies or Canada.

The TWINZY TWINS—boy and girl—complete package \$1.00
The GINGHAM DOG and the CALICO CAT, each \$1.00

TWINZY TOY CO., Battle Creek, Michigan

Enclose \$..... for following TWINZY TOYS.....

Name.....

Address..... City.....



COW BOY



POLICEMAN



MISTRESS MARY



DOG



SOLDIER



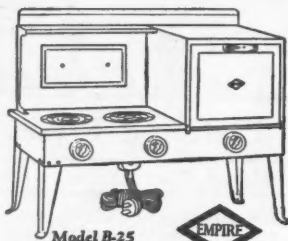
TOM PIPER'S SON



CHICKEN



Write to Santa Claus' Helpers



Model B-25



Just Like a Big Range

Cooks a real meal, bakes cake, boils, broils or fries, electrically operated. Comes with utensils to fit. Teach your little girl to cook now. See them at your dealer's.

METAL WARE CORPORATION
Sales Office: 111 W. Washington St., Chicago
Factory: Two Rivers, Wisconsin

HERE are Santa's Helpers—ready to do their part toward making Christmas happy. A page of delightful gifts to choose from.

Write today to Santa Claus' Helpers whose names you will find throughout the pages of this Christmas issue of CHILD LIFE. Then you'll be sure to have a Merry Christmas!

**NEW TOYS!
NEW GAMES!**
See Pages 856 and 857
LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.

DELIGHTFUL XMAS GIFTS

NAME stamped in Gilt letters on Pencils and Case—FREE.

Quality Lead Pencils, made by Eberhard Faber, in all Sets



No. 1—Six Pencils (assorted polishes) in genuine Leather Coin Pocket Case with NAME engraved on each pencil and Case.—75 cents

No. 2—Three Pencils and Case—Name engraved as above.—40 cents



No. 3—Three Pencils (fancy polishes) Name Engraved—Xmas box—25 cts.

No. 4—Box of Six Pencils—45 cents; No. 5—Box of Twelve—65 cents.

Order by No. Pencil and Name. Send Check or Money Order.

Prices include Parcel Post. For Guaranteed Delivery add 10 cents.

BALLARD PENCIL CO. Dept. 398, 250 W. 54 St.
New York, N. Y.

The Write Gift for Children

Individual Names' PENCIL SETS **\$1.00** post paid

De Luxe Set: Finest genuine sheepskin leather case with coin pocket, richly embossed. Any name engraved in 18 kt. gold. Contains pencils and penholder in assorted colors, point protector, ruler, sharpener. Absolutely supreme in its class.

Junior Set: 3 pencils, embossed leather case; name engraved..... 65c

Send check, money order or U. S. Postage.
IMPRINT PENCIL COMPANY, INC.
112 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Announcing BILLY WHISKERS

An Amusing New Toy

Here is a screamingly funny new magnetic toy which will fascinate your children. Billy Whiskers consists of funny faces in picture frames. Steel whiskers and an energized magnet. Amusing caricatures are made by moving the steel whiskers by the aid of the Magnet thus adorning the face with side boards, mustaches, etc.

Made in Two Sizes

Two picture size... \$.50 Five picture size... \$1.00

If your dealer can't supply you order direct from
BROADFIELD TOY CO., 15 Vale St., Hempstead, N. Y.

Fun for All

—for the holidays and long winter evenings—get an E-Z POPPER—the simple, sure, safe way of popping large, fluffy, tender kernels of health-abounding pop corn. It's great! Send check, money order or stamps today.

\$1.50 Postpaid or at Dealer

O. S. Keene-Box 91J-Anderson, Ind.

E-Z POPPER

BATTER UP!

Children can now play baseball at home alone, or with their parents or friends and enjoy all the thrills of Major League contests. Simple but scientific rules, controlling this new and fascinating method of play ASSURE REAL BASEBALL RESULTS. A full 9 inning game can be played in about 15 minutes. Covers every angle of the game thoroughly. Sent prepaid anywhere with score cards for 100 games. \$1.00 cash, postage or money order.

L. STALL, P. O. Box 909, Buffalo, N. Y.

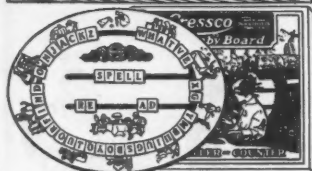
THE GIFT SUPREME "CRESSCO" EDUCATIONAL BOARDS

They Are The Modern Educators—Children Learn While They Play

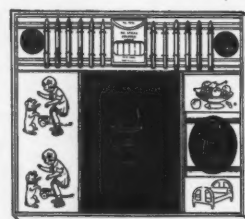


The Unbreakable Wall Black-board, double sided, double service, and priced so you must not deny your children this helper and entertainer.

Size 18"x24", only \$1.50 postpaid.
Size 24"x30", the most popular size, only \$2.50 postpaid.
Size 26"x34", only \$3.00 postpaid.



Wonder Baby Board No. 112. Letters one side, numbers on other. Double value. Gifty box. Keeps the tots happy. At dealers, or \$1.00 postpaid.



Drawing Set No. 21. Free hand drawing set, 16 1/2"x14 1/2". Double sided slate, double set model cards in 8 colors. Best crayons, chalk, lead and slate pencils. Price \$1.75 postpaid. Other sizes 50c to \$2.00.



Spelling Slate No. 29. Heaps of fun. Double sided, slate and game. Plenty of chalk. Two sets playing men, 2 erasers. Size 13 1/2". \$1.50. Other sizes and designs 50c to \$1.50.

Cut out this advertisement. Show it to your dealer. Compare prices. Don't accept a substitute for "Cressco" Boards. You can have them mailed postpaid at these prices.

THE H. G. CRESS CO.
123 Main Street Troy, Ohio



Write to Santa Claus' Helpers

Give a KIDDIE-GYM for Christmas



AN all year round health toy that combines six, safe, fascinating toys—Teeter-totter, Turning Bar, Trapesse, Swing, Rings, and Parallel Bars—easily assembled, quickly interchangeable. Several children can play on Kiddie Gym at one time. Recommended by child specialists and physicians everywhere. Makes a wonderful gift that will provide wholesome, health-building fun for years. Put it up in the play room during cold months, on the lawn in summer. Price only \$15.00 complete. Kiddie Gym is seven feet high, seven feet long, four feet wide. Wood and angle iron construction. Weight, 65 pounds packed. Sent promptly on receipt of \$15, or shipped express collect.

FREE! With every order for Kiddie Gym, we will send absolutely free as long as they last, a set of Kiddie Wonder Furniture—a clever novelty set of miniature chairs, tables, benches, etc., ten pieces in all. Order today as supply is limited. Address nearest office.

Kiddie Gym Company

Power Bldg., Dept. H 2, Minneapolis, Minn.

Western Office:
360 Third Ave., Venice, California



(From Toinette Fashion Shoppe of Toyland)

A GIFT THAT MOTHERS APPROVE OF
This Educational sewing set is cut to fit any little Doll. When made, Dolly has a real dress and hat.
Sold in Better Toy Shops or sent direct to you for \$1.25 in check or money order.

TOINETTE SHOPPE
1307-S-Ave. Seattle, Wash.
(Member of The Toy Guild of Wash.)



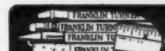
THIS CLASS PIN 30c.

18 or more, Silver plate, Single plus sizes. choice 3 colors enamel, 5 leathers, date. Sterling Silver, 15 or more 50c ea. Single plus 60c ea. Free Cat. shows Pins, Rings, Emblems 50c to \$2.50.

685 METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 783 Portland Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

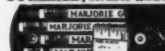
Exceptional Xmas Gifts For BOYS and GIRLS with Full Names Engraved in 22-k gold as illustrated.

"FREE" Pencil Sharpener and 6" Ruler with each case.



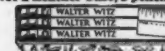
FRANKLIN TURNER

No. 1 Leather Case with Coin Pocket; 4 pencils (ass. colors). 1 Penholder, Eraser and Point Protector. Price, 98 cents



MARJORIE GORRIE

No. 2 Leather Case, 6 pencils, name in 22-k gold. Price, 68c



WALTER WITZ

No. 3 Xmas Box, 3 Pencils, engraved in gold, 25 cents
No. 6 Xmas Box, 6 Pencils, engraved in gold, 45 cents
No. 12 Xmas Box, 12 Pencils, engraved in gold, 78 cents
Send Money Order or Check. Postage Paid.

ADVERTISING PENCIL CO. Walkbrook 6, Baltimore, Md.

HERE are Santa's Helpers—ready to do their part toward making Christmas happy. A page of delightful gifts to choose from.

Write today to Santa Claus' Helpers whose names you will find throughout the pages of this Christmas issue of CHILD LIFE. Then you'll be sure to have a Merry Christmas!

For the Children

A DELIGHTFUL XMAS GIFT
Individual - Name Pencil Sets

Price 50c



A genuine Leather case with retainer on flap. Name engraved in 18-Kt. gold on 3 pencils, pen, case and ruler. Price 50c. Send check, money order or postage.

AMERICAN PRINT CO.
656 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



GUIDES BY LEANING TO RIGHT OR LEFT

Pat. 1926

KNE-KOSTER

More Than a Toy

Builds Health for Your Boy or Girl
It excites curiosity due to its patented steering arrangement.

It gives all around exercise. Brings every muscle into play.

The most for \$5.00 that your money has ever bought. With runners—set of 4—\$1.25. Turns your KNE-KOSTER into a sled.

Mail Coupon Today

KNE-KOSTER COMPANY
2727 Michigan Ave. Chicago

Kne-Koster Co., 2727 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Ship KNE-KOSTER Prepaid.

Enclosed find \$5.00 ☐ Send C. O. D. ☐

Send literature ☐ Send terms to dealers ☐

Name

Street

City

Our toy dealer is

4 9 0 5 2

DONALD IN NUMBERLAND

By Jean Murdoch Peedie

5 Turns work into play! 6

Mothers and Primary teachers will rejoice in this new story-method of teaching arithmetic to uninterested or uncomprehending 7 to 10 year olds. 28 colored illustrations, \$1.25

Rae D. Henkle Co., Inc.
NEW YORK



Make the children's playroom a real Art Gallery

The same pictures that help educate and inspire your children in the schoolroom may surround them at home in the playroom. The influences which have guided civilization are represented by 2250 reproductions from the world's masterpieces of art; famous paintings by old and modern masters; portraits of eminent men; biblical and historical scenes; architecture; sculpture and statuary.

The Perry Pictures

bring the art galleries of the world to your home. They make beautiful Christmas Gifts at the low cost of only

TWO CENTS EACH

for 25 or more. Size 3 1/2 x 8 in. Send 50¢ for set of (1) 25 popular subjects illustrated here or (2) Life of Christ or (3) for Children or (4) Animals. Each set has 25 different subjects.

Or make your selections from the

Perry Pictures Catalogue

of 1600 miniature illustrations

and specimen Perry Pictures.

Catalogue included FREE

with the order or sent separately

for fifteen cents.

Worth many times its cost as an art

guide.

The Perry Pictures Co. Box 60, Malden, Mass.
I enclose (stamps or coin) 50¢ for set (1) ☐; (2) ☐; (3) ☐; (4) ☐ for Catalogue ONLY. My name and address are plainly written on the margin.



Develop Skill with Skilplay

—the HARMLESS Archery Game

Skilplay teaches boys and girls to be skillful with bow and arrow; shows them the science of Archery, combined with an interesting game. Can be played outdoors or indoors. Set contains a 14-inch square target in the regulation colors; a strong, flexible, 18-inch bow; two harmless arrows tipped with improved rubber suction cups that stick to the target every time; and complete rules and instructions. All complete in a strong box.

Set No. 1 - - - - - \$1.00
Larger Set—No. 2—with 30-inch bow and six harmless arrows; only - - - \$2.00
Senior Set—No. 3—36-inch bow; six 18-inch harmless arrows; quiver; 30-inch target stand and three targets; only - - \$5.00



See who can shoot the birds off the telegraph wire. Complete with back stop; spring-action, harmless popgun; three balancing birds; 12 corks for bullets, and two telegraph poles. Everything complete, only - - - \$1.00
Larger Size—No. 2—with six birds and 24 corks, only - - - \$2.00

Sold in All Toy Departments
Ask for these games by name. If unobtainable, we will send direct upon receipt of price. (West of Denver, Colo., add 25¢ for postage.)

Write for Free Illustrated Circular of D-8-Co. Archery Outfits for children and adults. Contains many practical and inexpensive Christmas suggestions.

DOREMUS-SCHOEN & CO., Inc.
281 Ainslee Street Box 125 Brooklyn, N. Y.

FAMOUS CHILDREN

Guess the names of the children in the picture on Page 824 and fill in the blanks in the story. The correct name will be given in the next issue of Child Life.

If you like, you may make a scrapbook of this and of other pictures of famous children that will follow.

The name of the child in Picture Number One, in the October issue of Child Life, was Moses.

DANDY AND SPOT

I have a little pony named Dandy
Who is always spick and spandy.
When I say, "Geel!" he turns to the right,
When I say, "Haw!" he turns to the left.
Now isn't that handy?

I also have a dog named Spot,
He comes to meet me on the dot.
At school or play,
He's the very same way.
He's a regular little forget-me-not.

SHIRLEY BAKER,
Lima, Ohio.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

At one time a report went around our neighborhood that a panther had escaped from a circus in a town near-by. My father was coming home about midnight through a very dark woods when he heard a noise as if someone were walking through the leaves. He stopped and listened, then walked on for a short distance and again heard the noise. So this time he stopped, and, looking through the darkness, he could just faintly make out the form of an animal and just as quickly thought, "It's the panther."

He started to run and cut across the woods in the direction of his home, out of the woods, across a field and into the back yard as fast as he could travel. While running toward the house he ran into a clothesline which caught him under the chin and upset him, but he quickly got on his feet again and ran into the house, where he told an excited tale about the panther chasing him.

The next morning he got enough courage to go out to hunt his derby hat, which he had lost the night before, and found that the supposed wild panther was only a neighbor's friendly heifer.

ELLA WEAVER,

Age 11.



JOHN, ELEANOR AND STEPHEN HACK

Dear Miss Waldo:

We live in a little country town of about 150 people. Our home is about 500 feet from the road, upon a hill. Mother has a sunken flower garden, and she has it arranged so that there are flowers blooming from April to the last of October.

On each side of the lane leading to the house are young maple trees. Our house is white and has so many trees around it that you can hardly see it from the east, west, and south. On the north is the garden.

Yours truly,
ELEANOR M. HACK,
Boggestown, Ind.

Age 12.

SCHOOLS

"Fairy Places, Fairy Things"—



"The great day nursery best of all
With pictures posted on the wall
And leaves upon the blind.
A pleasant room wherein to wake" etc.

Give your child the inheritance of happy memories. Beautiful shaded lawns, playground, swings, sand-piles, etc. Specialized care and thorough training up to Eighth Grade. Supervised out-door play. Music. Dancing.

MRS. BURT'S SCHOOL
For Tiny Tots, 1-12 Years.
1120 Constant Ave., Peekskill, N. Y.

Have School in Your Own Home

NO MATTER where you live, let Calvert School with its famous methods give your child his entire schooling from Kindergarten to High School in your home. Write for information to

Manager, CALVERT SCHOOL,
234 W. 40th Street, Baltimore, Md.



THE BENTLEY SCHOOL

A progressive all-day school for children, 4-12.

BERTHA M. BENTLEY,
Director
145 West 78th St. New York

MERRICOURT

Just the place for young children

A year-round home and school for a few select children 3 to 10. Large play lawns. Supervised play, gardens, kindergarten, elementary grades. Private coaching hill. Tutoring. Parental care. Booklet.

REV. and MRS. JOHN H. KINGSBURY, M. A.
BERLIN, CONN.

SPRING HILL

A Modern Progressive Country Boarding School
For boys and girls from 4 to 14 years

60 acres. 1100 ft. above sea level. 100 miles from New York. Small group. Healthful surroundings. Outdoor Life. Catalog on request.

Mrs. William Spinnay, Miss Dorothy Bull
Litchfield, Connecticut

MISS HARRIS' FLORIDA SCHOOL

Under Northern Management for the Northern Girl who needs abundant outdoor life, a flood of sunshine, and stimulating ocean breezes all winter long. Northern Faculty. Intimate Home Influences. Successful Preparation for leading Northern Colleges.

Illustrated Catalog.
JULIA FILLMORE HARRIS, Principal
1050 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida

NOBLE SCHOOL

Boarding School for Girls
from 6 to 14

KATHLEEN NOBLE JEROME
Principal
White Plains New York

LITCHFIELD for Young Boys

Health and happiness achieve fine results in the class room. Well-appointed, 65-acre estate in the hills of historic Litchfield. Altitude 1100 feet. Primary through the first year of high school. For catalog address

Earle Everett Sarcia Box C. Litchfield, Conn.

STAMMERING

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammers in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes with Nature in the speech process. If then we know what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. We can teach the mother how to cure her child or baby.

SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS, Tyler, Texas

FOR 'TIS CHRISTMAS TIME

I
Jingle, jingle, hear that noise?
Listen, little girls and boys!
It is Santa Claus, you know,
While his sleigh skims o'er the snow,
For 'tis Christmas time.

II
The children dance with happy glee
Around the lovely Christmas tree,
While Santa with his jingling bells
Goes o'er the snow, with glad farewells,
For 'tis Christmas Time.

AGNES ALDRICH,
Remus, Michigan.

Age 9.



KATHERINE F. WALLING

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending a picture of a snowman and myself. Mother made the man. She put rouge on his cheeks, and she put one of Daddy's old hunting caps on him.

Yours sincerely,

KATHERINE FRANCES WALLING
Age 10. Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have nine little banty chickens and three big mama chickens. I let them out on the lawn nearly every day. They eat the grass and scratch in the garden.

I have a desert turtle, too, and he eats lettuce leaves. He slept all last winter but in the spring he woke up and would stick his head out. When he goes to sleep the banty chickens hop all over him.

When school is over I go to the beach at East Newport with my two brothers and my mother and father. We have a house right on the ocean. I swim in the ocean almost every day then.

I am sending you a poem that I made up and hope you will print it. My mother wrote it for me, but I told her what to write.

MY GARDEN

I have a little garden
Where the sun shines all the day.
So many flowers are in it,
It's like a big bouquet.

Age 7.

BUDDY HUBBARD

A WISH

Santa Claus is coming soon,
Some night by the light of the moon,
And in his pack, I wish there'd be
A year subscription to "Child Life" for me.

ELEANOR EPLER

Written when 9 years old

BUDDY SNOW SKATES

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEREVER THERE IS SNOW

The Winter Substitute for Roller Skates

SO Safe that little tots can stand or walk with them—can be worn over rubbers or overshoes—no wet feet. Buddy Snow Skates are a "Falcon" product—made of hard maple and fastened on the foot with soft pliable rawhide thongs. Snow Skating is loads of fun, and keeps the kids off dangerous ice ponds.

Most Toy Stores have Falcon Buddy Snow Skates. If you have difficulty in finding them we will see you get them if you mail this Coupon.

NOTE the wide concave steel runner—one size fits children from 3 to 13 years old. Corrugated rubber prevents the foot from slipping.

American Mfg. Concern, Falconer, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid
☐ pair Buddy Snow Skates at \$1.75
Enclosed is \$_____ for above order, if not satisfactory you are to return the money.

Name _____
Street or R. F. D. _____
City _____ State _____

BOYS & GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY

Send for 39 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 48 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, and Tags. Sell for 10 cents each. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. Or send for 50 packages of Christmas Post Cards, 6 in a package. Sell for 5 cents. When sold send us \$1.25 and keep \$1.25. Or send for 30 packages of Christmas Greeting Cards and envelopes, 3 in a package. Sell for 10 cents. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. We trust you.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. 4, Beverly, Mass.

See Miles Away!

Distant people and objects seem close. Wonder telescope opens 3 1/2-2 ft. long, 5 sections, brass bound, powerful lenses. C. Palmer wrote: "See numbers on cars mile away; see mountains on moon." All as pleased.

Free Carrying case Strap and Solar Eye Piece to view the Sun.

SEND NO MONEY!

On arrival pay Postman \$1.50 plus postage. (2 for \$3.50) Money back guarantee.

FERRY & CO., Dept. 1198, CHICAGO, U.S.A. Views

Hang Pictures in the Children's Room with

Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads—Steel Points
For Heavy Pictures
Moore Push-less Hangers
Scientifically Secure Safety
10c pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



Retain the Charm
Of Girlhood
A Clear Sweet Skin
Cuticura
Will Help You

Use Cuticura Soap Every Day

MUSIC TALKS

with
HENRY P. EAMES
at the Piano

For dates and details
address Mrs. Eames

American Conservatory, Kimball Hall
CHICAGO

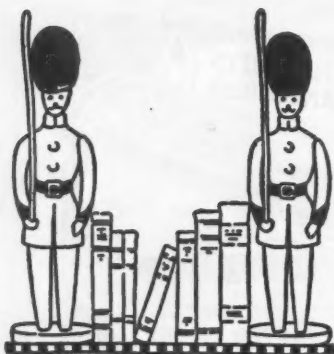
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SAY "CENTURY" and get the world's Best Edition of the world's Best Music by the world's Best Composers. It's 15c (20c in Canada) 2500 selections for Piano, Piano Duos, Violin and Piano, Saxophone, Mandolin, Guitar and Vocal. Get free catalogue at your dealers, or write us.

Century Music Publishing Co.
223 West 40th Street
New York City



15¢



You Can Have A Library Of Your Own

HERE'S a list of exciting, red-blooded books that you will want to read over and over. You can have one for every new subscription to *Child Life* that you send to us. Everyone of these books are most attractive with large type and beautiful illustrations. These are just the books that you will want for your own library. You can have as many as you want—two for two subscriptions, three for three subscriptions, four for four subscriptions.

King Arthur and His Knights—*Maude Radford Warren*
 Kipling's Boy Stories—*Rudyard Kipling*
 Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates—*Mary Mapes Dodge*
 Kidnapped—*Robert Louis Stevenson*
 Robinson Crusoe—*Daniel Defoe*
 The Merry-makers—*Louis Ayres Garnett*
 Early Candlelight Stories—*Stella C. Satter*
 Hero Stories from the Old Testament—*Seymour Loveland*
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 How the Animals Came to the Circus—*Elizabeth Gale*
 Ant Ventures—*Blanche Elizabeth Wade*

All you need to do is to show *Child Life* to the mothers of some of your friends and tell them how much fun you have with *Child Life*. Explain that it is 35 cents a copy but only \$3.00 if taken for a year. Don't forget that this offer is for new subscribers who live at an address other than your own.

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SLEIGH BELLS

Listen to the sleigh bells, tink, tink, tink!
 The reindeer are coming with a jink, jink, jink!
 Santa Claus is coming, a ho! ho! ho!
 Santa Claus is coming,
 Rushing through the snow.

DOROTHY GILL,
 Toronto, Ont., Can.

THE NEW-BORN KING

'Twas many and many a year ago,
 That a radiant star from the sky looked down
 Upon the manger in Bethlehem-town.
 As the shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 Lo, in the East there appeared a light,
 That shone, with ethereal radiance down,
 Upon the sleeping Bethlehem-town,
 And a voice seemed to come from the sky above,
 And told them of the King of Love.
 Then the shepherds rose and followed the light
 To the lowly manger, wrapped in night,
 And they stood on the threshold, and looked within,
 And saw the Babe who would save them from sin,
 Held in tender embrace in a mother's arms,
 To guard the sleeping Babe from harms,
 And the shepherds worshipped at His feet,
 And looked upon her face so sweet,
 For 'twas Mary and the New-born King,
 And praises to Him they did sing,
 "Oh, Glory To the New-Born King!"

VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM
 Lansdale, Pa.

Written when 12 years old.



VIRGINIA, CLARENCE, LOIS AND
 ELSIE EDWARDS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I was up in our attic one day and I found a whole drawer full of "*Child Life*" magazines. Most of them were 1922 copies. I didn't have to ask Mother, "What can I do?" for two weeks.

Sincerely,

BARBARA S. BURCHSTED,
 Ridgewood, N. J.

Age 11.

MY DUCK

I have a little duck,
 His name is Jack.
 He runs around the yard,
 And says, "Quack, quack."

LOUIS LEVY,
 Halls, Tenn.

Dear *Child Life*:

Indeed, I like you very much. I buy you. I cannot take you as I do not know where we may be at the beginning of each month. We just travel whenever we wish to do so.

We are now in Nashville, Tennessee, the home of my father. This is my first trip to America, and I am entirely in love with the place. We live in the house built by my ancestor, Charles Victor Lawrence, in 1753. It's about seven miles from Nashville.

As soon as my sister makes her debut we return to France, as Papa's business calls him there. We shall not remain this time long in our country. I love it there, too; it is so full of memories of my favorite queen, Marie Antoinette. I don't mean Paris, I mean Versailles.

This past spring we visited England for the fourth time. I always go first to the Museum to see again the toys of Queen Victoria. I think the little pagoda is darling. I wonder how many of your readers have seen and remember it.

I saw Lady Jane Grey's cell in the London Tower and also the one of the little Prince's. I can always seem to see before me Millais' painting of them when I go there. That is one place I'll ever remember.

Before our last visit to England we went to Spain. We saw the glorious Alhambra; and while there I read Irving's "Alhambra" and "Bracebridge Hall." (Quite appropriate.)

I had a dear little Spanish friend there. Her name is Inez Luiz.

Daddy said he wanted to see more of the Mediterranean, so we packed up—Mother, Dad, Celeste, Charles and I—and cruised around awhile. Our yacht rocked as does an infant's cradle.

I am very much interested in art. I have studied it for six years; and I have seen many of the great masterpieces—"Mona Lisa," the "Sistine Madonna," and others. But best of all I like the ones painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. His children are adorable, especially "The Cherub," "Age of Innocence," and "Miss Bowles."

I have just finished reading "The Last Days of Pompeii." I love it. And it is made even more interesting by a visit to that ancient city.

When we were in Germany last, I bought a whole village of Dresden china houses. Half of them were broken on the way to Nuremberg, but Papa immediately replaced them. If you ever go to Dresden, readers, be sure to get some.

I speak five languages: French, English, German, Italian and Spanish—or rather, I am just mastering Spanish. It's very easy. I wish you all the happiness and success your life can hold, dear magazine, and I shall always regard you with interest.

PATRICIA VIGEE LAWRENCE,
 Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live on a ranch fifty-three miles from town. There are lots of hills and trees out here. It is only five miles from the Montana line. I have a white saddle pony and a little calf all my own.

IVA LENORE WOODS,
 Gillette, Wyo.

Age 11.



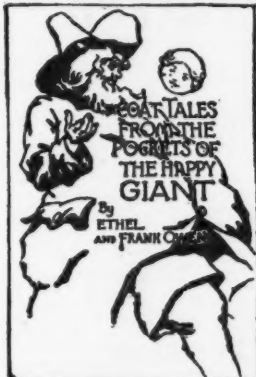
Write to Santa Claus' Helpers



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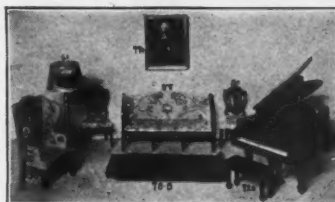
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YOU will find gifts for boys and girls, and the family too, in this Christmas issue of CHILD LIFE.



You wouldn't like to sit, I'm sure In chairs ten times as big as you are. Will, dolls feel just as bad when they Must use YOUR furniture all day. A doll considers it quite nice To have a chair and bed HER size. That's why, at Christmas, girls and boys Say, "Santa, please bring Tynistoyz!"

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